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1. Fishing – U. S.
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FRED. MATHER

MY
ANGLING FRIENDS

BEING A SECOND SERIES OF SKETCHES OF
MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH

BY FRED MATHER

Author of "Men I Have Fished With," "In the Louisiana Lowlands" and "Modern Fishculture."

WITH PORTRAITS

NEW YORK:
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY

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FRED MATHER.

FRED MATHER was born in Greenbush, then a small village, on the Hudson River opposite Albany, N. Y., Aug. 2, 1833. He was endowed with a full measure of the interest which every healthy-minded country boy has in the birds and beasts and fishes and the ways of nature, and his bent in this direction was encouraged and fixed for life by companions whose tastes were congenial with his own. His first visit to the West was in 1849, when he went to Michigan and became acquainted with the wild turkey, a game bird then not rare in the Michigan wilderness. Later, come to man's estate, we find him mining in Wisconsin, trapping in the Bad Axe country, now Vernon county, Minnesota, and plotting township lines with a surveying party in Crow Wing county, Minnesota.

When the Civil War came on, Mr. Mather enlisted in the New York Volunteers as an orderly sergeant of the Seventh Artillery. It is told of him, by a friend who served in the same regiment, that being without the slightest knowledge of soldiering, and finding that he had to drill his company, he studied by night to conceal his ignorance, and next day exercised the men in what he had learned; and before six months he had won the reputation of being the best drill master in the regiment. When a vacant lieutenancy occurred, the colonel ordered an examination of the sergeants for promotion, and Mather got the prize. He was again promoted before his command left the defenses of Washington for the

front in 1864. At Spottsylvania three captains of the Seventh were killed, and Colonel Morris named Lieutenant Mather for promotion to a captaincy "for gallant and meritorious conduct." At Cold Harbor, Colonel Morris was killed, and Lieutenant-Colonel Hastings named Mather for major for having captured a battery and turned the guns upon the enemy. These commissions, however, never reached him, because he was surrounded and captured while charging the works at Petersburg, Va., a few days later, while in command of the color company of his regiment. Although his command was surrounded, he personally saved the colors by burying them, and they were recovered after dark. He remained in the field under fire, after burying the colors, trying to bury his sword, but was driven in at the point of the bayonet, sword in hand. Twenty-five years afterward the sword was returned to him, and he wore it on parades. He was a member of the Grand Army of the Republic and of the Loyal Legion.

Mr. Mather began fishculture in 1868, when the industry was still in its infancy, and everything connected with it was for the most part experimental. He bought a farm near Honeoye Falls, Monroe county, N. Y., and began the artificial culture of trout. The sale of eggs and fry was at that time the most profitable part of trout farming, and Mr. Mather, with A. S. Collins and Dr. J. H. Slack, of New Jersey, called a meeting to agree on a scale of prices. This meeting was held in New York in 1870, and a second one met in Albany in 1871, when the American Fishculturists' Association was formed, with some twenty members. The new association discussed the desirability of action by the general Government, and appointed George Shepherd Page as its representative to go to Washington and lay the matter before Congress.

Out of this action grew the establishment of the United States Fish Commission, to which Professor Spencer F. Baird was appointed in 1871. Professor Baird employed Mr. Mather in shad hatching on the Potomac and Hudson rivers, and in 1874 sent him to Germany with 100,000 shad eggs.

In 1875, with Charles F. Bell, he invented the Bell and Mather cone for hatching shad, out of which grew the Chase jar and the McDonald jar. In 1877 Professor Baird appointed him to the charge of foreign exchanges of eggs and fishes. There were then constant exchanges with Germany, and shipments of eggs of trout, quinnat salmon and lake whitefish to England, France and Holland. In 1877 and 1878 Mr. Mather accompanied shipments to Germany. He devised the first refrigerating box for shipping salmon eggs to Europe, and succeeded in taking 100,000 quinnat salmon eggs safely to Germany. In recognition of this achievement he received the thanks of the Deutsche Fischerei Verein, a silver medal from the Société d'Acclimation of Paris, and a handsome testimonial from the King of Holland, sent through the inspector of fisheries. Again, in 1880, for his invention of a way of packing salmon eggs for export to Europe he received a bronze medal at the World's Fishery Exposition in Berlin. At Berlin he had charge of the American exhibit of angling and fishcultural apparatus.

Returning to this country he was intrusted by Mr. Eugene G. Blackford, one of the Fish Commissioners of New York, with the mission of selecting a site on Long Island for a State fish hatchery, and upon his recommendation the Cold Spring Harbor hatchery was established, and he was put in charge of it. This position was held by him until 1895. Here, in addition to his other prac-

tical services to fishculture, he learned how to hatch over 70 per cent. of the adhesive eggs of the smelt; and discovered that the lobster is a biennial spawner. In 1899 Mr. Mather went to the Wisconsin Brulé to assume direction of an extensive trout breeding enterprise there. Always a valued writer on fishcultural topics, he had completed shortly before his death the task of seeing through the press a new book on "Modern Fishculture in Fresh and Salt Water." This is but a brief summary of the life work of one who in his chosen field has contributed no small measure of benefit to his age. In the history of fishculture the name of Fred Mather must always hold high place, and his achievements must be accorded recognition.

Mather was among the earliest writers for *Forest and Stream;* in its first volumes he told of his experiences in fishculture; and from that time forth he was one of the favorite contributors whose names are household words with its readers everywhere. Upon his return from the Berlin Fishery Exposition he assumed the conduct of the journal's angling columns, and held this post until his work at Cold Spring Harbor exacted all his attention. He was one of the organizers of the Rod and Reel Association, and one of the chief promoters of the fly-casting tournaments held under its direction.

As a writer Mather was at his best in the series of papers "Men I Have Fished With." Of these companions of his youth and maturity he wrote with loving pen. The wealth of material and the way in which it was used surprised and gratified his friends. It was perceived that this man, who had been all his life studying the fishes and the birds and the animals, had been studying men, too. If he knew nature, he also knew human nature.

These sketches show a wonderful insight into the characters of his fellows. The chapters are marked throughout by that sympathetic recognition which sees the best in one's companions; the sketches are surcharged with the philosophy of life; they are filled with humor—the kindliest of humor it need not be said; and they abound in the homely everyday practical wisdom which appeals to us all, and in which we may all have share. There is never any straining after effect, nor anything of affectation. The charm is in the simplicity, the directness, the unaffected manner, and the feeling, which we gain as we read, that we have here something which is genuine and true. Into these chapters, thus written in commemoration of the friends of his days afield, the writer must of necessity have put much of his own personality; and it is this personality as revealed in his writings that has made for Fred Mather a place in the affections of his readers.

CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR.

ON the Potomac River, three or four miles above the city of Washington, there is a bridge called Chain Bridge. Once upon a time there was a suspension bridge at this point which was hung on chains, but has been replaced by a wooden structure, which retained the name. During our late war Fort Alexander was built near this bridge, and in the fall of 1862 I was in garrison there with a battery of the Seventh New York Heavy Artillery, proudly wearing upon each arm the chevrons of a first sergeant. A native darky boy, who volunteered to be my valet in consideration of certain privileges in the cook house, was of service in many ways besides polishing boots and buttons for dress parade, and cleaning rifle and sword for inspection; he knew the country quite well a few miles around the fort, for his parents lived close by.

Months afterward, when the heavy guns were left in the forts, and our men took their muskets and served as infantry on those terrible marches, when we had the outside track in the race for Richmond, we looked back to the defenses of Washington as a pleasant home, where clean underclothing was not considered a luxury. Every commissioned officer and many of us non-com's had darky boys, who were proud to be attached to the garrison and equally proud of being called "tigers."

Perhaps a week had passed, and the routine of garrison life was established, so that I could think of looking around a bit, and one day I asked my tiger, whose name was Jim, if there were any fish in the river.

"Fish, sah? Yessah, dey's de greates' lot o' rock up at d' falls, sah, an' some days dey gets 'em by de bushel. Ef yo' want to go fishin' I jess show yo' wha' to catch 'em." And he gave the buttons a quick brushing to remove the tripoli powder and unstrung the button stick. "Does yo' want to go an' catch some rock?"

Evidently "rock" was a fish. Just what kind of a fish it might be was beyond my guessing powers, but Jim said it was "de bes' fish dat yo' ebber eat," and so I went to the quarters of Captain Shannon, saluted, and asked: "May I have a day off to-morrow? I wish to fish in the river and Sergeant Falk will attend to the sick call, guard mounting and other duties, and I will be back at 5 P. M. in time for dress parade." The Captain gave permission and I sent Jim out after crawfish and worms, while I borrowed some fishing tackle from the Ordnance Sergeant, who, by the way, was a "regular" who had been at the fort the year before and was something of a fisherman. Among the things he loaned me were several hooks with bits of red flannel tied to the shank, like an artificial fly, and he said, in answer: "Yes, sorr, ye'll find thim as killin' as any o' yer baits, an' more so av ye can cast the fly, as we did in the ould counthry, an' sthrike them at the proper moment."

It was not daylight when the sentinels challenged and received the countersign, and Jim and I struck out on the Harper's Ferry road. The morning was cool and delightful and the road, free from mud or dust, wound through forest and over hills, with occasional broad views of the river. The unfamiliar road seemed long and the sun was an hour high when we reached the falls. Leaving shoes and stockings on the bank and rolling up trousers, we worked our way out a short distance until my *fidus Achates* said: "Dis yer's de bes' place to fish

fum dis side," and as the river was not very high for the time of year we found a rock to lay our impedimenta on and began fishing, using a crawfish bait for the "rock," an unknown fish which might be anything that imagination could suggest. As the current took the first bait down stream a carriage stopped on the road and two gentlemen got out. They put on wading boots, went past us and prepared to fish.

Several baits had been taken from my hooks, but no fish, and I saw one of the strangers land a "rock" that looked to weigh 2lbs., for they were not 50ft. away. They were using artificial flies, that was plain, and I changed to the red flannel lure, hooked and landed a good fish. "Dat's a good rock," said my mentor as he killed it. Then, "Hi! look-a-dah!" and one man had slipped on the slimy rocks and was struggling to get back, while their basket of necessaries floated down the river along with one rod and line. He came over to me and explained matters. They had lost everything except one rod and its line and bait. If any sort of a pole could be cut in the woods, could I furnish hook, line and bait? I could, and did. Jim went ashore with him and they came back with a pole and we rigged it up. The stranger said: "We drove out to take a few striped bass, and our coachman has gone back to Tenallytown and will not return for us until near sundown, as we proposed to make a day of it."

The speaker was a man about my age and size, say thirty years, and 5ft. 6in. His companion was much taller, but both wore flowing side whiskers, the chin alone being shaved. There was a similarity of dress and make-up that stamped them at once as from the great city on Manhattan Island. I looked my fish over and decided that it was the striped bass of my boyhood on

the upper Hudson, but larger. Since then a more extended knowledge of the popular names of fishes has proved that south of New Jersey the striped bass is called "rock" and "rockfish," but the great Northern market is gradually extending its name for the fish through the commercial fishermen who get their returns from Fulton Market.

About noon I said, "Jim, go over and ask the gentlemen if they will come and take a bite with me." They came, apologizing for their mishap. The man who had been ashore for a pole introduced himself as Mr. Endicott and his tall friend as Mr. Arthur. Every man knows how trivial things affect the whole course of his life, how chance throws him in the way of a woman whose life becomes bound up in his for better or for worse, and how a most enduring friendship may be made in an hour. In this way I made the acquaintance of Frank Endicott, of whom I shall write later, but now wish to mention as one of the most conscientious gentlemen and best all-round sportsmen that it has been my fortune to know. Our basket contained a severely plain luncheon from the garrison cook house, and consisted of cold boiled pork, which was really good despite its soldier name of "sow belly;" but then soldiers always dubbed their corned beef "salt horse," and had discrediting names for everything that was issued to them. Rice was "swamp seed," and army shoes were "pontoons," etc. We had some "salt horse" also, baked beans, two loaves of soft bread and unlimited hardtack, as well as a quart bottle of coffee. This was put up for Jim and me for dinner or any regular or irregular feed, for Jim was afflicted with an appetite which had become chronic.

"Sergeant," said Mr. Arthur, "this is very kind. Fishermen get hungry, and you seem to be fairly well pro-

vided; so we will accept the invitation in the spirit in which it is offered, and will hope for a chance to reciprocate in the future."

I kept an eye on Jim while he kept an eye on the provisions, and I fancied that there was a sad note in his voice when he asked, "Does yo' want some mo' dese beans, sah?" as though he would be disappointed if they took them. The supply was ample, however, for all; but none was left for the evening tramp to garrison.

Their cigars were not in the basket that had floated away, and we smoked and talked of the fishing. I remarked that my angling had been mainly inland, and that the identity of these "rock" of 2 to 3lbs. with the little ½lb. striped bass of the upper Hudson had been a matter of doubt, because I didn't know they grew so big.

"You are not familiar with this fish on the sea coast," said Mr. Arthur, "for they are often taken of 60lbs. weight, and I have taken them of over 20lbs."

That was a new bit of fish lore. I had known of one being taken at Albany weighing 2lbs., and had remembered it as a monster.

I told them that I must leave at 2 P. M. in order to be back in time for dress parade at 5 (my leave expired at 4), and we had all the fish we wished to carry. Endicott took me one side and said: "Sergeant, my friend is General Chester A. Arthur, who was appointed by Governor Morgan as Engineer-in-Chief on his staff, and is now Acting Quartermaster-General, stationed in New York City, preparing and forwarding troops; and he has been inspecting the State troops at Fredericksburg and on the Chickahominy, in Virginia. He is an intimate friend of your Colonel, Lewis O. Morris, and is here on purpose to consult him about something. Don't mind overstaying your time; it will be all right."

Endicott was not a soldier, so I said: "No matter how the case may be smoothed over with Colonel Morris, I have given my word to my Captain to be back at a certain time, and will be there, bar accident."

After this General Arthur came and said: "Our carriage will be here at 3 P. M., and if you will stay and fish we will be pleased to have you ride back with us, for I wish to see Major Springsteed after dress parade at Fort Alexander and then drive to headquarters and see Colonel Morris."

This gave us more time to fish and a ride back, the latter no small favor. Jim was in his glory, mounted with the coachman, and I was not miserable inside.

Months passed; Battery I was moved to Fort De Russey, the extreme right of the line of forts garrisoned by the Seventh, over near the Seventh street road, and the fishing incident had been partially forgotten in other and smaller fishings in the waters of Rock Creek, as occasion offered, for the fort was on a hill whose base was washed by the creek. I had been promoted to a lieutenancy in Battery C, and again to Battery L, at headquarters near Tenallytown, late in 1863, when this incident occurred: A young man of influential and wealthy family had been commissioned from private life as a second lieutenant and assigned to the Seventh Heavy, and of course the old sergeants in line of promotion didn't like it, but there was no remedy. He was of the good fellow type, with unlimited cash, and he proposed to celebrate his muster-in. Purely by way of apology for the following account of this "celebration," let me say: Here was a regiment of twelve batteries, three majors, twelve captains and forty-eight lieutenants, besides the staff. They were weary of drills and hungering to go to the front, where there was not only active service, but promotion, and

they were young. They represented all the temperaments that can be found in the same number of vigorous young men between twenty and thirty years old. Therefore the festive young recruit found a few who would forego the study of projectiles, ricochet fire, time fuses and such exciting subjects, and could devote an evening to making his acquaintance in the sutler's tent.

I was one of that chosen few who sacrificed an evening of study to welcome Lieutenant ———, and I never regretted it, no matter how much some other men may disapprove of such a symposium. We had been introduced all around and our new comrade had ordered several bottles of champagne, and the sutler was about to open them when Captain Jones called a halt and remarked: "There's only one way for a soldier to open a bottle, and that's with his sword."

"That may be true," said Lieutenant Niles, "but there's not an officer in this regiment who can do the trick." The door opened and two men in "mufti" came in, but no one paid any attention to them.

"For the cigars, Niles?" I asked.

"Yes, for the cigars, and oysters also, if you dare."

"All right! Captain Jones, will you take the cork out of a bottle to oblige me?" He declined. The fact was that I had learned the stroke from General Genet, who taught fencing to Ira Wood, as related in sketch No. 10, where I said: "While he was learning I picked up a point or two which was of service in garrison when the neck of a champagne bottle was to be severed at a clean stroke, * * * you may be told of this when ex-President Arthur is under the searchlight." I had been putting Jones through on bottles filled with water, but he declined to exhibit his skill in public and there was no alternative. Clearing a space behind, I brought the

sword to the left elbow and, advancing the right foot, with a strong up stroke cut the bottle at the point where the shoulder of the muzzle meets the neck, and the break was clean and smooth; the bottle standing while the fluid effervesced over the opening. When the applause subsided one of the strangers said:

"Gentlemen, pardon us for interrupting your proceedings, but after meeting Colonel Morris we asked after Lieutenant Mather, who showed us some courtesies on a former visit, and were informed that he was over here." A glance showed that they were my angling friends of a year previous, whose names had been forgotten. With a refreshed memory there were introductions all round and Mr. Arthur suggested that he might try his hand at opening the second one. He took my sword and uncapped the bottle neatly, and two nicks in a blade hanging on my wall to-day represent two glass enemies. As the party comprised over a dozen able-bodied men, it was necessary to open more, and my pupil, Captain Jones, did credit to his preceptor. It looked easy and Niles tried it. Just how or where he struck the enemy is not on record, but there was a smashing of glass and a flood. The recruit smashed much glass. It was an exhibition of skill that only long practice can attain, and is worthy of attainment by the man whose life may depend on the momentary handling of a sword. By invitation and permission, I dined with my brethren of the angle in Washington the next evening.

The custom of army officers then was, as it is with navy officers to-day, to discard uniforms when going ashore or outside of garrison, and don mufti; and so I appeared at the dinner. It was a culinary poem, and I reported to Adjutant Hobbs next morning before my leave had expired, and then in the long marches and the

excitement of the campaign with the Army of the Potomac the next spring all these things were forgotten, even the names of my fishing friends. The fact that one of them might have influence sufficient to give me higher rank never occurred, and that shows how little sense I had. Those fellows who are so perfectly satisfied with themselves as to say that they never made a mistake are to be envied. I've made dozens of 'em, and only wish I could give the wheel of time a twist and sing:

> "Backward, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight—
> Make me a child again just for to-night,"

and then enforce the order.

General Arthur was President of the United States nearly two years before I had any idea that he was my whilom fishing companion, and then Endicott told me of it after I had somehow renewed acquaintance with him. I had carefully noted the fact that after President Garfield had been wounded by the assassin the Vice-President had been modest in not claiming to act in his stead during the long weeks that the President lay wounded, and that he won hosts of friends from among those who had opposed his nomination; and his administration as President has passed into history as a most wise and conservative one. Many thought that Arthur's sudden death in November, 1886, was hastened by his failure to have his administration approved by a nomination for the Presidency, and it was said that there were enough of his admirers on Long Island alone, who resented his being "turned down," that voted for Mr. Cleveland, to have carried the State of New York and elected General Arthur if he had been a candidate. Of politics I know little, in the sense of the workings of parties,

and never mixed in it further than to keep posted as well as possible and to vote as seemed best.

Once Mr. Endicott and I were going to Washington to attend a meeting of the American Fisheries Society, and at Jersey City he shook hands with a tall man, while I walked away. It was General Arthur, and he asked us into his car to smoke. "It will give me a rest from the politicians," he said, and we spent an hour talking of fish and fishing while some anxious men outside were wondering who we could be and what manner of axes we were grinding. We called on him next day, and the fact that neither of us wanted any favors seemed to make him enjoy the visit.

First of all things, General Arthur was a gentleman in the best sense of that abused term. Perhaps Endicott expressed this thought better when he said: "General Arthur is the only President since Martin Van Buren who knew how to wear a glove." That may not be the best thing to be said of the highest officer of a republic, but it serves to give point to my remark. Just where Mr. Arthur developed these traits as a boy in a country where it is said to require "three generations of wealth to make a gentleman" is a question which I will answer. It was innate to the last degree, and only needed an observant eye to note the minute details of things a gentleman may not do. All else is simple.

General Arthur was born in Vermont in 1830, and entered the sophomore class of Union College in '45, and while there taught school to pay expenses; and after graduating three years later was principal of an academy at North Pownal, Vt., where General Garfield taught penmanship in 1854. In 1853 he was admitted to the New York bar, and later took part in politics. His whole life shows what a poor boy may become under

our form of government. Unhampered by ancestors, he worked his way solely on his own merits; born a free man, he is taken at his exact worth by his fellow men and placed in the position which their votes wish him to occupy. Look over in Spain! See a ten-year-old boy on a throne because he is the son of a former ruler, who ruled because he was somebody's son! It would be funny if it were not a sad spectacle. In Europe the Prince of Wales is the only heir to a throne who does not take himself seriously and believe that he is destined to rule by divine right. The "War Lord" of Germany—but you know all about him, and also how easy it is for me to get off the track.

In his report to the Governor of New York, in 1863, General Arthur said: "Through the single office in the city of New York, from Aug. 1 to Dec. 1, the space of four months, there were completely clothed, uniformed and equipped, supplied with camp and garrison equipage and transported from this State to the seat of war, sixty-eight regiments of infantry, two battalions of cavalry and four battalions of artillery." Yet a little impoverished monarchy in Europe, which cannot subdue an insurrection in an island which has an area less than the State of New York by some 10,000 square miles, talks of war with our now united nation!

General Arthur was a genial gentleman with literary tastes, affable and companionable to those whom he did not regard as persons trying to work him for personal ends. Endicott and I came within this category.

For years General Arthur's catch of a 50lb. salmon on the Restigouche was the highest record, and it has only been beaten in late years.

The gentle art, as depicted by Walton, had a most worthy disciple in Chester A. Arthur, who was, in the

language of Shakespeare, "An affable and courteous gentleman;" but, while in quoting mood, I am puzzled when the memory of Arthur Endicott and self, as a trio, confronts that sentence from Sheridan's "Rivals:" "You are not, like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you?"

It's not pleasant to have conundrums thrust upon you at all times—there were two gentlemen, at least, in the trio.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

JUST as you know your father and your brother Sam without ever having been introduced to them by any one or on any particular occasion, so there are men who must have cut into your orbit at some particular time and place, but who, like the intimate relatives above mentioned, seem always to have been within the circle of your limited range on this planet. Every man has many old friends whose acquaintance can't be marked down to date and place, and I have tried in vain to recall where and when I first met Charles Hallock. In these sketches there has been an attempt to follow old Cronus, and on the back of a photo of Mr. Hallock, taken in 1896, is this: "To my esteemed friend of forty years' acquaintance, with blessing," etc. Taking the number forty, as biblical scholars do, to mean an indefinite number—such as the days in the wilderness and those when Jupiter Pluvius let loose the waters to drown all who did not seek shelter in the ark—the thing is plain. We have agreed, after passing many letters some years ago, to call it a draw; he fixing the date at a chance meeting on the woodcock grounds below Albany in 1854, which may have been true, but as I am telling this story on the basis of personal memory we will put it some years later. When he tells the tale he will not be contradicted.

In the spring of 1860 I went to the seashore on Long Island to see if the heavy salt-laden aid wouldn't prove beneficial to my health. The fishing in Jamaica Bay and

the sea food were novelties and opened a new field of interest among strange fishes and their different modes of capture. The early spring fishing for the flat fishes was very interesting, and the stories of the bluefish and others which would come later in the season promised much health-giving sport as the fishermen's stories were heard. To walk the beach and pick up oysters and ruin a small pocket knife to open them and then—how delicious they were taken *au naturel.*

A bayman said: "Mr. Hallock is up at the hotel and we were talking about you and he wants to see you." Just who Mr. Hallock might be gave me no concern. He might be the sheriff of the county or only a town constable, it made no difference; he couldn't lock me up for misdemeanors done here—but what about Kansas? With this in mind I put on a bold front and met a man whose face was strangely familiar, but who was so cordial and who knew my old friend Ken King and other fishing and shooting comrades that we were soon on the footing of old acquaintance. He must be right! No man could go into such detail unless he had been there, and we let it go at that. Something was said about trout fishing, and I asked if there were trout on Long Island.

Hallock looked up and asked: "Do mosquitoes live in New Jersey? Why, Long Island has more trout to the square foot than any other tract of its size on this continent. I've been down here a few days to visit some friends, and have an invitation to fish Massapequa Lake from its owner, Mr. David R. Floyd-Jones, and the invitation includes a friend. Let's go to-morrow, what d' ye say?"

I agreed, with the consciousness of being a very greenhorn at trout fishing, but with a desire to find out just how those artificial flies were used which the fishing

tackle dealers kept, but which no one bought, as far as I knew, and which Hallock had in a book. He showed them with an enthusiasm which was wasted, because it did not seem possible that any fish would nibble at such dry fodder as that, especially a trout, which I had been told was the most wary and the best of all game fishes. In boyhood days I had taken a few on one occasion when fishing with my older friend, George Dawson, but we used worms in a small stream, and I was not then so thoroughly impressed with the importance of the trout as the game fish *par excellence* as a more extended acquaintance with a higher class of anglers had now brought about. I was on the point of telling Hallock that I had not brought down my fly-rod and flies, when my better self came up and whispered to the effect that while I might know a great deal about bobbing for eels, shooting and spearing fish, and the use of most baits, it was certain that it would be best to tell the truth. We all have certain ideals which we may flatter ourselves we fill to perfection, and no class of men are more prone to this than sportsmen; but after a short mental struggle all feeling of this kind was banished, and I said:

"I don't know the first thing about fly-fishing for trout and I haven't any rods or tackle for it. I'm anxious to learn how to fish for them, and with this confession of ignorance if you are willing to take me with you I will esteem it a great honor."

That honest confession put me on a solid footing; I was an apprentice to a master hand. The flies that I switched off on the back cast and the awkward entanglements which a novice must make who has had no preliminary instruction before he essays casting for actual trout we will not dwell upon. Suffice it to say that the casting of my companions and the landing of their trout opened

up a new vista in the field of angling pleasures. Often when casting the fly I think of that day on Massapequa Lake when I had that genial sportsman Charles Hallock for a preceptor. In 1863 I had a twenty-day furlough from the army, and I met Mr. Floyd-Jones in the Astor House. He was then Lieutenant-Governor of New York, and offered to get all sorts of extensions of leave if I would only go down to Massapequa. Some stories that partly lingered in his memory needed retelling; but there were sterner duties. Hallock was away, and Massapequa's waters were not disturbed by me until a quarter of a century later, when they were fished again with other companions.

While on Long Island the casting of the fly was practiced with an ash and lancewood rod, and the other necessities which Mr. John Conroy, then of Fulton street, New York, selected for me from his then most marvelous stock of fishing tackle; and in the intervals of crabbing, salt-water fishing and boating, the mystery was learned.

In one of my frequent visits to Conroy's to replace the flies which had then a bad habit of snapping off just as they were somewhere in the rear and were suddenly sent forward, I met Mr. Hallock, who invited me to visit and fish in a trout pond owned by his cousin, Mr. William Hallock Seaman, near Ridgwood, on the south side of Long Island, some twenty-five miles east of New York. It was early in the season, and the trout were in a rising mood on a most perfect day for fly-fishing, slightly clouded, but warm, with just enough wind to ruffle the water lightly, and hide all glint of rod and fall of everything but the flies. I had mastered the art of keeping the leader from cracking like a whip behind me when giving it the forward stroke, and had paid for the education in dozens of lost flies. Mr. Hallock noted the fact,

and rejoiced that his advice had been of service. We each took half a dozen trout and stopped fishing. This was my first fishing in strictly private waters, and to-day I am not sure that I was then sufficiently educated in the etiquette of private fishing waters to have stopped at just six when the fish were truly asking to be caught; and it was such glorious sport to see the rise and the strike, followed by a miss or a capture, that I realized the fact that I had early in life taken the degree of Entered Apprentice in the East, of Fellowcraft in the West, and was now a Master Angler. Of course the trout served at the hospitable table of Mr. Seaman were several degrees better than any trout that had ever been eaten before, and I doubt if they have been equaled since.

The life of Charles Hallock has been an erratic one, full of change and adventure. A man of medium height, without an ounce of superfluous fat, he is to-day a tireless bundle of nerves and sinews; one of those men without apparent muscle who will tire out a muscular athlete in a day's rough tramp over hill and through meadow. He was trained for a journalist by his father, Gerald Hallock, who for thirty-four years was editor of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, and has followed literature as editor and author most of his life.

He was born March 13, 1834, and is a graduate of Amherst College. The cyclopedias say that his ancestor, Peter Hallock, came to America in 1640 and bought a large tract of land on Long Island near Moriches, part of which is still called Hallock's Neck. The family was distinguished in the War for Independence, and during the War of the Rebellion a near relative, General Henry Wager Hallock, served with great distinction. His branch of the family had changed the spelling of the name, as often happens. Early in the '50's the spirit of

adventure seized Charles and he crossed the great plains with a wagon train over the Santa Fé trail, and wrote up his observations of Indians and buffalo in *Harper's Magazine* for October, 1857, and next year took the old Red River trail from St. Paul to Pembina and wrote that up for the same magazine. It is recorded in my sketches that I was up there on that trail about the same time, but it was a large country, and my surveying party was off on the trail most of the time, and we did not meet. Hallock was with C. C. Andrews, afterward Major-General United States Volunteers, and in '69-'76 Minister to Sweden, and in '82 Consul-General for Brazil.

I had a letter from him late in 1860, after he had taken Dr. Elliott Coues and a party to Labrador in a sailing vessel and brought back the first photos of the interior of that country, as well as a large collection of birds and curios for the Smithsonian Institution and the Long Island Historical Society. He wanted me to go to Maine or New Brunswick, but Albany was cold enough in winter to satisfy all desire to go further north, and then the war came on and we drifted apart, I to enter the Union army and he to run the blockade and become the editor of the Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle and Sentinel*, and at the same time writing a book entitled "Sketches of Stonewall Jackson," for which he got one of the very few copyrights ever issued by the so-called Confederate Government, and which is now in the National Museum. His restless spirit impelled him again to run the blockade seven months later, and he labored for a whole month on the *Royal Gazette* at Hamilton, Bermuda, and then went to Halifax, where he corresponded for several New York papers while making a tour of the Maritime Provinces by land and water.

Canadian politics were as much mixed then as they

are now, and promise to continue, and this tireless worker saw that the reciprocity treaty with the United States had expired and that the public was considering the confederation of all the British Provinces in North America, and he ran a series of articles in the Halifax *Citizen* entitled "Joel Penman's Observations, or the Provinces Seen Through Yankee Spectacles." In 1864 Mr. Hallock became assistant editor of the St. John (N. F.) *Telegraph*, and simultaneously opened the first broker's office in the Province. Later he became editor of the St. John *Courier*, a Confederation organ, and at the same time published an opposition paper of his own called *The Humorist*, as a counterpoise. The latter was a financial success, but he only ran it a few months, when it stopped; he was tired of it.

Now I arise to say: The subject of this sketch is not only a gifted man, but a genius of a very high order. He has not piled up millions of dollars, as some more cold-blooded men have, but he has made his mark on the roll of fame and the world is the better for his having lived. His talents have not been used to accumulate money, although he has made and lost fortunes, but he has spent years in teaching the youth of America not to waste the heritage of game and not to slaughter for slaughter's sake. In the killing of fish I learned this from him and have preached and practiced it for many years.

In August, 1897, I received a letter from my old friend. Like all men of his temperament, he must be elated or despondent, and he was in the latter mood when he wrote: "Since then we have fought the battle of life for forty years, and it has had its sharp engagements; you coming out as a major and I more or less a minor; to which key shall we join in singing?" Thirty years ago he returned to New York and opened a broker's

office in Beaver street, the firm being Ralph King & Hallock, and for a year was the financial editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and then his restless spirit asserted itself and he explored the Adirondacks and wrote up that region, which was not as well known as it is now. He visited me after I had gone into trout breeding in western New York, and we wet our lines in a little trout brook and spent much time in discussing old days and in comparing notes of adventure since we met. Portia says:

> "For in companions
> That do converse and waste the time together,
> Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
> There must be needs a like proportion
> Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit."

In 1870 Mr. Hallock, with Messrs. E. R. Wilbur, Dudley Field, Genio C. Scott, S. D. Bruce and several others, founded Blooming Grove Park, in Pike county, Pa., and the next year it was incorporated. The park then covered 12,000 acres and was the first great game preserve in America. The Park Association has now many elegant buildings and also many members.

Among the many things which the sportsmen of the world, and of America in particular, owe to Charles Hallock is the founding of *Forest and Stream* in 1873. He sent me a prospectus of the forthcoming journal and wrote me a most peremptory order to send him an article for the first issue, on the pain of his displeasure. Relenting somewhat, he closed the letter with a request, saying: "Do this and I will love thee forever:

> "With a love that shall not die,
> Till the sun grows cold,
> And the stars are old,
> And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold."

CHARLES HALLOCK

From a photograph in 1896

So it came to pass that when the first copy of *Forest and Stream* saw the light of the August moon it contained a few lines from my pen; crude they seem to-day, but what fellow can resist an order that is modified into such a request? The genial Charles came again to see my little trout farm when the grayling eggs and the adult grayling were there in the first experiments with that new game fish, and we again wet our lines, and would have wet our whistles had we been boys and the year in its early youth; for when the sap goes up the willow, before the leaves put out, the bark on last year's wood will "wring," and whistles are then made; but the bark so wrung will dry if not cared for, but, you understand, we wet our lines and perhaps a foot.

In the early '70's Mr. Hallock turned his attention to the development of Florida and advocated draining Lake Okechobee. He put the first boat on that lake that had been there since the Seminole war in 1848; he called the boat "Forest and Stream," and put Mr. Fred A. Ober in charge of the expedition, and later he obtained the assistance of Professor Spencer F. Baird and Mr. George N. Lawrence in fitting Ober out for natural history work in the Caribbean Sea.

Mr. Hallock continued his work as editor of *Forest and Stream* until January, 1880. Meanwhile he had published "The Sportsman Tourist," "Camp Life in Florida" and the grand volume of 900 pages, "The Sportsman's Gazetteer." Then he took what he called "a rest." Without looking for the exact definition of the word in the big dictionaries, I will by their leave say that Hallock's idea of rest at that time was to attach himself to Major Wagner's United States revenue force in the mountains of East Tennessee and North Carolina to look up the "moonshiners," as the makers of illicit whisky are called,

and to report the work for the New York *Herald*. Now just see the difference in an individual definition of the same word. To me that blessed word "rest" means freedom from not only manual labor, but also from thinking; it means what I can only express as "hog comfort," and its culmination a grand after-life of good living and sound sleeping. That sort of thing wouldn't suit Hallock for an hour. There is an ever-hungry maggot in his brain that continually impels him to do something, and while he loves a good dinner his brain works off its effect. You might as well try to fatten a threshing machine by running oats through it as to get an ounce of fat on Charlie Hallock by feeding him oceans of turtle soup and tons of 'possum; his brain would undo all the efforts of his stomach, even after he has passed the half century point which Victor Hugo called "the old age of youth and the youth of old age."

The fact that my dear old friend of nearly half a century and I are so dissimilar in mental and physical make-up is no doubt the reason that we are still friends. We were never rivals in anything, but we had that same bond of fellowship which cannot be described in words; a subtle something which draws some men of different natures into close companionship. The character of "rolling stones which gather no moss," and perhaps had no time to waste in that direction, is the only point of resemblance; but if Charles Hallock has not gathered much moss he has collected a mass of most extensive knowledge of the football which we call "the earth," which in his declining years will be a comfort to him if his nervous organization will ever allow him to sit down and take a few years off for contemplation of the past and indulgence in reverie of the future.

In 1878 Mr. Hallock again broke away from office

work and founded the town of Hallock in northern Minnesota, in a grand hunting region on the old Red River trail which he had traveled some twenty years before. It is now the county seat of Kittson county. Three years later he went out to the Yellowstone country to attend and report an important council of Crow Indians which ceded the right of way through their reservation to the Northern Pacific Railway, and incidentally to hunt and fish in that newly opened region, and a year later he went out to the Saskatchewan country, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and wrote it up for some of the magazines. In 1883 he worked up the natural history and resources of Texas for the Missouri Pacific management, crossing the Rio Grande into Mexico at El Paso and Laredo, and the following year was made superintendent of the Minnesota State frontier exhibit at the New Orleans World's Fair and Cotton Exposition, and was highly complimented on the artistic manner in which his lifelike groups were displayed. In 1885 he went to Manitoba to report the Riel rebellion, while it was practically winter in that frigid country, although the almanac said it was April.

In the summer of '85 he went to Alaska with the first Governor of that Territory, and on his return published his well-known book, "Our New Alaska," which has been called one of the masterpieces of English composition. He afterward went to Canada and wrote up the marl and phosphate deposits, as well as many sketches of the field sports to be had there. A few years later found him trying to repopulate the abandoned farms of New England with summer cottages, and then he worked up the mineral regions of Montana for the New York *Times* in the interest of the Great Northern Railway. In 1892 his attention was called to the mining region of

British Columbia and the Pacific extension of the same railway. Since then he has been writing up the resources of the seaboard of North Carolina in many publications.

This brief sketch gives a fair idea of the restless, hard-working man who has accomplished so much field work and exploration in nearly every geographical division of the continent, coasted nearly the entire shores of both oceans, traversed the great inland waters and regions but little known, and whose work has been of great value to science as well as to the sportsman.

He is still hale and hearty, and when I met him in the summer of 1897 he spoke of my articles and I told him that I would soon write something of our old-time acquaintance.

"All right," said he; "I'll give you some dates when I get to St. Paul." And he did. He wrote me a funny yarn about a railway adventure where soap and towels were unknown, and wound up by giving me the dates of his birth and marriage. But the *University Magazine* for August, 1894, helped me out with facts and dates, or this could not have been written.

Sitting in my den and thinking of old friends, most of whom have crossed the Styx, the words of Buckingham (Henry VIII.) come up as I think of Charles Hallock:

> "May he live
> Longer than I have time to tell his years!
> Ever beloved and loving may his rule be!
> And, when old Time shall lead him to his end,
> Goodness and he fill up one monument!"

THADDEUS NORRIS.

WHEN I bought a farm near Honeoye Falls, Monroe county, N. Y., in 1868, to begin raising trout, I also bought a book entitled "American Fish Culture," which was published in that year by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, and the author was Thaddeus Norris. Just who he might be, or what he might know of the subject, I did not know, but it was the first publication of its kind that I had heard of, and I bought it. It has little value to the fishculturist to-day, but it gave all that was then known about breeding trout, salmon, oysters and other things, and yet I had much to learn. I do not think he said so in the book, but at that time he had gone into trout breeding at Bloomsbury, N. J., had tried it a year or two and sold out to Dr. J. H. Slack, who ran the place until he died, some five or six years later.

In September, 1873, I was called to Washington to consult with Professor Baird, the United States Fish Commissioner, and there I met Mr. Norris, and we struck up a friendship which lasted until he died. I was then forty and he was sixty-two. He was a lovable old man whom many people called "Uncle Thad," and I soon dropped into the habit of addressing him so. Business over, he said: "Freddy, I'm going down to Betterton to fish for perch, and I'd like to have you go with me. Will you do it?"

"Where's Betterton?"

"I think there is a previous question before the house. Let us finish one at a time. The question is: Will you go?"

"Yes."

"Well, now that we have settled that, the next thing is to take up your question. Betterton is in Kent county, Md., and is a paradise for the angler who is contented to fish for white perch. It is not on the map, has no post-office, and therefore we can rest assured that we can't be called home by the demands of either family or business. There is no village of Betterton, only a few scattered farmhouses, and unless I am greatly mistaken it is a place that would just suit such a quiet, easy-going fellow as I take you to be."

"No railroad whistles, umbrella menders, steamboat nor church bells to destroy a morning nap?"

"Nothing of the kind, my boy; the place is on the Eastern Shore. At the upper end of Chesapeake Bay is the confluence of the Susquehanna, Northeast, Elk and Sassafras rivers, all within sight, and a grand sight it is over the upper end of the bay, and Betterton is about a mile below the mouth of the Sassafras. So much for geography. Anything else?"

"Not a thing. You've asked me to go to Betterton with you and I am your guest. I haven't the slightest curiosity how we are to get there, whether we walk, row, sail or swim. I did not bring any fishing tackle, but can easily get what will be needed for white perch. I suppose none of them weigh over 100lbs."

"No; there is a law which limits their size, but you'll find 'em up to the limit. Come up and stop with me in Philadelphia to-night and give no thought to fishing tackle or other thing. We will talk fish until bed-time and possibly dream of them before morning."

That night one of the most lovable of men spread his heart wide open and captivated me. When I was a young man I was fond of the society of some older ones, and I say "some" advisedly, now that I have had my hair bleached and am posing as a blond, a condition which I insist is not due to "peroxide," or any other preparation, but has been brought about solely by Anno Domini which you can't buy in a drug store. I find that I like boys—that is, if they are the kind of boys which I like. There's just as much difference in boys as there is in dogs; some wouldn't have you like 'em under any circumstances, and as for old men, they are boys who have been boiled down and all their traits intensified. A disagreeable boy will grow into —— Pardon me, we were going fishing.

We took an Ericsson steamer somewhere above Chestnut street, Philadelphia, about 4 P. M., and went through the canal from Delaware City to Chesapeake City, down the Elk River and into the bay, reaching Betterton at the uncomfortable hour of 4 A. M. Neither of us grumbled—we made light of having to turn out at that time; and now, while writing this sketch, nearly a quarter of a century later, and with an experience as much riper, it seems to me that "Uncle Thad" and I had the one common trait of accepting whatever came to us without grumbling.

As old Nessmuk said, "Bismillah, it is well!" Others say, "Kismet, it is fate!" And in these sayings lies all the philosophy contained in that scriptural warning which says that it is "no use to kick against the pricks." Resignation to the inevitable has preserved my life where others have died. Norris had the same turn of thought, and as we walked up from the landing to the house where we were to stop, he said: "The only thing I prefer to

getting out of bed at 4 o'clock in the morning is sitting up all night."

I remarked that I would prefer sitting up two nights; but we had not far to walk. Our host, Mr. Thomas Crew, was astir, as is the custom of farmers and dwellers in the country, and we entered his hospitable home, lay down and had our sleep out, because Crew said the tide would be about right four hours later. About 8 o'clock we had finished breakfast and were sailing away to the perch grounds, some two miles distant, with young Jim Crew as captain as well as crew. There were some other boats there, and more came later, making eleven in all, and about fifty anglers. As we anchored, Jim pulled out a half-bushel basket of peaches—and such peaches! I realized that we were right where peaches grow in both quantity and excellence. The tide ran from two to three miles an hour that day, the ebb being strongest. The average depth of the water was 30ft. We used 9ft. bass rods, with multiplying reels and a dipsy of 2oz. "Dipsy," in the Philadelphia language, means a piece of wire to keep two hooks on short snells apart, and a sinker hangs at proper depth below. It is said to be a corruption of "deep sea," but I never heard it east of New York, and rarely there, although the thing is sometimes used about New York Harbor, and called a "spreader." We used shedder crabs and angleworms, the former being plenty and the latter scarce, owing to the lightness and dryness of the soil. Some of the anglers used clams and shrimp.

Our largest perch that day weighed 18oz. The average was perhaps less than half that weight. Captain Jim did not fish, and we two filled three peach baskets with such good measure that they ran over. Perhaps we counted them, but I don't remember. From conversation with the men in other boats we estimated the catch of the

entire party that day at 6,000 white perch, besides a few other fishes, and Jim said it was not a very good day for perch.

Filled to overflowing with humor, Uncle Thad was as charming a man as one could wish for on a month's trip. His specialty was the songs of the plantation darky and stories of him in a most perfect dialect. He was past middle age and not strong nor active, but bright as a button. His "American Angler's Book" was the first good American book on angling. It treated of native fishes and methods of fishing, while all other fishing books up to that time were rehashes of English publications. It was first published by E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia, in 1864, who printed two editions. Of the last, Porter & Coates bought 699 copies in 1865, with all the plates, and issued an edition with their imprint. This was a volume of 692 pages, and the only edition I have. The latter firm printed editions in 1881, 1886 and 1891, each being of 250 copies. In the last three editions there is an excellent obituary notice, written by his friend, Mr. Joseph B. Townsend. My volume is well thumbed, for I still delight in the quaint stories in which he embodies information, especially in those charming pages which he calls "Dies Piscatoriæ." If any man is entitled to be called "The American Walton" it is Thaddeus Norris. His book may not be read by scholars who regard Walton as an English classic to be studied by non-anglers as a choice bit of literature, but it can be read with pleasure by anyone who appreciates clean humor, even if he cares nothing about fishing. Some years ago it was proposed that I should edit "The American Angler's Book," but business forbade. I am indebted for many of the above facts and dates to Mr. J. B. Townsend, Jr., of Philadelphia.

The winter of 1875-76 I spent at Lexington, Va., quartered in the Military Institute, together with my assistant, Mr. Wm. F. Page, now a well-known fishculturist: and I ran down to Richmond and met Uncle Thad by appointment, and tried to get him to go to Lynchburg to fish for pike with my friend Captain Jack Yeatman, of that city, who was an excellent angler, and had a rod that I wanted Norris to see. It was a natural bamboo, carefully smoothed inside where the partitions had been, and the line was run through the inside of the cane. "This," said Captain Jack, "puts the strain on all points, instead of a few, where the rings are." This idea has been put on the market since, but I have a notion that it is very hard on lines. Time did not permit Mr. Norris to go there. He arranged with me to go to Philadelphia in the spring and try to build an aquarium for the Centennial Exposition. I went, tried, and failed for want of financial support.

That summer it was my custom to visit Uncle Thad in his home on Logan square every Tuesday evening, and we would go up into his workshop where the justly celebrated "Norris split-bamboo rods" were made, and often talk until "the wee sma' hours ayont the twal." If we talked of fishing, it was not of perch catching at Betterton, but of grander sport. We had both fished, but not in unison, with Dan Fitzhugh of grayling memory, and our thoughts turned to that royal and generous angler. We would repeat some of Dan's stories; Uncle Thad would slap his knee and laugh until the tears came, and say "Dan was a glo-o-rious fel-low!" and then we gave a few moments of meditation to Dan.

In his "American Fishes," 1888, Professor G. Brown Goode says, writing of the white perch: "In a single paragraph Mr. Norris, who, making no profession of scien-

tific skill, has been one of our best observers of fishes, has given almost the only reliable information which has ever been collected regarding this species."

It so happened that the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences met at the corner of Logan square and Race street every Tuesday night, and we would often get a tip from Professor Cope if the talk was to be about a lot of prehistoric fishes, mammals and birds, in a densely scientific manner in which we had no interest whatever, or whether the discourse was to be upon the fishes of to-day. In the latter case we often spent a profitable hour on many evenings.

I recall one of these meetings when a freshly killed fish was on the table and was to be the subject of the lecture. It was a salt water fish which is not caught by anglers and is never in the markets. It was about 1ft. long, heavy-bodied and triangular, the back being the apex; it had a greenish color, a body like jelly, and was covered with a thick skin on which were many tuberculous or spiny plates.

"What kind of a fish is that, Fred?"

"Well, Uncle Thad, that is a lumpsucker or lumpfish. Notice its build. It is so weak behind that it can't swim much, but see its ventral fins—how they are modified into a sucking disk on its breast, whereby it can hold fast on a rock and let the tide bring food to its mouth."

"Don't you wish that you were that kind of a sucker? What did you say its name was?"

"Lumpsuckers or lumpfish on our coast. In England it is called sea-owl, cock-paddle, and it doesn't seem to mind what they call it—at least it never resents these names. That's all I know about the fish."

"Then you don't know what these musty old scientifs call this queer-looking beast?"

"Oh, yes; they call it *Cyclopterus lumpus.* I didn't know you were after that."

"Lumpus, lumpus; and they call the tomcod *Microgadus tomcodus,* and one species of catfish *Ameiurus catus.* Now, honestly, my boy, don't you think we can make as good Latin as that? Well, well, it is lumpy, sure enough. But lumpus! Let's go back to the workshop and digest the scientific information we have obtained here to-night. If we get more at one sitting we may not be able to assimilate it, and may not be able to retain what we have learned."

There were banjos in those days. They are rare now. They have put frets on them and made them merely guitars with a calf-skin head, on which can be played operatic music, but not real banjo music, which in these degenerate days is called "rag time." Just as negro minstrelsy has decayed, because of the abandonment of the "plantation" darky, so has our national instrument been evoluted into a nondescript thing which has lost its individuality. Possibly this is because the abolition of slavery has divested the negro of a certain interest as a character to be sketched.

Uncle Thad's banjo had a serious fracture in the cranium. Mine was in a trunk in storage, but he had to have it got out in order to properly recite the mishaps of "Johnny Booker," "Uncle Gabriel," and other epics. Our national instrument had no frets upon it, nor additional strings to play difficult marches and operas; in fact, it was a banjo, and not a hybrid guitar and mandolin; and was just suited to the simple plantation melodies. Bless you! they can't play "rag time" on what is called a banjo to-day. As I write I glance at my old-timer on the wall—which is always kept strung—and it brings back the night when Uncle Thad took it and sang:

"In eighteen hundred an' twenty-nine
I hung my banjo on a vine,
De banjo dropped upon de groun',
An' banjos grew up all aroun'."

Or:

"Ole Massa an' Missus promise me
Dat w'en dey'd die dey'd set me free,
But now dey bofe am dead an' gone
An' lef' ole Sambo hoein' de cawn."

One night after the old man had finished "Dandy Jim," I said: "Uncle Thad, once I attended a dance down in Texas and was greatly interested in the orchestra, which consisted of only two pieces—a fiddle and a boot; both were good in their way, and if the dancers missed the fiddle when conversation was loudest, the boot heel gave them the correct time. I have noticed that in your enthusiasm you have emphasized certain crescendo passages with your heel, which might offend any musical ear which was trying to sleep on the floor below."

"I think you are right in this matter," he said. "Where the orchestra consists of a banjo and a boot, the latter should subordinate its tones or be abolished entirely. Perhaps the banjo should be hung up until next Tuesday night and I'll tell you how Fish Commissioner Reeder, of this State, had his nose sunburned. Do you know H. J. Reeder?"

"Very well. Met him when his father was Governor of Kansas, and since that time he has been a fish commissioner and I have met him frequently and have had much correspondence with him. We've all had our noses burned, blistered and peeled in the sun. Was Reeder's nose an exception in any way?"

"No," said the veteran angler; "it was as susceptible to the influence of the sun as a Maryland peach, and that's

the point. I made some verses on it to an original meter. I'll read 'em:

"'The shades of night were falling fast.'"

"Yes, that is original, and grand! How on earth did you ever come to think in that direction?"

"Never mind about the applause until the curtain is about to descend, and please do not interrupt again until this lyric is finished.

"The shades of night were falling fast,
As o'er the Bel.-Del. Road there passed
A sun-burned nose, with face attached,
That had been to the South dispatched
For catfish!

"'Neath forehead high and yaller hair
Was a Grecian nose and complexion fair,
A bright blue eye and curled up lash,
And he ever kept shouting through his mustache:
'Oh, catfish!'

"'Oh, don't go out,' quoth Howard; 'stop!
It's awful hot where the white-caps hop;
You'll burn your nose on the upper side,'
But the ghastly fisherman still replied:
'More catfish!'

"The boat at length came up to land,
With a sun-burned nose, a line-cut hand,
And a barrel of fish bought for a price;
Says the nose-burned man, 'they're remarkably nice,
Fresh catfish!'

"Now, young man, be warned by me,
If ever again you go to sea,
Bear this painful burn in mind
And leave your tender nose behind,
For catfish!"

Tears as big as goose eggs came to my eyes as I grasped the poet's hand and asked his pardon if the ceil-

ing below should fall on account of my tears; I'm so easily affected. When he handed me the paper I pocketed the poem in order to give it to an appreciative world, which his modesty forbade him to do.

The workshop of Uncle Thad—I love to call him so—differed from that of the rod-maker of to-day. The latter has his ferrules drawn by an expert, who perhaps draws tubes for microscopes and telescopes; and they fit throughout the whole length, and never throw apart. In Uncle Thad's day—and he was abreast of the time in rod-making, if not ahead of it—he made his ferrules by hand and brazed them, afterward smoothing them with flat files, grinding them together with emery powder and oil, and then burnished them in a lathe.

I handled many of his rods, and wanted one. I feared to tell him so, because the notion might occur to him to give me one; so I had a friend buy a rod for me, and I used it several years, its value increasing each season, until it was stolen from me in a car while returning from a fishing trip.

If I had used that rod until it was "superannuated" it would be in an honored place on my wall in company with a pair of buffalo horns from the only buffalo I ever killed, a pair of snowshoes worn in Wisconsin in 1856, a banjo made by my own hands, and a sword which I wore in the early '60's, which was "Held by the Enemy," as the title of a play goes, for over a quarter of a century.

In the day on which things happen they are merely incidents which are not forgotten, but laid aside as trifles. Half a century later, or even half of that, they assume an importance which is surprising. An instance of this is my reminiscence of perch fishing at Betterton. There was nothing of importance to record; but the lapse of time serves to figure Uncle Thad Norris in a strong

light, and to bring up the man so that I can attempt to sketch him in a manner that will interest people who never knew him. The photograph which is here reproduced was apparently made from a painting of Mr. Norris when he was nearing middle age.

Thaddeus Norris was born near Warrenton, Fauquier county, Va., in 1811, and moved to Philadelphia about 1835, where he resided until his death, which occurred on April 11, 1877. A widow, two sons and two daughters survived him.

An incident occurred which illustrates his dry humor. We were looking at some fish in the tanks at the Centennial Exposition, when a noisy sort of fellow introduced himself to Mr. Norris as "a brother of the angle," and after a long recital of his exploits, said: "Yes, Mr. Norris, I'm the boss fisherman of western Pennsylvania, and I catch more fish than anyone I ever met."

"I am always pleased to meet a thorough angler," said Uncle Thad, very seriously. "I suppose you fish with the fly?"

"Always, Mr. Norris; always."

"Always rig the line properly with a float and sinker?"

"Oh, yes, always use the float and sinker."

"That's right; I see that you are really an expert angler, and I am glad to know you."

Mr. Norris never smiled, nor did his eye change when it met mine, and the man suspected nothing. After the man departed Uncle Thad said: "I often meet such men, and I sized him up for a man who knew nothing of fly-fishing and would need a float and sinker if he tried to cast a fly."

Genial Uncle Thad! When I read of his death the words came upon me "like the falling of a great oak in the stillness of the woods."

THADDEUS NORRIS

EDWARD ZANE CARROLL JUDSON

(NED BUNTLINE).

HALF a century ago few names were more familiar in New York and neighboring States than that of Ned Buntline. Erratic to such a degree that no man could tell what Ned would do next; fierce as a tiger; gentle as a woman; filled to the brim with poetry and romance, his life was one of adventure until mature age toned him down as it tones down all men. After a study of him from personal knowledge and a mass of correspondence gathered during the past six months, his many-sided character and strong personality makes him appear a man without a counterpart.

As a boy I read the weekly journal called *Ned Buntline's Own*, which was filled with tales of heroism and adventure, and when the Astor Place Opera House riot occurred in New York City on May 10, 1849, my fifteen-year-old mind applauded the men who gathered to avenge the insult to the world's greatest tragedian, Edwin Forrest. Looking at that event now with a mind somewhat more mature, my sympathies have gone to the other side. How much difference it makes which end of life's telescope we look through! How our youthful idols shrink, and how they change in appearance! Some men do not seem to have had any idols, but I had, for I was always a hero worshiper, even after reading Carlyle's essay on that subject, and coming to the conclusion that the egotistical old writer worshiped only one hero and that was himself, and that the chronic grumbler believed

that the world would have been much better made if he had been consulted in the beginning.

Early in May, 1865, while strolling about the steamboat landing at Albany, N. Y., looking for some fisherman who had a sturgeon and would sell me the eggs to use as bait for striped bass the next day, I saw a man slip on what afterward proved to be an orange-peel, and drop into the river. He was a good swimmer and got hold of the rudder of a steamer and hung there until a boatman brought him where he could help him up the dock. He was a short, powerfully built man of perhaps forty-five, and wore the undress uniform of a Union officer, with no indication of rank, the blue cord in the trousers merely indicating that he belonged to the infantry arm. I was then home awaiting a discharge order, and my uniform differed from his only that a red cord signified that the wearer was an artilleryman.

"Comrade," said I, "if you will come with me I can furnish you with dry clothing and a place to dry your own."

"Thanks," he replied; "I will step on board of this barge, hang up my outer garments in the sun and wind and dry my underclothing by bodily heat. I'm an old campaigner, my boy, and have learned never to change wet clothing unless I take a bath and rub off dry; that's the only way to avoid taking cold."

I agreed with him in this and continued my search for sturgeon eggs up the basin to State street, where I secured what I wanted for $2. As a historian of more or less truthfulness, I wish to say that in boyhood days I could have bought a boat load of sturgeon eggs for 10 cents. Unless some angler wanted them for bait they were thrown over with the offal, but the European taste for caviare had begun to invade the Eastern States, and

at that time the eggs of a sturgeon brought more money than the fish did. Caviare is a luxury; sturgeon meat merely food. After writing about individual tastes last week and quoting *de gustibus non est disputandum*, nothing is left for me to say but that my only use for sturgeon eggs is as a bait for striped bass.

I had lost recollection of the wet soldier until I returned and found him, an hour later, smoking and drying his clothing on the barge. "How are you getting on?" I hailed.

"First rate. Come aboard. Do you know this town well?"

"Certainly, know it from Alpha to Omaha, from Dan to the beer sheebeens; was born and reared about yer, and know Albany from the goose pasture to the Patroon's bridge. Why?"

"Because I am a stranger here and expect to stay a few days, and want to know somebody who knows the town. Your uniform is sufficient introduction and I hope mine is. I will put on my clothes and ask you to go with me to the Delavan House, where I have a suite of rooms."

We walked up Broadway to the Delavan—you can't walk far in Albany, although you may climb nearly a quarter as high as in Lynchburg, Va., but at State street he turned into the newsroom of Tom Hastings, and, picking up a copy of *Ned Buntline's Own*, said, "Let me present you with a copy of my paper."

I took the paper, looked at the heading, and asked: "Are you Ned Buntline?"

"Tom," said my new friend, "introduce me to this gentleman." And so I made the acquaintance of the redoubtable Ned. I dined with him at the Delavan that night, enjoyed the dinner, and remembered it because

Ned enlivened it with tales of adventure which he probably evolved as he told them, and as probably forgot next day.

I had asked him to fish next day with George Tweddle and myself, without consulting George, and at 8 A. M. we met at State street bridge, where our boat and bait were ready. Tweddle and I had fished for striped bass with sturgeon spawn often in the ante bellum days, but the mode was new to Ned. We anchored near the eastern edge of the channel, in order to be out of the way of vessels, and Ned watched the baiting of the hooks with interest. We used hand lines with ½oz. sinkers; the hook was on a gut snell about a foot long, and placed so as to hang 2ft. above the sinker and float away from it down stream. A foot of linen thread was tied just above the hook, a mass of spawn wrapped around it and then enveloped in a square of mosquito netting, which was wound with the thread to keep it in place.

"Now, Ned," said I, "this river is infested with a minnow which is locally called 'spawn-eater,' and it well deserves the name. When you throw out your bait a few eggs will escape through the netting and these pests will follow it to the bottom. When you feel the slightest touch, strike. Strike with right and left hand alternately as the spawn-eaters follow you up, and after half a dozen strikes and no more follow, you may conclude that a new bait is needed."

"Yes," said George, "with a gang of spawn-eaters about your hook, a bass or an eel will make a rush for them, but on smelling the bait will snatch it bald-headed; there will be no nibbling."

"All right," said Ned, "I'll try to ——" and three or four jerks came on his line and he struck. George and I were getting touches and were striking right and left.

Ned resumed: "I had a bite, but the fish has gone away."

"You did not strike soon enough, and the spawn-eaters have cleaned up your bait," said George. "This way of fishing requires as quick a strike as fly-fishing, if not quicker, for the bait is so lightly held. If a bass rushes for it, as it will if one gets a sniff of the spawn, you can't snatch the hook from it, but will at once feel the fight of the fish, which cannot be mistaken for the picking of the spawn-eaters."

George and I took several half-pound striped bass, and finally Ned took a large eel. About noon Ned took his first bass, and remarked that he believed he had "found out how to take these fellows in the striped suits." He took several after that, among them one which weighed over a pound, and was the largest taken by us that day. As we returned and gave the man who kept boats for hire several eels and a dozen bass, Ned said: "Gentlemen, it is now 4 P. M., and as you don't care for the rest of these fish, I will propose to send then to John McArdle's, where I will ask you to dine with me at 8. The party will be rather small with only us three, so please invite two of your friends, who will enliven the party, and with McArdle it will make half a dozen. I'll tell John to make a spread for six." And he bribed a boy to accompany him to Albany's swell café and carry the fish.

After he had departed, George said: "There's a personal magnetism about that man which explains all that I have read of him. When you told me that you had asked Ned Buntline to fish with us I imagined him as a Bowery tough; but I'll make a mental apology to him, for I owe him no other. Will meet you in the evening."

Colonel John McArdle was a veteran of the Mexican war, and so was Ned, and they were very chummy,

having served in the same regiment, or brigade; but McArdle had lost an arm while in command of a regiment under William Walker in 1856, when he invaded Nicaragua, and McArdle's flag was at half-mast when the news came to Albany that Walker had been publicly shot at Trujillo in September, 1860.

Just what part Ned Buntline took in the Mexican war I don't know, but he was in it, and in the Seminole war in Florida. I know from both Colonel John McArdle and from his brother-in-law, Colonel Michael K. Bryan, who commanded the Twenty-fifth N. Y. Militia, and was killed at Port Hudson, La., that he served in both wars. There are men who know that Ned was a romancer, and having no sympathy with his mode of thought, are disposed to look upon all his published life as a romance. That is not a fair way to view a man. His ambitions may differ from yours. You may care to accumulate money, or to be recognized in a swell set. All ambition is egotism, and Ned Buntline's egotism took the direction of the heroic. He desired to be a hero, such as he had read of, and the ways of commerce had no attractions for him. This was also my own ambition in early life, the great obstacle seeming to be opportunity. I have spent much time and postage in getting at facts in the life of this man, and overlaid with fable, as many of the stories of him are, his life was truly a romantic one.

Going up State street I met Shirley Campbell, once of Campbell's Minstrels, and later the basso of the Caroline Richings Opera Troupe. "Shirley," said I, "my friend Tweddle and I are going to dine with Ned Buntline and John McArdle to-night, and we lack two of half a dozen; you never were known to go back on a good dinner. Will you join us? No use to regret a lack of

evening dress; there will be none there. Have you a friend in town who likes a social dinner?" He accepted and hunted up Tom Pendergast, at that time the best tenor on the minstrel stage, and we had only to mention it and Tom was there. Ned had no idea that our friends were professionals, and was surprised at Campbell's rendering of several songs.

Then Ned spoke: "To-day we caught several fishes which habitually wear a striped suit. I wore one for a year and didn't like it. You know why I wore it, and under the same circumstances I would risk wearing it again. I am proud of the fact that I stood up for American manhood at that time, for there was need of men to stand for it." He talked long and eloquently of the riot in 1849, for which he was fined $250 and suffered a year's imprisonment, and he was a most eloquent speaker. I will not attempt to repeat his words, for if I could remember them, I could never reproduce his grand effects of elocution.

After Ned had ceased, I said: "Our friend Pendergast knows a song or two, and I think we can get them out of him without resorting to violence," when a clapping of hands brought the tenor on his feet. What he sang was new then, and had not been sung on the stage. It was that pathetic ballad, "Father, dear father, come home with me now," sung with such an emphasis and pathos that when he finished there were tears in many eyes. McArdle's only hand hid his face, Campbell's head was bowed in deep thought, Ned jumped up and kissed Pendergast on both cheeks while tears streamed down his own, and he afterward declared that it was the best temperance song ever written or sung, and then he ordered another quart of Heidsieck.

The riot which has been referred to, and which Ned

was punished for, was a great event, occurring only forty-eight years ago, but is almost forgotten. It was a quarrel between the foremost American tragedian, Edwin Forrest, and the English actor, Macready. Forrest had been hissed in England, and the "Native American" party declared that Macready's friends did the hissing, and that the English actor must not be allowed to play in New York. In looking up this subject I have accumulated enough material for a magazine article on the riot, but here can only say that at the Astor Place Opera House the play was "Macbeth," on Thursday, May 10, 1849, and Macready had been driven from the stage on the Monday night previous. Tickets were bought and distributed. *Ned Buntline's Own* had called on Americans to resist the possession of the opera house by crews of British steamships, and so the storm gathered. The Seventh Regiment, Colonel Abram Duryea, after being stoned and firing blank cartridges, finally fired with ball. The result was that thirty-four of the mob were killed and 141 members of the Seventh were wounded, including Colonel Duryea. One man got ten years in prison for this riot; therefore, Ned Buntline could not have been the head and front of it.

Colonel James E. Kerrigan, now living in New York City, a veteran of the Mexican war and colonel of the 25th New York Volunteers in our late war, was there when the riot began. Of course, he "took no part in it," but he says that Ned was arrested while haranguing a crowd in Lafayette place, and "now," said the veteran, "when you write up Ned Buntline I want you to say that he was a man who believed in having America governed by Americans, and at the head of his paper he placed George Washington's famous saying: 'Put none but Americans on guard.' We needed a man like Buntline

NED BUNTLINE

From a photograph by Sarony

then, and we need a thousand of them in this city to-day to teach patriotism and Americanism to our youth. I tell you, New York City is in America, but not of it. Look at the draft riots of July, 1863, when a foreign mob terrorized the city, hung men to lamp posts and burned a colored orphan asylum; we needed Ned Buntline then to arouse the people while the Governor of the State addressed the mob as 'my friends.'" And the old warrior paced the floor with excitement.

From the office of Adjutant-General of the State I get this record: "Judson, Edward Z. C., age thirty-seven years, enlisted Sept. 25, 1862, at Mt. Pleasant, as a private in Co. K, 1st N. Y. Mounted Rifles, to serve three years. Promoted sergeant Oct. 24, 1862. Transferred to Co. A, 22d Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps, Aug. 29, 1863." He served his term in the latter regiment and was honorably discharged as first lieutenant. Ned had five wounds, one of which made him somewhat lame. At Suffolk, Va., Colonel Dodge put Ned in charge of a squad of scouts, and when the regiment went into winter quarters Ned was allowed a cabin, where he wrote stories. He was the most prolific writer that I ever knew of. For over two years he ran six stories each week, under different nom de plume, beginning and ending one in each issue. They were stories of impossible as well as improbable adventure, in which the hero arrived at the proper time and the villains were foiled. This sort of thing must have paid well, for I am told that Ned's estate footed up near $200,000. Not so bad for writing trashy tales.

In his earlier days he wrote "The Mysteries and Miseries of New York," which sketched the Bowery in its palmy days. This was dramatized under the title "New York as It Is," and F. S. Chanfrau made a great hit in

his character of Mose, a soap-locked, red-shirted volunteer fireman, who always wore a plug hat on one side of his head and held a cigar tilted up at an acute angle. The play furnished popular quotations of firemen's talk, and we schoolboys would quote: "Sykesy, take de butt," and "Get off dem hose or I'll hit yer wid a spanner," etc. Mose was our hero about 1850, and now as I go through Centre street on my way to the *Forest and Stream* office, I stop each week and look in the window of No. 20 at a picture of Chanfrau as Mose, disgustedly saying: "I'm bound not to run wid der machine any more." Five old-timers were in the City Hall by invitation of Martin J. Keese, an old fire laddy, to meet me and talk of Ned Buntline, and when I mentioned this picture they went to see it. "It's like a glimpse of the old days," said Keese, "to see that picture, but it's sad to think of the descent from Mose to Chimmie Fadden. Ned Buntline took the character of Mose from Mose Humphrey—you remember him, Jake? He ran with old 40 engine and got licked in every fight he went into. Chanfrau spent weeks studying Mose and made up just like him." And then these old "boys" became reminiscent of fires, fights, Harry Howard and other chiefs, and I enjoyed their enthusiasm as they lived their lives over again.

There are so many men who never saw any good in Ned Buntline because they did not know him, that I have tried to portray him as I knew him. If he were pleading his own case, he might say, with Othello:

> "I have done the State some service, and they know it;
> No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
> When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
> Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
> Nor set down aught in malice."

If I wanted a quotation to fit Ned I might find it in

John Hay's "Jim Bludsoe" in just four words, "He weren't no saint," and let it go at that. What in the world could be expected of a boy whom parents had handicapped with such a name as Edward Zane Carroll Judson? Yet this boy by virtue carried, and sometimes staggered, under that load for over three-score years.

Ned was born in Philadelphia in 1822. His father was a lawyer and intended the boy for the clergy, but, luckily for the cloth, he had no inclination that way. Then the elder Judson decided that his son should be educated for the bar, and at times Ned got there, but he wasted no time in study for this purpose. He ran away and went to sea as a cabin boy when eleven years old, and the next year shipped on a war vessel. Appleton's "Cyclopedia of Biography" says that when thirteen years old he rescued the crew of a boat that had been run down by a Fulton Ferry boat, and received from President Van Buren a commission as midshipman in the U. S. Navy. After reading this, I consulted Hamersley's "Register of the U. S. Navy for 100 Years." There only the frigid facts are given, and under the misprinted name of E. J. C. Judson, he appears as "Midshipman, Feb. 10, 1838; resigned June 8, 1842." That shows that he was four years in the navy while he was between the ages of sixteen and twenty, and during this time he acquired enough of sea lingo to write his first sea tales under his nautical pen name. Because he had come on the quarter-deck through the hawse-hole instead of over the rail, he was unpopular with the other middies, but, according to Appleton's book: "On being assigned to the Levant, he fought seven duels with midshipmen who refused to associate with him because he had been a common sailor, and escaped from each without a wound. * * * He died in Stamford, Delaware county, N. Y., July 16, 1886."

Surely, the boy who escaped from home at the early age of eleven was a boy full of vim and one that would make a mark of some kind.

Ned went into the Adirondacks in 1859 and built him a cabin on the shores of Eagle Lake, one of the Eckford chain, and christened it "Eagle's Nest." He there wrote the following verses, which have been reproduced in almost every article on the Adirondacks:

"Where the silvery gleam of the rushing stream
Is so brightly seen on the rock's dark green,
Where the white pink grows by the wild red rose
And the bluebird sings till the welkin rings.

"Where the red deer leaps and the panther creeps,
And the eagles scream over cliff and stream,
Where the lilies bow their heads of snow,
And the hemlocks tall throw a shade o'er all.

"Where the rolling surf laves the emerald turf,
Where the trout leaps high at the hovering fly,
Where the sportive fawn crops the soft green lawn,
And the crow's shrill cry bodes a tempest nigh,
There is my home—my wildwood home."

I allude to his quarrel with Alvah Dunning in my sketch of the latter, and will not go into it now further than to say: Ned held ideas regarding the protection of game which Alvah did not share. One was independent of game as a food supply in close seasons and the other was not, and they had other causes of difference, and they threatened to shoot each other on sight. Ned died at his home and Alvah is living yet. Ned abandoned Eagle Lake in 1861 and went into the Catskills and built an elegant residence at Stamford, Delaware county, N. Y., which he named after the original Eagle's

Nest, and there I wet a line with him in 1881 on a swift mountain stream.

That Ned did at times indulge in prolonged sprees is a well-known fact, but I never saw him when he was under the rye. Once he said to me: "I had been writing for weeks and had become tired. There was no company there in the woods in the winter except Alvah Dunning and other amaroogians, and I got a horse at North Creek and lit out for Glens Falls and was gone a month."

That meant more than the words implied, unless we except "Amaroogians." The word is not in the Standard dictionary, nor in any other which I have access to; yet somehow I seem to know that it signifies a kind of unsophisticated woodsman, who cannot fraternize with a man of the world like Ned Buntline.

It has been said that Ned was an orator of much strength. From 1880 to 1885 he lectured on temperance for the Order of Good Templars, and was the founder of the Order of the Sons of Temperance. The picture of him which is here presented was taken by Sarony, of New York, when Ned brought Buffalo Bill (William F. Cody) and Texas Jack (John Omohondro) from the West, and introduced them to the people of the East. Omohondro died too soon to reap a harvest from Ned's advertising; but Cody, who was a regimental butcher when Ned discovered him, and surrounded him with a romance which has made his fortune, is living, and no doubt will see that Ned's grave is kept green.

The great defect in the character of Ned Buntline up to his reaching middle age was unselfishness, and by this I mean a Quixotic disposition to espouse the quarrels of others, or, as in the Adirondack instance, to try to enforce an unpopular game law among a people who were averse to game laws of any kind. Ned had a high

standard of morals, but could not always climb their heights. He was very deficient in humor; that point is well illustrated by the rig in which he permitted himself to be photographed, and his professional writing of romance had probably the effect of making him consider himself seriously.

When I fished with Ned in the Catskills, the drift of his talk would give an uninformed person the impression that his services to the country were equal to those of Grant, Sherman or Sheridan. His vanity was not balanced by modesty or humor, yet he was always clean in speech, as I knew him.

Only last week Colonel Kerrigan wrote me: "When you write up Ned Buntline don't put wings on him. He was a grand, good man all the same, and there is no use in trying to hide his faults, for he had plenty of them; other people have worked up Ned's faults, and you know that he was a man in whom the good predominated."

Accepting Colonel Kerrigan's estimate of Ned Buntline as my own, I leave Ned's character as a whole to the readers of *Forest and Stream.*

GRAND DUKE ALEXIS, OF RUSSIA.

IT WAS in November, 1876, and the newly opened Aquarium was not well stocked with fishes. The regular collector, Mr. Roberts, was down at the islands in Martha's Vineyard, and Mr. Coup said: "How would you like to go down to Currituck Sound and get some fish? There was a man in here yesterday who said that we could get any quantity there. Will you go?"

The case was very different from that told in the last sketch, where any man with experience in ice fishing would know that there was no chance for success, and I went, under protest. Here was a chance to see the famous ducking grounds of which I had read, and to return with live fish for the tanks.

"Mr. Coup," said I, "I'd as soon collect for the Aquarium as do any other work, but you engaged me as Superintendent of Fishculture, and have advertised that the breeding of fishes is to be one of the features of the Aquarium, and on your colored lithographs you have advertised me as in charge of that department. Now I have a professional pride in the work and dislike to abandon it for collecting. The California salmon eggs have just come and trout eggs may arrive, most any time. Can't you send some other man?"

He thought a moment. The fact was that with the exception of the General Superintendent, Butler, Roberts and myself, all the other employees, from the box office to the tank cleaners, were old circus men, pensioners on Coup, whether he employed them or not, for he had

a heart bigger than a bullock's. He had been Barnum's business manager for years, and poor Mr. Penny, who had a useless leg and a crippled arm from a fall from a trapeze, was a sample of his employees. I was the only available man who was an angler or who knew one fish from another. After thinking this over he said: "I want you to go. If harm comes to the salmon eggs I'll take all the blame, but the Aquarium must have some fish, and you're the only man that I can spare who knows enough to go for them; don't stick on our terms of agreement, but help me out of this hole."

"Do you know that Currituck Sound is now all fresh water since the inlet on the north was closed by the sea some years ago?"

"I don't care what it is if you can get fish of any kind. Will you go?"

"Yes. Send the tanks to the Old Dominion line, and I'll leave by first steamer for Norfolk."

Presenting my credentials at the office of the littie steamer Cygnet, which ran from Norfolk down through the Dismal Swamp Canal to Currituck Sound, and asking for terms of transportation for myself and six 30-gallon tanks, the agent asked:

"Is this William C. Coup, of the Aquarium, the same that was Barnum's manager?"

"He is the same man. He quarreled with Barnum, and started the Aquarium."

"In that case you can't pay a cent to this company for passage, meals nor freight; the only condition I will impose is that you take a letter back to my old friend Bill Coup."

The passage down the canal on the Cygnet was uneventful, but as we went through the Sound the wealth of ducks, geese and swans kept calling for attention from

one side to the other until Van Slyke's Landing was reached about sundown on Saturday evening.

I was the only guest at the hotel, and there was a prospect of a lonesome Sunday, yet there was much of interest. Mrs. Van Slyke was a widow of strong frame and stronger mind. She was postmistress, hotel keeper, store keeper as well as farmer, and a character well worth studying. Originally from the rock-ribbed hills of Vermont or New Hampshire, where energy is required to wrest a living from the soil or anything elese, she had no patience with the slow, thriftless ways of the men she had to employ. In a chat after dinner, she replied to a question by saying:

"Get along with 'em? That's not the thing. The question should be how do they get along without *me?* After my husband died I had to lick half a dozen of 'em, white and black. Lordy, I'd take a club or a horsewhip to 'em, and if these were not handy I'd knock 'em down with my fist, an' they soon found out that I would have no foolin'."

Nearly 6ft. and muscular, she carried her 200lbs. lightly; and a look at her face would convince any shiftless beach-comber, black or white, that she certainly would have "no foolin'."

On Monday it rained, and I engaged a boatman and spent the day trying to learn about the fishing spots in the sound, kinds of fish, baits used, etc. In the evening the Cygnet brought a party of ten persons and trunks and other impedimenta, apparently enough for 100. They were foreigners, and one tall, broad-shouldered man with a blond beard gave orders in a language whose sounds were unfamiliar. I watched the party closely and noted that the tall man left at once for the hotel and another attended to the detail of landing the bag-

gage, and that it was all done with a military precision that was delightful, but puzzling; and I turned to the hotel to prepare for dinner.

At a place of that kind, when one is the only guest, the preparation for dinner is narrowed down to a simple washup, but the present occasion demanded a white shirt, with the abominable addition of cuffs, collar and cravat. Surely, evening dress could not be expected, so I togged out in the best I had and waited. Mrs. Van Slyke entered and said: "The tall, handsome man is the Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, just run down here for a few days' duck shooting, and the rest of the party are his body servants, cooks, etc. He asked who you were and I told him that you came to collect fishes, and he wishes you to dine with him, for he is without company. Here's his card—'Mr. Brown.' We're to call him Mr. Brown while he's here. Do you happen to have a card?"

I did happen to have one, and in due time I followed it in and joined "Mr. Brown" at dinner. Royalty was away out of my line that day—although I've seen more of it since—and if I felt a trifle uncomfortable at first my host soon stopped that. His cooks had taken possession of the kitchen, and his waiters served as perfect a game dinner in that old-fashioned sportsman's resort as could have been served in New York City. His English was that of an educated foreigner, so pure, so free from chipped words and colloquialisms that it was a treat to listen to him. Few to whom English is the mother tongue, whether on one side of the water or the other, can speak as the educated man does who had had it drilled into him. I wondered what he thought of my careless talk.

As we smoked upon the piazza, Mr. Brown said: "You are collecting fishes; is it in the interest of science?"

"Partly in the interest of science. The fish collected will be taken to the Aquarium in New York City for either the amusement or the instruction of the people, the result being entirely dependent on those who see them. The careless ones will pass by some of the most interesting specimens, which a student of nature would dwell a long time upon. To a few the Aquarium is a place of study and scientific interest."

"Please tell me, do you fish for sport?"

"It is my greatest pleasure; but on this trip there is a desire to get fish for the Aquarium in any way, and therefore I come here, not in the character of a sportsman, but of a collector, who will get his specimens in any way that he can, as long as they are not injured.."

"I have read much of fishing for sport in English books, but could never understand the sport of angling. In my country—I am a Russian—we shoot for sport, but fish is not considered to be game any more than you would class mushrooms as game because you collect them in the fields. Of course we have our choice fishes, and rank the salmon and the trout above the softer fishes of small lakes, but the English and Americans seem to put the capture of these fishes on a plane with the shooting of deer, grouse, woodcock and ducks. I have not been educated to that point; my countrymen regard fishing merely as a means of obtaining food."

"Yes," I replied; "that seems to be the feeling of all European sportsmen outside of England and its dependencies. The Americans and the Australians inherited their love of angling from England, and it seems singular that other European nations should not have taken up angling as a sport."

"Do you know anything of the art of fishing with the fly? I have read that the casting of the artificial fly was

the highest form of angling, but I have never seen it done."

"Yes, I cast the fly some, and am told that there are black bass above this place, and if you care to see how we cast for them I will be delighted to show you, for I brought a fly-rod along, not knowing what use it might be, but I'll not promise you that we will take any fish, for the waters are new to me and I must depend on a native boatman who may or may not know all that he claims." This would "let me down easy" if the bass would not rise.

The morning was a poor one for ducks, and Alexis did not miss any shooting by not going for them. It was bright and clear, with a light wind that made just ripple enough for fly-casting. He had his own boat and I had two, one towed behind with a great iron transportation tank in it, and we went up the sound some two miles to where my boatman, whose name was Jim, said: "There's lots o' green bass." There had once been an inlet from the sea near this point, but storms had closed it many years before, and the water was now fresh. The bottom bore evidence that it was once salt, by the profusion of marine shells, and I took several flounders which had preferred to remain; perhaps they had bred in fresh water.

When Jim let go the chunk of iron which served as a killock, the water appeared to be about 10ft. deep, and quite clear, under the lee of the boat. I rigged a cast with one fly, a green and gold, and made casts in every direction, beginning at 20ft, and then enlarging the circle, letting the fly sink and trolling it; but not a bass manifested curiosity enough to inspect the fly, as well as we could see for the ripple. To-day I would not be so rash as to make such a venture. Think of the situ-

ation. I did not positively know that Jim's "green bass" were what I called by a darker name; nor, if they were indeed black bass, whether they ever rose to a fly in these waters, and I had asked a Russian Duke to see the sport! Worse than that, I had a native boatman to whom the fly-rod was a toy, the fly a doubtful thing for a fish to rise at, while I must have appeared to him like half a dozen durned fools boiled down into one. Jim was being paid for his work, and kept his mouth shut; but, confound him, I knew that he was thinking. This made me nervous; his pale, washed-out blue eyes followed every move; but even in North Carolina it is not permissible to kill a beach comber for thinking. A new and apparently absurd style of fishing was on trial before him, and perspiration broke out all over me. I didn't mind the Duke at all—he had read of the art of fly-fishing for salmon and trout, and knew about it theoretically; but Jim was a net fisherman, who sometimes used hooks on hand-lines, and was, as I believed, boiling inside with contemptuous laughter. If he would only say a word I would brain him with an oar; but he gave no such opportunity.

We all have different sides to our characters. Ordinarily I try to be Dr. Jekyll, but can't always play the part, and am forced to shift to Mr. Hyde; yet something has always restrained me from filling the latter rôle. Looking back on the murderous instinct that day, I now see that the fault was entirely in my own brain.

The fly was removed and a grizzly king substituted. The colorless eyes of Jim watched the fly-book and the knot in a cold-blooded way that made me wish he would attack me and give me an excuse to kill him, if I could. But he did nothing of the kind. The new fly had been cast several times and then there was a "chug" and a fish

of some kind made the reel sing as it bored down and off. The Duke's boat was alongside and I handed the rod to him, having previously told him what to do. He took the rod, but lowered the tip. This he corrected; but, contrary to advice, he began to reel the fish in by main strength on its first rush and the hook tore out, leaving the fly intact. The split-bamboo rod stood the strain nobly, and I fancied that Jim looked with admiration on its curves as a strong fish battled against a strong man. I began to relent.

While the fish rise to a particular fly it is folly to change, and the cast was kept up. Alexis declined to try his hand at casting, and when the second fish was hooked he preferred to see me fight it. He became excited as the bass allowed itself to be reeled up for some feet and then, bending the tip to a low point, made a dash which was answered by giving only as much line as it could earn from the reel on the pliant rod, which kept a constant strain on the fish, even in its leaps from the water, for I never follow the rule to "lower the tip when the fish leaps, lest it strike the line and break free." The quotation may not be exact, but it is the substance of the directions in some angling book which I cannot recall.

As the landing net brought in the bass, a big-mouth, and Jim put it in the tank to be kept alive, my hour of triumph had come. Jim brought up the tank-boat and put the fish in there carefully, saying as he did so: "That ar' fish fi't like a game cock, an' I thought ev'ry minnit that he was a-goin' to snap that little pole in two, but by jing! ev'ry time the end of the pole was dragged down to the water it sprung up ag'in, and the fish he got plum tired out. I'm durned if it wasn't as putty as a dog fight."

I was again Dr. Jekyll, with a love for my fellow-man, and Jim in particular. Jim assumed a new character. He was no longer suspected of a contempt for me and my methods. How we do warp our judgments by everything pertaining to self!

Mr. Brown thought he now understood how to handle a hard fighting fish, and he did. The next one that was hooked he fought like a veteran, giving line or reeling in as the exigencies of the case required, or I hinted, and he brought to boat a fine big-mouth bass of about six pounds, guess weight. He was enthusiastic; and after taking a dozen more declared that he would introduce fly-fishing in Russia. If he did he has neglected to inform his teacher.

He would not attempt to cast—I did that—and when a fish was hooked let him land it. A new fly was substituted once or twice as the old one became frayed or frazzled, but the grizzly king did so well that there was no need to change the species; a fresh individual sufficed.

It was when we smoked in the evening that my pupil manifested the most enthusiasm. "How they do fight," he exclaimed, "and what a thrill seems to pass up the line, through the rod into your arm until your nerves tingle like an electric shock. And how grand it must be to kill a salmon of 200 pounds! I certainly shall try it the first time I get an opportunity."

The next day opened with a fog and an east wind. A knock on my door was followed by a voice, which said: "Mr. Brown presents his compliments and requests the pleasure of your company to-day on a ducking trip." It was evidently one of the servants of the Duke, judging by voice and accent, and I jumped to the floor.

"Tell Mr. Brown that I will join him at breakfast in a few minutes."

I was down first and had my 9-gauge muzzleloader and accessories all in order. Mr. Brown had a muzzleloader, 10-gauge, which he said was a favorite, and two No. 12 breechloaders which were new. He wished to loan me one of these, but I was unfamiliar with that kind of gun and replied that my gun was also a favorite, and if ducks were plenty it would get some. I also declined the offer of a man to load for me. I preferred to do that, and then Jim would be with me. I liked Jim now. He no longer seemed to be studying me, and Jim would be worth more on Currituck Sound than half a dozen strange Russians, and he was. His skill in getting a boat out after a cripple and in putting me where it was likely to rise after a dive, added many a duck to my bag, although my muzzleloader could not always get ready for action as quickly as the guns in the other blind; but after the day's shooting Jim said, "That's a good gun; it ranges well an' hits hard," and I interpreted the words "ranges well" into meaning that it would kill at a fairly long distance. Our birds this day were redheads, widgeon, bluebills and one canvasback. I found that Mr. Brown was well informed concerning the gastronomic value of the different ducks, and I placed my bag at his disposal. His judgment agreed with mine, and although my duties often took me away all day, we dined together every night, and his cook knew how to cook game, a thing that French cooks rarely understand, excellent as they are with all other meats.

Jim had engaged some net-fishermen in both salt and fresh water to bring live specimens of fish, and the collection was growing so fast that I began to fear that I would have to leave this place for the city too soon, and so miss some good shooting as well as fishing. I wanted to give Mr. Brown a taste of bluefishing out in the open, and see

him handle a big one with rod and reel, for at that time of year they run big, 10 to 15lbs. or more. As Jim did not know the bluefish nor the menhaden by those names, I tried all the various ones for them that I could remember, and finally struck it on "greenfish" and "bugfish" with the aid of diagrams and his imagination, until he agreed that they resembled the fishes in question. But the day for bluefishing never came. Mr. Brown needed but little to make him an angler, and he seemed to have lacked only opportunities.

He had an ambition to kill a swan, and one rainy morning we were in the blinds long before daylight and waited. Several flocks of swans were in sight, but kept out of shot. We had no decoys, and I don't know if they are used for swans; but our blind was in the grass, far out on a point where the great birds swam past when feeding. The rain ceased about an hour after sun-up, and it was a treat to see the swans take wing on the still water, beating it with their wings for half a mile before they cleared it entirely, the last strokes merely dotting the water with the wing tips. We were fairly well soaked as we returned to breakfast about 10 o'clock; a breakfast that loomed up like a mountain when it came on, but which was unlike a hole in the ground when we left the table. You can see a hole in the ground.

A heavy gale from the north necessitated personal care of the floating cars of live fish, and I was compelled to decline an invitation to go into the interior for a day with the snipe or woodcock; we were both strangers in a strange land, and had to depend on the native guides, who were gunners, fishermen and beach combers, as the seasons changed. But between us and these men stood the mentally and physically vigorous Mrs. Van Slyke. She knew every one of them, and they knew her. A

guest in her house could shoot and fish anywhere on her property, and woe be to the boatman, gunner or whoever was employed by one of her guests who was complained of for laziness, neglect of duty or incompetency. He might or might not be given a hearing, but he was sure to get something else. She might not have said, with Othello: "Cassio, I love thee; but never more be officer of mine;" her language would have been quite different and more forcible. Would that more keepers of sportsmen's resorts were like her.

We had more duck shooting and fishing, and the day came when this pleasant trip should end. As we sat on the piazza, smoking, the night before I left, Mr. Brown said: "I was greatly pleased when I asked for terms at this hotel to find that there was only one gentleman here; I wanted rest and recreation and to have the whole place for myself and my retinue; but I am glad that one * * * ." The amount of it was that he did not shoot and fish with his servants, and in America he had done as Americans do.

While I had a full understanding of it he explained how it was much easier for people to call him "Mr. Brown" than to use his titles, and it did seem to be a most sensible move on his part. A few weeks afterward one of his suite brought a package to the Aquarium for me. It was a handsome meerschaum pipe and case. On a gold plate it said: "To Mr. Fred Mather from Alexis; in memory of Currituck." Within a week it was stolen from a pocket in my overcoat.

Those days are among the pleasant memories of life. "Mr. Brown" was a most pleasant gentleman, and to me, at least, was as democratic as the name he assumed.

GEORGE W. SEARS

(NESSMUK)

JUPITER PLUVIUS! How it did rain! We had seen it coming while at supper, and I said to my companion, Hon. James Geddes, of Syracuse, N. Y., "Jim, we must deepen the ditch around this tent or be drowned out. That's an angry sky, and the sun is only just down, yet it is dark as midnight. It's no ordinary shower that is promised us."

"That's so," replied the Hon. Jim, "and we've got to do it right quick, too. It's lucky that the land falls away so much from our tent; we will not have to dig far to have complete drainage."

We went at it with case knives and tin plates, and finished widening and deepening the ditch on the back and sides of our wall tent—the front needed no ditch—when the first wind which precedes such a storm began to roar in the treetops, and in a few minutes the advance guard of St. Swithin began letting great drops resound through the forest. We felt secure; wind could not harm us unless it felled a tree across our tent, and as it was to be a camp for a week or more I had avoided all old and partially dead trees whose roots might also be partly dead, and before the rain beat the wind down we were inside, the door-flap buttoned and a candle lighted. I had prepared for the light by getting one of the flat "fungi" ("funguses," I want to call 'em, and only use the Latin plural to show my learning), and by dropping some melted candle on this and quickly standing the cold end in it, there was a candlestick. We had just got

comfortably down on our blankets when the storm burst in all its fury. "Jim Geddes," said I, "you made an offensive remark to me before this storm got under way. We will have no quarrels over it, because you intended no offense, and only a fool takes offense where none was intended, but when you reconsider your words you will see wherein you were wrong."

"Well, I'm surprised! Tell me all about it. We don't want to fight in this little 10 by 12 tent when all nature is engaged in a combat outside. There! Did you notice how quick that clap of thunder followed the flash? That hit near us; but go on and tell me what it was that I said that has injured your feelings. I never thought you were so thin-skinned."

I looked at the surprise pictured on his honest, good-natured face, and said: "While I make no claim to being thin-skinned, I don't care to have my knowledge of woodcraft credited to accident. I selected this camp-site and put up the tent while you were taking trout for supper, and when the storm was in sight you said: 'It's lucky that the land falls away so much from our tent.' Now, my dear Jim, luck was not in it at any stage of the game. That's the trouble. The word 'luck' sort o' soured on my stomach, and I couldn't digest it. Do you get my meaning?"

"I've got it," said Mr. Geddes, "and I still maintain that your skin is too thin to make a woman's glove. Just listen to that rain! Did you ever hear anything come down harder? Hark! What was that?"

"Oh, I don't know! Some echo of thunder in the mountains, for here in the Adirondacks the sounds of a storm will appall one not accustomed to mountain echoes."

"Hush! There it is again!"

We listened. Then came an unmistakable: *"Da whoop!"*

"Somebody down at the landing," said Jim, "and he must be quite damp."

We left all our clothing, except our shoes, in the tent and went down to the lake to learn what sort of man might be abroad in a storm like this. The wind had subsided, but the rain still came in torrents. We called, and a man said something which was drowned by the roar of the rain in the woods and on the lake. The next flash of lightning revealed a man waist deep in water holding to the side of a canoe. He was about 20ft. away and I rushed in and led him to the landing, which was a small opening in the bushes. After we had pulled his canoe well ashore we led him to the tent, which was easily seen by its light, for a candle shows up well through canvas on a dark night, and then we looked him over. He was a little man, about 5ft. nothing; about fifty years old, but one of those thin, wiry fellows without an ounce of fat, who look as old at forty as they do a score of years later. He was chilled in his wet clothing while we were aglow, and we got him stripped and under the blankets as soon as possible and gave him such restoratives as we had. Divested of clothing he was nearly as big as a pound of soap after a hard day's washing, and until he became warm he had merely answered questions as to the things in his boat. He did not want them brought up. They could get no wetter. We questioned him no further and awaited the pleasure of our guest to begin the conversation.

Finally he said: "It's lucky for me that I saw the light in your tent. I had lost my paddle and the wind was making a plaything of my canoe. When I saw the light I jumped overboard to swim and drag the canoe,

but I couldn't find a landing and was wading about when you came."

"Were you going up or down the lake?" asked Geddes.

"Neither. I'd been fishing on the other side and started to come across to where I left some duffle, when the storm caught me."

I caught the word "duffle," which I had never heard until I had read Nessmuk's article in *Forest and Stream*, and I knew that he traveled in a canoe and camped alone, a very economical way of enjoying life, and a delightful one if we add a companion, to those who can care for themselves in the woods. So, without much chance of error, I said: "If I should hazard a guess, it would be that you are a Pennsylvania man, who goes alone when he goes at all, writes up what he sees, thinks or imagines that he sees or thinks, and signs himself 'Nessmuk.'"

"That's a bulles-eye guess; how did you make it?"

"Well, partly because you called your camp stores 'duffle' and partly because you travel alone in a toy canoe, and again because you are built to sail in a chopping bowl. And let me introduce my friend, Mr. Geddes, of Syracuse, and myself. My name is Mather. At present I am the fishery editor of *Forest and Stream*, and have written for it from its first number. Last year I was with the Adirondack survey as ichthyologist and wrote up our trip and discoveries. I also wrote a series of sketches headed: 'Trouting on the Bigosh.'"

"Yes," said our guest, "I've known of Mr. Geddes at the sportsmen's conventions. What did you say your name was—Murphy?"

"Correct; you have a good ear and a good memory. My family is descended from King Brian Boroimhe, who defeated the Norsemen in 1014 near Dublin, and whose name has been corrupted into Brian Boru and then

into Murphy, just as your family name, Sears, became shortened from Seersucker, the fabric of linen and silk, to its present form. There was no need to retain the last part of the name, because it was known of all men."

The rescued man raised himself on his elbow and said: "You've got it straight, Fred; and now let up, as the rain has done, and I will make a fire and dry my clothes."

We opened the tent, for the rain had ceased, and only for the drip from the trees there was no sign of the terrible storm. The earth was damp, but the drainage was good, and a fire soon threw its heat into the tent as our guest dried his clothing in the smoke. I was glad to have a chance to study him at close range. You may read what a man writes, but he only shows you the side he cares to have you see, the dress parade side, so to speak; or you may meet him daily for years and your vision will get no further; but camp with him a week when provisions are low and weather is bad, and if there is only one hog's bristle on his back that bristle will be erect and assert itself. Permit me to leave old Nessmuk to dry his clothes while I go into executive session and moralize on camp companions; I do so want to write it that I hope a few readers will glance over it.

We are so built that few men are really *persona grata* to us. They may seem so in everyday intercourse where the mask of civilization is worn and they diplomatically pose as friends until the winds of adversity blow upon us, when they know us no longer. That is the average man of whom some one has said: "The more I know of man the more I think of dogs."

In the morning we all had dry clothing, and started out after breakfast to fish in our two boats. Nessmuk had a little frail canoe, while ours was of the regular Adirondack pattern and weighed about 80lbs. But the

rod that our friend proceeded to join up was a wonder; it had originally been one of those four-piece abominations which are called "trunk rods," with joints shortened to allow the thing to be carried in a trunk. Originally it had been about 10ft. 8in. long, now it was 7ft. 6in., without a regular taper and too stiff to cast a fly. "What do you call that thing?" asked Geddes, as he picked up the rod and looked it over critically.

"That's a trout rod made after my own ideas, and it just suits me to a T. It's a good ash and lancewood rod cut down as I ordered."

I handled the rod and said: "It's elegant; the finest thing I ever saw. I didn't quite understand it at first, but just look it over carefully, Jim, and you will see that a canal driver can whale his mules to the queen's taste with that. You came up by the Black River Canal, didn't you?"

"I'll show you what it is for when we get where the fish are, and it will beat your long, limber-go-shiftless split-bamboos and give 'em ten in the game. They're too willowy, too limber, too æsthetic, too costly, and too high-toned to cruise in the Nipper; but just wait."

We waited, and towed the Nipper until we got to where its skipper thought its paddle had drifted in the storm. He found it on shore, and then, with a light breeze, just enough to make a ripple, we drifted and began to fish. We watched the old man. He had a reel and a gut leader on his line, and soon said: "Lend me a couple of flies; I have lost mine." We stocked him up, and began talking trout freely. I was busy replacing a fly, when Geddes whispered: "Look at old Nessmuk; he never tried to cast a fly before."

I looked. He was standing in his canoe, balancing himself as it rocked, trying to get out his line, which

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From the portrait in "Forest Runes"

would sometimes fall 10ft. from the boat and sometimes in his boat. He saw our flies go out 30 and 40ft., and saw the trout rise and strike, to be reeled in. He thought he could do it, but had to own up. He paddled alongside, and said: "I never tried this rod with flies before, and it doesn't seem to work. There are no angleworms in the Adirondacks, and I think I'll have to ask you for some trout fins and livers for bait."

We tossed a couple of small trout into his canoe, and he removed his flies, put on some bare hooks, baited them, and began fishing. Geddes said: "The old fellow is a bait fisher and nothing else. He would have drifted off by himself if he had bait, but we drifted with him, and he had to own up. He said that his rod was not a fly rod. That's most certain, but it's dollars to doughnuts that he couldn't get a fly out with either of our rods. I'll ask him to try it."

"No, Jim," I said, "don't do it. It would only embarrass him, and make him feel uncomfortable. He is a first-class woodsman, and has made the mistake of trying to cast a fly with a rod which cannot cast one, and he has tried it before two experts and failed."

"You're right," said the great-hearted Geddes; "he's a good old fellow in his way, and we don't wish to make him uncomfortable. He's 'bit off more'n he can chaw,' as the saying goes, and we will turn our backs and not see it. He's not only using bait, but see the little twig he has tied on the line as a float. That's the last evidence of primitive methods."

Nessmuk took a few trout, and before noon we went back to our camp and had a grand woods dinner of hardtack, bean soup with salt pork and fried trout. If I had never been within 1,000 miles of New York I would say: "The dinner exceeded the wildest dreams of Del-

monico," for the man of Nessmukian type thinks that there is only one place to eat in New York, and somehow gets the idea that good cooking and service culminate under one roof. I can show him quiet, out-of-the-way places—but we have strayed from the camp on the Fulton chain of lakes.

When dinner was to be cooked Nessmuk shone as a bright particular star. He took charge, hustled around and did all the work, while we looked on. He cleaned the fish, washed and boiled the beans, while Geddes and I lay off, chatted and slept, Jim's last remarks being: "He's a mighty good man in camp."

A year later I wrote Nessmuk about the rod that he used that day, and under date of May, 1884, he described it as follows: "It was 10ft. 8in. long when I bought it, and it was in four pieces. I had the butt shortened to a handle, the other joints cut down 4, 5, and the top to 4in., but I think that if the rod is not as symmetrical as some others, it will snatch a trout or a bass bald-headed if I once hook him."

He was right. The only trouble in sight was to get the lure placed in attractive shape before the trout, and we voted him a pot-fisher. He left us after dinner and went back up the lake to his duffle. I think he preferred to be alone in the woods, although he wrote me under date of May 27, 1884, as follows:

"When you saw my rod you made fun of it, but it just suits me. It is not expensive, and if I smash it—Bismillah!—it is well. Can you meet me on the Tiadatton next month? Take your eye and throw it along the map of Pennsylvania. On the upper waters of the Susquehanna you will find a perfect maze of mountain streams, and there are 18,799 of them not large enough to find a place on the map. With all these springs and rills, cold

as ice and little known of man, you may camp without let or hindrance, cut timber, catch trout, smoke, sleep, laze and loaf, and no man shall say you nay. Among the affluents you may reckon the Sinnemahoning and Big Pine Creek. Big Pine Creek is the Tiadatton, and Tiadatton is Tuscarora for River of Pines. See? Now, the Tiadatton is not the Bigosh, although, by gosh, it's a mighty good Bigosh, and is my Bigosh. Down the Tiadatton I am going in my new boat, the Bucktail, and

> " 'My camp-fire shall glisten and shine
> To the low alto song of the evergreen pine.'

"The Bucktail will be known of men before October. Only this, and nothing more. One old woodsman to another, a trifling letter, but sent off-hand. Couldn't you cut me off somewhere this summer?"

That's a true Nessmukian letter and shows how good-naturedly he took our chafing. The "Bigosh" was an allusion to my sketches, "Trouting on the Bigosh." A fews days after sending the above letter he sent me a deer's tail and wrote:

"Here's the Bucktail's burgee. Hail her when you meet her. 'Da-whoop! Shall I tell you how the original owner of this tail passed me on the very top of Bald Hill and how neatly I cut him down with the old muzzle-loader? No, I forbear! He did pass me, without a scratch, made a rattling race, was watered at 'long rifle' and squelched by an army musket; twelve buckshot and a bare-footed boy. I was glad to save a fore quarter, my hound and—the tail."

It was not convenient to meet him on the Tiadatton that year, but later I ran into his camp on the Fulton Chain, and I would have known it was Nessmuk's camp

if I had not heard that he was ahead of me. A little tent of very light duck, which was just big enough for a small man to crawl into, was his shelter. A gum blanket and a woolen one were his bed, with no leaves nor balsam boughs under it, and a frying-pan, small tin pail to serve as a camp kettle, another containing salt pork for frying, a tin box of hardtack or pilot bread, and a coffee pot was all that was in sight, and all made of the lightest materials and just sufficient for one man. I gave his war cry; "Da-whoop!" and soon he came paddling around a point and landed. After salutation I looked over his boat and outfit.

And such a boat! He had been experimenting in boat building with the sole idea of reducing weight, which he had to pack over the Adirondack carries, where the portages vary from a few yards to three miles or more. The Nipper was very light, too light for most men; it weighed about 25lbs. The Bucktail, which I never saw, he told me weighed 19lbs., and now I beheld the Sairy Gamp, so named, he said, "because she never took water." This latter creation of the Nessmukian brain and hand was, as I remember it, about 8½ft. long and weighed between 10 and 11lbs. These figures are from memory; my volumes of *Forest and Stream* are boxed and in storage and I am writing at a distance. This boat formed part of the exhibit of *Forest and Stream* at the World's Fair, being loaned for the occasion by the National Museum at Washington, where it has been deposited.

In the boat lay the little double-bitted axe which he devised and which bears his name when made to-day, a two-piece bait rod, about 8ft. long without a reel, the line tied to the end of the rod, boy fashion, and a few trout.

"I was just thinking of coming in to get dinner when I heard your hail, and I want you to stop and fish with

me this afternoon. Oh, you needn't bother to count the trout; I've got more dressed and in a tin pail in a cool spring, never fear about that."

He had read my thought correctly, and his statement that he had a base of supplies in the woods decided the question. I was alone in a boat hired from a "camp" for the sole purpose of getting on the trail of Nessmuk, and I would stay. I went for dry wood while he went for his stores. We got up an excellent dinner. Having but one frying-pan, he roasted the trout in the ashes, first wrapping them in a wet newspaper and putting a piece of pork inside of each fish. He brought out several pairs of giant frog legs and fried them in the pan.

"The trout'll take longer to cook," said he, "and we'll eat the frogs first while the coffee's boiling, and then we'll try a few trout, not too many, because I've got a few ribs of mountain mutton to top off with."

I began to feel that I had underrated the resources of this old woodsman when I mentally counted the trout in his boat and thought there was about enough for one, and he was not expecting company. It was late in June and the law forbade the killing of deer for many weeks to come. He had no rifle nor gun of any kind, and I knew he would not subject himself to suspicion by bringing a gun into the woods at that time of year, so I said: "The mutton is probably from Farmer Dunning's flock; he has many heads roaming these hills."

"Well, yes," said the old man; "I met Alvah yesterday and he gave me quite a bit of a fore-quarter; in fact, all I would take, for he said he had more than he could keep fresh and was glad to find some one who wanted it and could keep his mouth shut. What made you think of Alvah Dunning?"

"Merely this: I took dinner with the old man yester-

day and he had a bit of 'mountain mutton' and I know, and so do all other men in this region, that old Alvah lives in these woods the year round and believes that he has a right to kill a deer to supply his needs. I would not partake of venison out of season at any table in the woods except that of Alvah Dunning, and I would enter a complaint against any other man who had venison in June, if I knew it. But the old trapper does not kill for sport and firmly believes that these woods belong to him by virtue of a residence in them of over half a century."

"That's my opinion," replied Nessmuk; "he will never exterminate the deer by taking an odd one out of season, and the people here know it, but the law cannot make a distinction between him and the so-called sportsman, who would come into the woods and kill 100 deer, to brag of, and leave them to rot."

The fried frog legs and the baked trout had preceded the "mutton" chops, and all had gone where they would do the most good to two hungry woodsmen. We lay in the shade and slept; for what is so good as a nap after a meal? And then there is little use in fishing for any fish in midday. The camp was well placed on a point on the north side of the lake, where the summer breezes from most points of the compass kept it free from black flies and mosquitoes. Nessmuk had that knowledge of all those little things which enable a man to be comfortable where others would be miserable—things hardly worth mentioning, but which separate comfort from discomfort, and which only a thoughtful, observant man would ever learn.

I fished with him that afternoon, and he took me to a spring hole where trout were plenty and we had good sport; he fishing with venison for bait within 10ft. of the boat, and I using the fly where it did not interfere

with him. He was the same old "snatch 'em in" pot-fisher, and enjoyed it; but he loved the woods and their solitude, and was perfectly able to take care of himself in them alone, with either rod or gun. He was bright, poetic and witty. His volume of "Forest Runes," published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., contains some of the most vigorous, manly verse in the English language. That is a very broad statement, but it is a deliberate one. The same company has also published a little book entitled "Woodcraft," by Nessmuk, and he was entirely competent to write upon the subject.

Nessmuk was one of those self-reliant men who are the only ones who ever make good woodsmen. He was jolly, generous and convivial. He may have been a good shoemaker; of this I know nothing; but he was a good handler of light canoes, into which I would never trust my life—and I have crossed Broadway at Fourteenth street and eaten "goulash" in a Hungarian restaurant. I merely mention these things to show that I can take desperate chances if necessary.

After the events recorded in this more or less veracious sketch, old Nessmuk came down the Hudson River, camping all the way, until he reached New York City, when he beached the Sairy Gamp and pitched his tent in Central Park, procured wood from some source and proceeded to cook his supper. A gray-coated park policeman, who is generally known as a "sparrow cop," ran him in, and he spent the night in a cell at a police station.

What if his neighbors say that he was idle and preferred loafing in the woods to doing anything else? That is nothing to me; I enjoyed his society, which, if he had been thrifty, would never have come my way. I only know that I would like to meet him in the woods and on

the streams again. I don't know his neighbors, and don't want to know them. The little village of Wellsboro, Pa., has undoubtedly produced many more "substantial" men than George W. Sears, but never a more intellectual one. Like Edgar A. Poe, his neighbors in Harlem cannot understand why people make pilgrimages to his cottage. To them Poe was only a poor victim of an appetite, and this outweighed all his other qualities.

Some day a delver in poetic lore will dig up some nuggets from Nessmuk, and the wonder will be that we never heard of this man before. I think that I have presented over a dozen copies of "Forest Runes" to friends who would appreciate them, and then I have had from him many verses not intended for publication, which I have greatly enjoyed.

Mr. Sears died on May 1, 1890, aged sixty-nine. Readers of *Forest and Stream* showed their regard for him by a testimonial fund by which a handsome memorial bronze, designed by Mr. George T. Brewster, was provided for his monument in the village cemetery of Wellsboro.

JAMES A. HENSHALL.

IN the angling columns of *Forest and Stream* there is an article on the grayling by Dr. Henshall, in which he claims that the grayling of Michigan and Montana are the same species, which he calls *Thymallus lewisii*. He fails to say who described the fish under that name, but claims that it is "in accordance with the law of priority," which may be true, but he gives no references. Years ago I fell so deeply in love with the Michigan grayling, when it bore Cope's name of *T. tricolor*, that I do not long to see the name lost; in fact, few of us like to accept new names in place of the old. A few years ago Dr. Henshall made researches in Paris which showed that American scientists had gone astray on the nomenclature of the two species of black bass, and they opened their eyes, wiped their glasses, examined the evidence and accepted the Doctor's conclusions, and the matter was straightened out, and will remain straightened. Remembering this, I will wait for "more about the grayling" before risking an opinion about that fish until we know what the Doctor may have up his sleeve.

If there is any fish that he loves, it is the black bass, and he loves both species equally. In the long ago we were guests of the Castalia Club, and were trouting in the waters of that gigantic Ohio spring, and the trout were doing their part to perfection. My friend had just unhooked a lusty trout, but his mind turned in an instant, for he asked: "Did you see what Rob Roy said in

Forest and Stream about the leaping of the black bass?"

"No doubt I did, for I read the paper carefully, but make no pretension of committing it to memory, nor of arguing at length with a man who differs with me. How long ago was the article published to which you refer?"

"In the latter part of 1884 or early the next year; can't place it exactly. You must have seen it."

"Very true; but, my dear Doctor, if you will release your mind from the fly which you hung up in that bush and are trying so hard to recover, and will concentrate it on what Rob Roy said about the leaping of black bass, I will not only regard you as sane, but will consider, cuss and discuss the leaping powers of black bass with you, as far as I am able. At present I am ignorant of the question before the house."

The Doctor gave an impatient yank, leaving the fly in the bush, intimating that he had lost more time than a fly was worth, and as he selected another lure to replace the lost one looked up and said: "Why, Rob Roy says the big-mouth never leaps after being hooked; that is simply nonsense."

"Certainly. 'It needs no ghost, my lord, to come from the grave to tell us this;' even I know better than that. Any more?"

"Yes; in his effort to elevate one fish by running down another which is equally as good, he says that the small-mouth leaps often, and to a height of 3, 4 and even 5ft. What do you think of that?"

"Doctor," I replied, "I can only say that 'this beats all my goin' a-fishin'.' I've seen both species leap from the water when hooked, but 5ft.! Gee whiz! That's nearly as tall as we are. No, I never saw a black bass reach up 4ft. into the atmosphere."

"Having admitted so much, did you ever see one of these fishes leap 3ft. when hooked?"

"The fact is, Doctor, that when it has been my fortune to hook a black bass, it has been on the end of a line so long that I could not get out a rule nor tape to measure the leap, but if your object is to extract from me what I would be willing to make affidavit to, why, I would put 1ft. as the average leap and add half that distance as the maximum."

"Just my figures, and I have fished for black bass in all parts of the Union where they are found; have talked with anglers and fishermen, but never heard of such leaping before."

"All right, Doctor; after we get down to the club-house and have dinner let us compare notes on bass flies. Our friend Mr. Bacon is fishing up this way, perhaps to suggest that we work down stream and prepare for dinner."

There were other statements made by Rob Roy which the Doctor promised to discuss, but the show-down of trout and the dinner banished them all, and as we smoked we talked with our friends on almost every subject except the leaping powers of black bass, and there the subject dropped.

A sketch like this cannot be turned into either a fulsome obituary notice or a book review. It could not be an obituary, because the Doctor is still living in a most vigorous manner, and two years ago was appointed superintendent of the United States Fish Commission, in charge of the hatchery at Bozeman, Mont.

But his book, "The Book of the Black Bass," will be all the monument and "obituary" that any man might crave. It is the most distinctively American of any fishing book ever published. It deals with a grand pair of

American game fishes which had received scant attention from angling authors; not more than had been accorded to the perch and similar fish until Henshall made the declaration that: "Pound for pound, the black bass is the gamiest fish that swims." Then Americans began to regard these fishes in a new light and Henshall was dubbed "the apostle of the black bass."

The book covered over 460 pages, and went into so much detail of nomenclature, habits, tackle, baits, flies and all that pertains to these fishes that we anglers thought that the subject was exhausted, but in the same year, 1889, he gave us 200 additional pages in another volume, entitled "More About the Black Bass," as a supplement to the first volume, and with the Queen of Sheba we found that not half had been told. Dr. Henshall put the black bass among our gamiest fresh-water fishes, and properly labeled it "the game fish for the million," for the trout waters are not so accessible and the trout are not as plenty. His book at once set fish commissioners at work stocking suitable waters with these fishes, and when the lands are denuded of timber and the trout streams have dried up a future generation of anglers will rise up and call the Doctor blessed for booming two neglected fishes into the first class, where they rightfully belong.

Having read his book several times, the only adverse criticism I would make is on the title, which should have been: "Books of the Black Basses," thus clearly indicating that there were two species.

When the National Rod and Reel Association was alive and holding annual tournaments in Central Park, New York City, the Doctor was anxious to have a contest in bait-casting from the reel, and formulated a set of rules for it, and sent them to me, as secretary of the

Association. They were not adopted, for two reasons: There were not prizes enough for another class, and if there had been prizes there would have been no entries, because the "Henshall style" was not practiced in the East at that time. Many Eastern anglers cast a minnow that way now—i. e., by dropping the tip of the rod below the elbow and checking the reel with the thumb. We had two classes for salt-water striped bass casting which differed only in the matter of weight of the sinker, and the casts were made by reeling up to about 1ft. and casting over the shoulder. The Doctor was indignant that his favorite cast should be left out, and wrote me a sharp letter under date of Oct. 9, 1885, but as I knew that he was right, but a little in advance of the Eastern anglers, whose committee did not make a class for black bass casting, for reasons already given, the letter did not disturb our friendly relations.

Dr. Henshall said: "I was about to start for New York, but the postponement of the tournament knocks me out, as I had an engagement to fish the 'sunken lands' of Arkansas. * * * My regret is somewhat modified, however, at the action of the committee in altering the rules of the black bass minnow casting so as to allow 'overhead' casting. Was this to combine black bass and light striped bass casting? A poor economy, I should say. It is well enough to leave out the latter altogether, as the contest for heavy bass casting is sufficient and is characteristic. Angling for small striped bass is done in a variety of ways, and the black bass rules should not have been changed in the manner noted. Throwing a bait overhead is the mode used by every boy and negro in the South, who do not use reels. I am afraid that the committee do not understand black bass fishing as well as they ought."

The Doctor was merely a little "previous." This correspondence occurred over a dozen years ago, when his excellent mode of minnow casting was practically unknown to the anglers of the effete East, while to-day hundreds of the brethren from New York to Maine use it. Henshall was a missionary, confident in his own belief, but impatient of a delay in its acceptance by others who heard it for the first time. To-day he can see that the tree which he planted has borne fruit, if it did not do so on the next year after he planted the seed. As a rule young men do not plant trees; they have no time to wait. The Doctor was younger then and wanted his seed to become a tree and bear fruit at once. He is older now and can look back with a pleasurable pride at what he has done in the way of placing black bass fishing on a higher plane, and can realize that it took only a dozen years to do it.

It has been said that a man's happiness lies within himself, and the genial, jolly subject of this sketch proves it, for he had a keen sense of humor, a fund of anecdote, and not only loves music but can "do it." When at my Long Island home he mentioned some old darky song which I had forgotten, and went to the piano and rendered it as Luke West or "Old Dan" Emmett might have done when we were boys. He took to fishing, shooting, sailing and canoeing as recreations from the arduous routine duties of a physician, and later took up the study of fishes and zoology in general as a means of recreation. These he found so engrossing that he was forced to abandon them or give up his practice, and he chose to stick to his later love and gave up medicine. This is how he came to look up the type specimens of the black basses when in Paris, for they were first described by the French ichthyologist Lacépède, and the

original, or types, were taken away by him. The Doctor was one of the Fish Commissioners of Ohio for several years, and made a study of fishculture, which he is now putting to practical use.

I ran against the Doctor in Chicago at the World's Fair. "Come on," said he, "let's go down on the Midway. The 'streets of Cairo' open to-day and you'll enjoy a sniff of the camels." Soon his attention was attracted by hearing a familiar voice crying: "Come, ride-a my donk'; Yankee Doodle donk'; best-a donk' in Ki-i-ro!"

He immediately recognized the same donkey boy he had employed many times in Cairo, Egypt. "Hello, Abdallah! Do you remember me?" he asked.

After looking a few moments the boy's face lighted up with a broad grin, and he exclaimed: "Oh, yes. You been old Kiro; you Doc. Oh, yes, me ver' glad see you."

The Doctor shook his head heartily, for the poor fellow seemed delighted to meet some one from old Cairo; and calling to another donkey boy, shouted: "Hey! Ibrahim! Come; run; here Doc, been Kiro!"

Ibrahim came quickly, whom the Doctor recognized as a boy who was employed at the hotel in Cairo, and said: "Oh, yes, Abe—from Shepherd's Hotel; I know you well."

"Yes, dat right, Sheppad's Hotel," he replied. "But all same donk' boy now; good donk' boy."

They were both pleased to see some one who had been to "Old Cairo," and offered their donkeys to the Doctor for a free ride, but he assured them he never rode donkeys in America. He asked: "Well, how do you like the United States?"

"Oh, him big country; good beer; good whisk' too!"

"Come on," said the Doctor; "these boys have progressed rapidly in this country; by the time they leave

Chicago they will be mentally equipped to open jack-pots on the pyramids."

"Jack-pots," said I; "I've heard the name somewhere; what are they, Doctor—anything like eel pots, set for pike or jack?"

The Doctor was absorbed in a rollicking Irish jig which a piper was playing in front of the Irish Village, and answered, abstractedly: "No; they're set for suckers. One fellow opens them and another fellow gets the net results."

After the waiter had taken our order, an amused expression came over the Doctor's face as he beat triple bob majors on the table with his fingers' ends, and it continued so long that I said: "That may be a very funny story you are telling yourself, but I can't see the point."

"My dear boy, those donkey boys have brought up reminiscences, and—pardon me—I forgot myself for the moment. The particular thing of which I was thinking is not too awfully funny, but just a little so. You see, when I was in Egypt I became acquainted with Dr. Schliemann, the great investigator of Greek antiquities, who had been spending the winter up the Nile. We went to Athens on the same steamer, and among other passengers were Mr. Fred Douglass and his wife. Mr. Douglass was placed at the head of the table by the Egyptian steward, who no doubt thought him, from his venerable and commanding appearance, to be some great African dignitary. During the dinner on the first day out, Mr. Douglass, turning to Dr. Schliemann, who was seated at his right, asked: 'Do you intend to make much of a stay in Greece?'

"'Yes, I guess so,' replied Dr. S., who looked like an ordinary German business man.

JAMES A. HENSHALL

"'Well, you'll find it a very interesting country,' returned he. 'I have never been there, though I have always been much interested in Greece. Of course, all countries are more or less alike in their physical features; they all have their air and sky, their hills and plains, their mountains and valleys, lakes and rivers; but it is not so much that as the history of the people who live or have lived in a country that interests us.'

"'Yes, I guess so,' replied Dr. Schliemann.

"'Now, from my earliest reading I have been particularly interested in the history of the ancient Greeks.'

"'Yes, I guess so,' assented Schliemann.

"'Now, I find I have forgotten a great deal of my Greek history, but lately I came across a little book that has proved invaluable to me, not so much for the information it contains as that it recalls so much that I had forgotten concerning Greece and the Greeks.'

"'Yes, I guess so,' said Dr. S., poking me with his elbow.

"'Now, if you, sir, intend to make much of a stay in Greece, I would advise you to obtain a copy of this book; it is "Murray's Guide to Greece."'

"About this time Schliemann was taken with a fit of coughing so violent that Douglass looked alarmed, but when it finally subsided S. said: 'Yes, I guess so.'

"It was excruciatingly funny, and when Dr. Schliemann and I afterward met the author of the book so earnestly recommended, Professor Murray, on the way to Mount Parnassus, the staid Scotchman laughed immoderately at the recital of the incident, and said it was the best joke he ever heard, which is saying a good deal for a Scotchman."

Dr. Henshall is of English descent, two of his forefathers being Rev. Samuel Henshall and Rev. John Wil-

kinson, joint authors of the "Domesday Book." He was born in Baltimore in 1842, and inherited a taste for terrapin, canvasback duck, rare, and oysters *au naturel.* Those of us to whom rare wild duck is, like caviare, olives and some decayed cheeses, an acquired taste, will appreciate the advantage of being born near the wild celery beds of Chesapeake Bay, where the canvasback reaches that perfection which it attains nowhere else. A man so favored is an epicure by birth.

As a boy he went to Cincinnati and studied medicine, and after graduation married and moved to Kentucky to practice, about the time the Civil War came on, where he broke down from overwork on both "Blue and Gray," and then removed to New York, and later to Wisconsin, where, under the *nom de plume* of "Oconomowoc," he began to write for *Forest and Stream* of the charms of black bass fishing, and devised a rod which is still on the market as the "Oconomowoc," the name of a little village of which he was president.

In January, 1887, he wrote me from Havana, saying that Judge Longworth, of Cincinnati, and he were on their way to Spain for a cruise in the Mediterranean during the winter, returning in spring for salmon fishing in Scotland. He promised to write me an account of the trip, and as only some eleven years have gone by since his promise, I am watching the mails for the letter, which may come if it was ever mailed.

The Doctor removed to Tampa, Fla., about 1894 on account of the health of Mrs. Henshall, and in September of 1896 he wrote that her health had been "much benefited by her sojourn in this generous climate." To-day I read that our troops are to be removed from Tampa for sanitary reasons.

While we were smoking on my piazza the Doctor said:

"Those Florida Crackers are a queer lot. A few years ago I had charge of a scientific exploration in Florida, with the schooner Grampus, and did the work along shore in a mackerel seine boat rigged with two masts and sails. One night, when anchored off the fishing ranch of Mr. McIlvane, on Sarasota Bay, a fierce southwest gale sprang up, causing a very heavy sea which would have swamped the boat in a short time. As there was no lee or harbor on that side, it became necessary to cross to the opposite shore of the bay. Getting under way at daylight, with but a small bight of the foresail, the boat fairly flew with the gale astern, the sea curling over both gunwales. In forty-five minutes we reached Long Boat Inlet, eight miles away, where it was as smooth as a mill pond under the mangroves. While mooring the boat, two old gray-beared fishermen approached, one carrying a bottle.

" 'Good mornin', Cap!' said he.

" 'How are you, men?' we replied.

" 'Well, me and my partner 'ave bin gittin' up before daylight all week to ketch the tide, and I'm most dead with rheumatics; I want to git a little rum.'

" 'You have come to a poor shop for rum,' I answered.

" 'Oh, I only want a quart,' he persisted.

" 'I have no rum; I would not object to a drop myself just now, as we are soaking wet and pretty cold.'

" 'Oh, it's all right, Cap; just let me have a quart.'

" 'See here, men,' said I, 'this is a Government vessel; don't you see the flag that man is just hoisting? And positively, I haven't a drop of spirits aboard, or you should have it, and welcome.'

"The old fellow's face was a study, and ludicrous to behold, with disappointment and disgust contending for the mastery, as he said: 'If you 'aven't got smuggled

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rum aboard, and the rev'nue of'cers ain't after you, what in Sam Hill did you cross the bay fur in this gale?' "

The Doctor's stay on Long Island was short. I took down my old-time banjo and pulled every cork in the house, but he resisted all temptation. Yes, he would fish in the mill pond toward evening for the big-mouth black bass, and then there was a gathering of rods, reels, fly-books and a sending of men for the salt-water fiddler crabs, because we were not honored every day by such a black bass angler.

My man brought frogs as well as fiddler crabs, and we ventured our lives in a scow on the mill pond. We tried flies and all sorts of lures, but the bass declined them all, but we persevered until sundown.

Just as we decided to give it up the Doctor had a rousing strike, and by the way the reel sang before the rush could be checked we knew that he was fast to a good one. When the rush was stopped, the rod bent and quivered for a moment, and then the quivering ceased; the line was around the stem of a water lily some distance away. The Doctor kept a strain on the rod as we neared the spot, and when I pulled up the lily stem the bass was gone.

As we left the pond and walked toward the house, the Doctor broke the silence by asking: *"Quo hades vadis piscis?"*

I truthfully replied: "Durned if I know."

FRANCIS ENDICOTT.

TEN years ago there was no sportsman more widely known in New York City and vicinity than the genial gentleman whose name heads this article. He was then in his fifty-fourth year and was a strongly built man of medium height, with a stamp of sorrow on his face from a domestic affliction the year before, from which he never recovered. He had fished with all the clubs that have their great houses on the islands in Martha's Vineyard, shot bay birds at every beach about Long Island and was one of the most frequent guests at Bill Chadwick's famous resort on Squan Beach, N. J., since 1850, when Toms River was the most famous place for fish and game within 100 miles of New York.

Having said this, I hardly know how to say more, for he was the most intimate companion I ever had, and my love for him was greater than that of a brother. To strangers he was rather cold and dignified, always wearing a "Prince Albert" coat and a high hat, but, as rare old Jack Falstaff said: "Thine, * * * Jack, with my familiars; John with my brothers and sisters; and Sir John with all Europe;" and it was my privilege to be a familiar and call him "Frank."

With Rosaline I could say:

> "A merrier man,
> Within the limit of becoming mirth,
> I never spent an hour's talk withal."

In the sketch of ex-President Arthur it was told how I fished with him and Mr. Endicott in 1862, but the

exciting events that followed, when we were making volumes of history every day, obliterated, or at least dimmed, their names on memory's tablet; but chance threw us together nearly twenty years later, and it seems strange how it came about. His father died in 1848, and before he was twenty he became head of the firm of Endicott & Co., lithographers, which did that fine work for the twenty volumes of "The Natural History of New York," in 1842, of which De Kay's volumes of Birds, Fishes, Reptiles, etc., are well known.

There had been annual contests at fly-casting at the New York State Sportsmen's conventions since 1866, but they were small beginnings with only two entries in each until 1871, when there were five contestants. Two years later I attended the meeting at Batavia to see what such a contest might look like. Four men entered, and the judges had no way of measuring the casts, but awarded the prizes as they thought best. The next year, 1874, at Oswego, they measured the lines after the casts, and on this false basis made the first report of distance cast. I attended many contests and made notes, which are now before me. In 1881 the State tournament was to be held at Coney Island, and the president, Mr. Abel Crook, asked me to superintend the fly-casting. I would, if permitted to carry out my ideas of reform and make the affair a perfectly square contest, which I plainly said had never been held in the State. Permission was given and we went ahead, to the utter dismay of some casters of great reputation. It was the first great contest where there were six classes and twenty-eight entries. In the bass casting, "Cuttyhunk style," appeared the name "Frank Endicott, Richmond County Protective Association," and the record in *Forest and Stream* of June 30, 1881, says: "Mr. Endicott was awarded the fourth prize

for the accuracy with which he cast, in addition to the third given him for distance."

After the labor of the day was completed I said to Mr. Endicott: "This is the first time I have ever seen a weight or bait cast from the reel, and it is very interesting."

"You've never fished for striped bass then?"

"Oh, yes, at Albany, with sturgeon spawn bait for small bass, and at the Great Falls of the Potomac with fly and bait for larger fish, and fine, gamy fish they are."

"Yes," said he, "but for grand surf fishing, for bass weighing from 10 to 40lbs., you should go to the islands in Martha's Vineyard, or down to Montauk Point."

And I met him frequently for a year afterward, and the pleasure of his company grew on me, and somehow we managed to meet frequently, by accident. One day in a rambling talk of fishing he mentioned losing his rod and rations at the Great Falls of the Potomac, and how a soldier from a neighboring garrison had saved his life with hardtack and salt horse.

I looked him over. There was the man who had slipped on the rocks twenty years ago, of whom I told of in the last sketch; the same sad eye, erect figure, silky hair and the long "dildalls," as we called long side whiskers in those days, to distinguish them from the short "Burnsides." I asked: "When did this happen?"

"In the fall of 1862. Why?"

"Nothing, only I heard a story like that from a man who served in a regiment there; he was a sergeant at that time. Would you know his name if you heard it?"

"No, I don't think I would, although I met him later and he dined with my friend and me in Washington. Those old times are so long ago and events came so fast that one can't remember every chance acquaintance."

"The sergeant's name was the same as mine, and I went down from the falls in the hack with you to Fort Alexander, and afterward met you and your friend at the regimental sutler's, where swords were substituted for corkscrews."

"No!"

"Yes!"

"Shake!"

And there began a friendship with one of the most lovable men I ever knew, a man whom the late Martin B. Brown, printer of the New York *City Record*, and a member of the Cuttyhunk Club, once said: "A man who could not love Frank Endicott couldn't love anybody." And I most heartily agree with him. He became my *alter ego*.

As an all-round genial sportsman he knew more anglers and shooters in New York City than any man in it. A walk with him on any street was a continued interruption of salutations and chats on fishing and shooting. Under the *nom de plume* of Ted Grayson he contributed charming sketches to *Porter's Spirit of the Times*, then the only journal in America which touched field sports. In the early day when Old Bill Chadwick was younger than he is now his hostelry on Toms River, N. J., was the most famous of all nearby resorts for sportsmen from the great city, and around its fireplace the events of the day were discussed. There was grand fishing in Barnegat Bay, ducking and bay bird shooting along the sandy beaches, and brant were plenty in season. In the later days when I accompanied him to Chadwick's there was still good sport there, but over it hung the pall of tradition. "You should have been here thirty years ago, when George Gelson killed thirteen brant with one barrel," etc. I knew George Gelson

slightly, a man then of eighty years, who still shot an 8 bore and was known in New York City as "the bald eagle of Currituck."

After the tournament at Coney Island Endicott and I organized the *Forest and Stream* anglers' tournament, which held its only contest on Harlem Mere, Central Park, in 1882, and then became the National Rod and Reel Association, and held tournaments until 1889.

He kept the lithographing firm running for many years after the death of his father, but soon after losing his wife his children left the Staten Island home and moved into the city, but he took a room in a very unpretentious hotel and remained on the island, where he could fish when inclination agreed with the tide. His room was a museum of arms and fishing tackle, as well as the library of a scholarly man, and after a day's fishing we often sat looking out on the bay, where we could see the ocean steamers from the Narrows until they were lost in the direction of the great city and exchange stories of fishing and shooting, or smoke in reverie. He seldom fished in the Bay above the Narrows; his favorite grounds were in the Lower Bay and the Great Kills, taking boat at Gifford's and going out far or fishing near, as he thought best. Our fishing there was mainly for weakfish and kingfish, but sometimes we tried for bluefish in Raritan Bay. He knew the grounds for miles around, and his knowledge of where to find the weakfish, whether the smaller school fish or the big yellow-finned tide runners, in all kinds of weather and stages of tide was remarkable.

Mr. Endicott, like his friend General Arthur, was an epicure; perhaps not "of the first water," let us say of a prime vintage, for they were connoisseurs in wines as well as in all other things which are esteemed by the

bon vivant, and in the two last months of each year, while he lived, we met at a little French restaurant and ordered a roast grouse, chicory salad and Burgundy; the grouse to be in the oven only twelve minutes, and the *chapon* in the salad to have an extra rub of garlic. This chicory was not the kind which grows like a carrot, but the French sort, sometimes called endive; and while we are talking of this salad I will tell you what I learned from Endicott about it. The *chapon* is a bit of dry bread 2in. square that has been rubbed with a clove of garlic, and then the latter is thrown away and the *chapon* is tossed among the leaves, which have been treated to salt and oil only. Most persons get enough garlic from this slight contact with the bread, but we saved the *chapon* for a *bon bouche* and divided it fairly. Whenever I wander up Fulton street, especially in the grouse season, it seems as if Frank Endicott must be coming to meet me at the little café, which is now no more.

From him I not only learned much about salt-water fishing, but also how game should not be cooked. At our first grouse dinner he noticed that I was a little shy of the very rare interior, and he overcame my crude ideas and taught me that the bird was cooked to perfection, and then I came to know how not to cook some birds. This is a thing which requires education, and I was a long time in getting mine, and have been longer in trying to educate a few household cooks who may appreciate rare beef but draw the line on rare birds. But let me tell it as my mentor told me, as near as his words can be remembered:

"In the cooking of game birds," said he, "it is necessary that all the white-meated ones, like our Northern partridge and quail, should be well done, so as to show no bit of rare meat, just as a turkey or chicken should

be cooked. But, my boy, with the dark-meated birds such cooking is ruin—the distinctive flavor of the meat is lost. You know, of course, that the ruffed grouse is called a 'partridge' in New York markets, while the prairie chicken of the West is the only 'grouse' that the market and the café knows. Well, the first of these birds needs to be cooked to the bone, and the latter only well browned on the outside, just as fish should be thoroughly cooked and beef lightly. Ordinarily a French *chef* has little knowledge of cooking game birds; he may cook venison well, because it requires the same treatment as mutton; but his idea is to devise some sauce with a flavor that will destroy the individuality of a game bird. Don't trust him to cook one without special instructions unless you know he understands this."

I was getting some new ideas about good cooking of game, and somehow they seemed to accord with the plain cooking of my hunting and trapping life, when it often seemed that there was a lack of "dressing" and sauces.

He continued: "Take a canvasback duck, for instance, If it has fed upon wild celery it is the finest aquatic fowl in the world, unless we include the redhead, which robs it of its dainty after its long dive for it; but let some cook roast it for half an hour and it might as well be a barnyard fowl, especially if it is stuffed and 'seasoned' so as to destroy the delicate natural flavor. If a canvasback is to be cooked at home, let them roast it in a hot oven full fifteen minutes if women are your guests, but only twelve if they are sportsmen epicures; but in both cases it must be served hot. The oven must be hot and the bird heated through and served on hot plates, or it is wasted."

Another thing which this epicure taught me was to relish the bitter flavor in the backbone of a grouse after

there was little else left. This can only be had by sucking on the dorsal vertebra, and it is said that in England some men carry this bone in a vest pocket for weeks and refresh their memories with a pull at it; but it is true that there is an agreeable bitter in the backbone of a grouse when you can't get another bit of satisfaction out of the bird. Yet this man whom I have extolled as an epicure was, or pretended to be, fond of roast 'possum, that omnivorous, fat-laden critter which feeds on what comes handy, just like the hog, the 'coon, the bear and man, whether it be fish, flesh, fowl or blackberries.

In my Long Island home there were two permanent boarders who never missed a meal nor ever paid me a cent. Their names were Keno and Trouble, and their idea of enjoying life was to make it miserable for rats, cats and 'possums. Regularly, about midnight, these terriers were let out before going to bed and their voices told me if they had treed a 'possum or if it was only a cat. In the latter case they came reluctantly at call, but if it was a 'possum they renewed their yelping after I had pulled on boots and started with a lantern for the game. I had told all this to Mr. Endicott and told him that I gave the long snouts to the darkies. Just how many I sent him or how many 'possum dinners we had down on Staten Island is not on record, but if not exactly feasts of reason there was always a flow of soul and wit. It may be possible that a dislike for all fat meats led me to revile the succulent 'possum while eating a small portion of it out of compliment to the host; that's the most likely solution, for I once told Frank, who was extolling the merits of a roast sucking pig, that I'd as soon eat a baby. Now, in justice to the taste of my friend and to the 'possum, I will say that the portion of the tongue which he impartially served to each guest was truly a gastronomic

delicacy, little, but oh, my! Frank once delivered this after-dinner rhapsody over the remains of a 'possum:

"Oh! rare marsupial with the tail prehensile,
Would that I had the fervid pen or pencil
Thy virtues to depict—suffice for me
That thou hast brought such guests to dine on thee.
There are who say—may Satan's pitchfork toss 'em—
That none but Southern darkies eat the 'possum.
But we will cling with simple faith to thee,
As clings thy tail to the persimmon tree,
Immovable as earth—thou pansy blossom!
Thou flower! Thou miracle of gr(e)ase! Oh!!
"'POSSUM."

In the last year of his life he wrote me the following, dated Jan. 28, 1890: "I have been very sick, weak and debilitated from nasal hemorrhages—have had some fainting spells and am somewhat weak on my pins, otherwise I would have inflicted you with my presence for a few days as per your kind invitation. I am the victim of a conspiracy between my children, my brother Munroe and a local physician, and the result is that I am ordered away to the Adirondacks for change of air. But what I wish to say to you, my dear boy, is this: The trouble in my throat is, I think, malignant, and as a consequence, fatal. Ever bear me in your kind remembrance; I am not afraid of the grim enemy."

As I had seen him within a month and had eaten a grouse and venison chops with him, and promised him a 'possum or two before long, the above letter seemed strange. He was not a complaining man, and he appeared to be in robust health. He wrote me jolly letters, and I forgot that his health was bad. My busy season came on, and in May I learned that Dr. Russell had taken him to the Adirondacks, and we exchanged weekly

letters. On July 24 he wrote from Benson Mines, near Carthage, N. Y., as follows:

"I have been here two weeks, loafing, vegetating, resting and blue-moulding. Have been too weak to do much fishing until yesterday, when I went somewhat further from the house (half mile) and caught twenty-four trout, none weighing over ¼lb., most of them being about 7in. long. The trout are small in Little River, as they call this beautiful trout stream, but are very game. However, if you catch nothing, fly-casting is, like virtue, its own exceeding great reward. The stream is delightful for casting—no overhanging bushes nor other obstructions—and is strung with beautiful pools on whose surface you can see an occasional dimple made by the troutlings, or the bolder whirl of the larger trout. * * * Not much sport, you may say, but to me the brook and the trout were like a dream of past days. My chum, Dr. Russell, has just returned from a little stroll to the inlet of Cranberry Lake—eight or ten miles. Wish I could have been with him! He reports the fish much larger, but the accommodations bad. He brought home a trout which weighed 1½lbs. dressed, and we promptly had it boiled for supper, with egg sauce. A large trout is a sublimated salmon! * * * I have gained somewhat in strength, but my throat still continues to be painful, and does not yield to the balsamic odors of the hemlocks nor the tender ministrations of the black flies, punkies, mosquitoes and deer flies, which are very assiduous in their attentions."

This letter alarmed me. Between the lines I read that my dearest friend was really in danger of passing away in some lingering manner. If he were killed by any accident of flood or field, there would have been a shock devoid of pity. Few men care to be pitied; a brave one

never does. As his most intimate friend I had seen many exhibitions of his moral courage, and now came that display of the highest quality of courage, the unflinching facing of the enemy who bears "Victory" on his banner, without the excitement of battle or "the pomp, pride and circumstance of glorious war."

Then I tried to be funny and fired letter after letter at him, filled with such conceits as I could muster, and hope they did him some good. The summer passed and the doctor brought him back to Staten Island. Late in September he dictated a letter saying that his troubles had increased, and wound up by saying: "I did intend to go down with my friend and chum, Dr. Russell, and see you, but cannot. I must have misrepresented you to him in some way, for he seems to want to know you; come down soon." Evidently his sense of humor had not left him, but the fact that the letter was dictated was alarming, and I would go at once. On looking at the letter again there was a marginal note from Dr. Russell, saying: "If you want to see your old friend again in life, come at once."

He was very weak, and as I kissed him he asked his son George to raise him up while he told me a funny story of the woods, at which he laughed so heartily that he dropped back in a faint and we feared he had gone. Brave fellow! He never complained, and he retained his pleasant manner during several visits. Early in October he was removed to the Hahnemann Hospital, in New York City, where he died on Nov. 14, 1890.

Francis Endicott was born in Baltimore in 1834, and was a descendant of the Puritan, John Endicott, "who in 1628, with his wife, Anne Gower, and that determined company of a hundred or so, followed the Plymouth pilgrims and founded Salem, in the New World, the

famous Massachusetts Bay Colony." Hawthorne, in his "Twice Told Tales: Endicott and the Red Cross," vividly pictures the old Puritan Governor slashing the red cross from the flag with his sword and resolutely ordering: "Beat a flourish, drummer, in honor of the ensign of New England. Neither pope nor tyrant hath part in it now." The famous Endicott pear tree, planted in Danvers in 1632, is still standing on the old farm. Gilbert Endicott, grandson of the Puritan, located in Stoughton, now Canton, Mass., and there on the old farm Frank's grandmother lived, and in his young days he frequently went there for trout fishing and shooting.

Space forbids writing many anecdotes of this genial sportsman, which not only show the turn of his mind but would be interesting to the general reader. But the sad lines of Eugene Field come up:

"O trees and hills, and brooks and lanes, and meadows, do you know
Where I shall find my little friends of forty years ago?
You see, I'm old and weary, and I've traveled long and far;
I'm looking for my playmates; I wonder where they are!"

Going down Broadway one day, after the foregoing had been given to the *Forest and Stream*, I met an old angling friend, who asked: "When are you going to write up Frank Endicott?"

"The sketch of him is now in the hands of the printer; just left it with the editor, but there was so much material on hand and so many reminiscences in memory that some were left to be told afterward. If you have an anecdote or two of him let me have it; you knew him so well that you must have some of his stories of fishing adventure."

We stepped into Conroy's to get out of the roar of the

FRANCIS ENDICOTT

street, where conversation was hard labor, and after assuring the salesman that we did not need fishing tackle in midwinter, my friend said: "Some years ago, after a day of good bass fishing on Greenwood Lake, we were comparing notes by the hotel fireplace and talking of the successful flies, baits and places where the black bass were most likely to be found in that famous water, when Mr. Endicott came in from the supper table, for he had been fishing at the farther end of the lake and was late. Harry Pritchard was there and asked: 'Wha' l-luck t-t-to-day, M-m-mr. Endicott?' He said: 'Harry, as you are not as drunk, as my boatman was, you should be able to talk better than that. I thought we never would get home to-night; I found a bottle half full of whisky, emptied it overboard and replaced the liquor with water, but he had a reserve somewhere. I was casting a minnow with my back to him, and noticed that he fumbled long in the bait car alongside the boat for a live minnow, but thought he might be selecting a bait of a medium size, as I had requested. Then, while replacing a lost hook and getting a knot out of the leader, I was dimly conscious that he was using the tin cup as a bailer, and after getting ready and waiting what I thought a reasonable time I again asked for bait. My boatman replied: 'All ri', Mis'r Endicott, they's sca'ce, an' I'm bailin' out the wasser so's to fin' 'em;' and I'm a sinner if he wasn't trying to bail out the bait car!"

That reminded me, and I said: "You know how Frank loved a good dinner and what a judge he was of one well cooked and served. He was an authority on a mayonnaise dressing for a salad and once said to me, as I essayed my 'prentice hand at mixing one: 'Fred, that is good; it is more than good, it is excellent. Call the waiter and have him send it up to Bellevue Hospital,

where they need mustard plasters; but, my boy, you forgot that what we need is a salad dressing. Vinegar and mustard are useful things in their way, especially when the object is to raise a blister as a counter irritant, but in a dressing of this kind you should bear in mind the fact that the object is not to dress leather, but to tickle a human palate and help a human stomach to digest those difficult things which we call vegetables. Pour on the oil, but drop on the vinegar—that is the first grand rule for a salad dressing.'" And that is a rule which I never forgot, and which years of practice has confirmed, and I can now distinguish a salad dressing from a mustard plaster.

Tom Conroy had listened to these stories, and after some reflection, remarked: "Mr. Endicott came in here many years ago with a friend from a far-off region whom he had often visited and shot and fished with, and now wished to entertain on his first visit to New York. His friend selected what he needed and they went away. The next morning Mr. Endicott came in the store and he looked tired and disgusted. Naturally, I asked after his friend, and he said: 'He's all right; I took him to the theater, and in remembrance of the many courtesies he had shown me in his home among the trout streams and the quail grounds I thought I could never do enough to entertain him, and so after the theater I took him down to Delmonico's, and, handing him the menu and suggesting certain delicacies and a bottle of barzac, my guest told the waiter that he would like ham and eggs and a glass of beer!' I imagine," continued Tom, "that the next friend from the quail grounds of North Carolina or from the trout streams of the Adirondacks that Frank Endicott entertained would be led down to Fulton Market and stuffed with clams."

There was a charm of easy wit about my friend which, backed as it was by a generous course of reading, classical and other, rendered him an entertaining companion and correspondent, and while I have some of his serious poetical efforts of no mean order, *me judice*, I take more delight in his attempts at jocularity, in which I was the object of his assumed wrath: "Your old friend —— has got the theosophical bee in his bonnet, and has gone clean daft. He bored me for an hour about mahatmas—things that you are not capable of understanding—but I will tell you they are not fish, and so you don't have to know anything of them. He says we've all been on this earth many times in different forms, and perhaps we have; but you, you rascal, if you had been with us, you would have irreverently alluded to Nat Goodwin's song, 'We've all been there before, many a time, many a time;' but I listened with more respect than you would have done, and our friend looks upon me as a possible recruit to theosophy. When I got home I thought this all over, and while musing on it over a pipe the following thought came up in rhyme:

"'When first I met you, Fred, one time,
Ten thousand years or more,
When ganoids moved among the slime
Along old Egypt's shore:
A reptile crawled from out the Nile
And bit a stork that flew;
I was the bird that soared the while,
The ugly cuss was you.'

"Bring down some blood worms and we'll have a day with the striped bass, and I'll forgive you the mean trick you served me several centuries ago."

In his early boyhood, when he used to go down to shoot and fish at the old homestead at Canton, Mass.,

he once took down a new Westley Richards double gun, which delighted the eye of an old native who used to shoot with the boy. The fine lines and exquisite workmanship delighted the old fellow, who fondled it, brought it to his shoulder and then felt the smooth working of the locks. Turning to the youth, he asked: "What did she cost ye, Frank?"

"It cost just $100 landed in New York."

The old man looked from the gun to the boy, drew a long breath, and exclaimed: "Whew! It's my opinion ye orter have a gardeen 'p'inted over ye. A hundred dollars; well, I swan!"

Mr. Endicott was a natural mechanic as well as an artist, and he showed me two split bamboo fly rods which he had made in the early '70's, metal ferrules and all, and they compared favorably with the professional work of that day. He also tied flies when the fancy struck him, but he agreed with me that it was much cheaper to sit down and smoke and let some other fellow make the rods while the girls tied the flies, and the only physical and mental exercise necessary to get the best rods and flies was to remember in which pocket the purse was carried and to count out the sum required. I once had a trifle of mechanical skill, and evidence of it hangs in my den, but it was never directed to the making of any kind of fishing tackle, which can be bought so much better than any amateur can make it, not to mention the time he could more profitably put to other use. There's a heap of stuff written about taking the materials for fly tying with you and then trying to imitate the fly that the fish are rising to on that particular day. Pardon me for the digression—my old friend Endicott would sustain me if he were on earth—but my advice is to go and buy an assortment of flies of different forms and

colors, paying attention to the sizes of the hooks for the waters they are to be used in and the probable size of the fish to be caught there, and taking plenty of them, and you should have something near any kind of fly that may rise, as well as some equally good nondescripts.

Mr. Endicott invented the first fly-book in which the gut snell was kept straight by stretching. It is still on the market and bears his name. I once asked him if he ever got any money out of it. "No," he replied, "I didn't expect to get any, but I patented it to keep others from claiming the invention. No doubt the makers of it have made something, although the papers were not drawn broadly enough to keep off infringements, and, of course, other forms were soon on the market."

In his later life he was a frequent guest at the fishing clubs at Newport, Cuttyhunk, Squibnocket, and other resorts in Martha's Vineyard, where the striped bass of salt water are taken of large size; and he wrote up this sea sport for *Harper's Magazine* and for "American Game Fishes" (1892), which was in press when the genial angler had crossed the Styx. But among the famous bass resorts mentioned he never matched the big bass he took in 1876 in the surf at Squan Beach, N. J., which weighed 47lbs., and was safely landed after a long fight on a sandy beach. He used to take his son George with him on fishing and shooting excursions as soon as he was old enough, and on these trips they were more like old chums than father and son, and under such a tutor the young man grew up to be a finished and scholarly sportsman.

Last week I related how my friend kept up his spirits, and joked with me while actually dying. To me this increased my admiration for him, for I have seen many men die in many ways, and somehow disliked to hear a

man snivel and whine at the inevitable. No man dreaded to be born, and death is a corollary of birth; divested of suffering it should—but you know as much of this as I do, perhaps more. But what led to this train of thought was the fact that after I had seen my friend for the last time, his brother, Mr. George Munroe Endicott, of Boston, came to see him, and asked if he was not tired of the diet of milk which had been ordered by the doctors. "No," said Frank; "I like it, for I have been used to it. I once lived on milk for a whole year."

"How was that? I don't remember your having been ill before. When was it?"

"No, you can't remember it, Munroe," said the dying man; "it was so long ago; it was the first year of my life."

These anecdotes show the man as I knew him—gentle, brave and cheerful—three qualities which are absolutely necessary to make a man beloved by those who knew him intimately. Frank Endicott's word was a bond, and as he voluntarily promised to wait for me upon the banks of the Styx a few years, provided there were the ghosts of fishes in it, he will meet me there. "But," said he, "if you wait too long, or the ghostly fishes won't rise to my ghostly flies, I'll just pay your ferriage to old Charon and wait for you beyond the further shore."

Long after the old friend of my boyhood, Port Tyler, was dead, Frank and I were fishing for weakfish off Staten Island, and while waiting for a bite I told him some stories about the old trapper and market-shooter, remarking that he had missed a great deal in not knowing him; but in telling how the old man used to cook young quawks and 'pokes and declare they were good, he said:

"Perhaps they are good—I can't say; but when you

talk of birds for the table, my boy, the woodcock, snipe, grouse, some kinds of duck, as well as a few that are not strictly game, such as meadow larks, wild pigeons and others, are, by nature of their food, so superior to any of the fish-eating waders that they are not to be mentioned in the same day."

I was fixing a fresh shedder crab on my hook, and after casting out and getting the line in shape for a run, said: "Confound you! I did not say that Old Port compared young quawks and 'pokes with the birds you have named; I only quoted him as saying they were good, and by 'good' we understand them to be fairly palatable, just as this ham sandwich and cold chicken is good. You don't wish me to understand that every blooming thing that's good to eat, including those greasy 'possums that I've tried to enjoy out of compliment to the very excellent dinners which you have given, where there were real good things before and after your *piece de resistance*, were to be ranked with game?"

"No," said he, as he removed a weakfish from the hook and reached for a shedder. "But you were speaking of the shitepoke as a table bird, and there was no occasion to go off and abuse the 'possum, of which, by the way, you always eat your portion, and no one ever claimed that either the 'poke or the 'possum was in that high class of bird or mammal life which we call game. I'll tell you about the quawk as a table bird. Bill Chadwick swears by 'em, and once when George and I were shooting down on Toms River we killed a couple, and also 'poke, and took them up to Chadwick, who not only cooked them, but insisted that we should actually eat 'em. With all respect to your old friend Port Tyler, I don't hanker after any more. Bill said the quawks were not young enough to be good, and I believe him. George

sampled the 'poke, and declared the flavor to be equal to any axle grease which he had ever smelled, and Chadwick thought possibly the bird was too fat. George thought so, too, and as far as I was concerned the verdict was satisfactory. No doubt a 'poke properly stuffed with any of the commercial fertilizers would be an improvement on Chadwick's simple cooking."

One of his conceits was to get up "a thirteen dinner" after the manner of the famous Thirteen Club, of New York City. Something prevented my attendance; it was early for 'possums and he substituted roast sucking pig. I have a diagram of the table, a copy of which was at each plate. With the name of Burrows, host of the Nautilus Hotel, at the head and Endicott at the foot, were arranged the names of the following well-known Staten Islanders: J. Wells, Harry Jones, Dr. McDougall, C. S. de Forest, George Buckingham, Raymond Brown, C. Peck, Colonel Wm. Patten, J. J. Kenney, E. J. Cunningham and Fred Jones. In the middle a skull and crossbones rested on a tablet bearing the date "Nov. 29, A. D. 1888," and below all was the black flag, with the death's head, so dear to those who served under the pirate captain of the last century, the terrible Jolly Roger. Now mark the sequel of this braving of superstition. Fred Jones, who took my place at the dinner, was an athlete and a member of that once great baseball team known as the Giants. Within a month, so Frank informed me, that man's bull terrier was chewed up by a mongrel dog, and a dozen soft crabs, which he had bought in Fulton Market, were not only lost, but his best coat was ruined at the same time by the way he sat down in a ferry boat.

"It may be all right to fly in the face of old sayings," I remarked to Frank, "but I'm awfully glad that I missed

that Thirteen Dinner. You remember that Falstaff says: 'There is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death,' and don't you remember the story of the old Dutchman whose dog howled at night and in the morning paper he read to the doubting Katrina: 'Dere vos a man died in Philadelphy,' how about that? I tell you, my boy, 'there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'"

He looked at me, more in sorrow than in anger, and replied: "Such superstition as this would be funny if it were not sad. To quote Jack Falstaff's saying is very bad authority for a belief in fate. The Dutchman's dog is, however, a howling argument in favor of your evident belief in fatalism, but somewhere I have read:

> "'''Tis writ on Paradise's gate,
> Woe to the dupe that yields to fate.'

Give me another shedder crab—my bait is gone."

In September, 1887, Mr. Endicott wrote me from Chadwick concerning the bluefish there: "The sport of casting in the surf is grand and fish are plenty, but not of large size, running from 3 to 5lbs. Raymond Brown is here with me, but for some reason he wants you; why, is more than I can tell. He is wild over this surf fishing, and as Chadwick says the run may last two weeks, you should some down and see some fishing—real fishing, I mean—but don't put yourself out to do it, for there is a mill-pond near you, and when you want fish you can dig some worms, get a string, bend a pin and capture the noble sunfish near the dormitory where you pass your time."

This was a challenge—a taunting and aggravating one that could not well be passed—and while we were casting

in the surf of New Jersey there was a lull in the run of small bluefish, probably caused by a school of larger ones, and then Raymond Brown landed an 8-pounder. Endicott was busy with something and I played it on him as a specimen from the mill-pond at Cold Spring Harbor. The school of big fish struck off up the coast and we continued to get the smaller ones, but the worm had turned, and vengeance was mine.

In July, '89, he wrote: "Staten Island is a good place for striped bass. There is a place which I discovered and kept to myself for a number of years, but was indiscreet in giving it away to a friend, who in turn let in a whole lot of his friends. You cannot do worse, so come down and share my bed and bass grounds. Come to-morrow; don't try to make any other date for the bass to bite, for you are apt to forget the angler in the wretched fishculturist that you are. You seem to think that fish should want to feed when you offer food, as you do to your tame trout bred in the troughs, but the wild striped bass has some knowledge of tides and does not govern his appetite by your arbitrary rules. Go to Mr. —— and get a lot of worms; the 'blood worm' or 'white worm,' that is the only bait for striped bass on Staten Island; the sand worm will not do. If you find that blood worms are not in stock send out and get them, no matter what they cost. I know that you don't value 5 cents more than a farmer values a yoke of two-year-old steers, but get the worms if you have to sell a bond. Please take this seriously, if you can so consider any proposition, for you might as well offer a bait of carpet tacks to a striped bass on this beach as to try them with sand worms. Shedders are of no account, shrimp have no call and only blood worms are in demand." We took a few bass, the largest weighing 9lbs. and the smallest something less.

In 1882 Mr. Endicott organized the National Rod and Reel Association, which held annual tournaments in Central Park, New York City, and which did so much to popularize fly-casting and bring forward experts whose records were most wonderful, and were first received with doubt in England. He was its president for many years, and by his personal magnetism held it together years after cliques were formed and elements of discord were developing. These he held in check with a tact that never gave offense to any who were gentlemen, but his firm hand came down on any mug hunter who deserved it, and as membership was open to any who wished to join, this firmness became necessary. The association did not live long after he resigned, because it required a great amount of labor to keep it going, which to him was a labor of love, to which he could devote his whole time, if necessary.

This is a rude picture of a man whom I was proud to call my friend, and to whom I could quote Hamlet's saying:

> "Give me that man
> That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
> In my heart's core, ay, in my heart,
> As I do thee."

ALVAH DUNNING.

ONLY men who possess strongly marked personalities are capable of making strong friends and as equally strong enemies. The truth of this has been well shown in the replies to letters asking for information about the old woodsman who is probably the oldest of Adirondack guides. Carefully sifting these replies, it seems that Alvah is well liked by sportsmen whom he has served, and by a few dwellers in and around the great region of mountains and lakes which comprise about one-third of the great State of New York. Others dislike him, and among Adirondack guides he is, for some reason, the most unpopular man in the woods. To me any old man in the woods is interesting, and as individuality crops out more strongly in men who have never assumed the mask of civilization, we will try to see him with unprejudiced eyes.

Alvah will be eighty-one years old next June. He is tall, spare and wiry. A look at his picture, taken a few years ago by Stoddard, will show that his strongly marked face is full of character, grit and determination, and it looks like a face that could not be developed outside the woods. You can see that he dressed himself before he would pose for Stoddard, and that his new hat must be "taken" at all hazards. That is not the hat that the old man would wear when tracking a deer or poking through the brush up a stream to observe where the otter "uses." This proves that Alvah is really human and has his vanities as well as the rest of mankind.

It was in 1865 that I first met Alvah and fished for

trout with him in Brown's Tract Inlet and Raquette Lake. I was then regaining health after a long struggle all summer, and a couple of weeks with Alvah put on the finishing touches.

The old man—he was "old" to me then—took good care of me, and I returned much improved. His talk of woods life was very entertaining, and it was only a few weeks afterward that I became acquainted with his mortal enemy, Ned Buntline, also a fishing companion, so that I got Alvah's story while it was fresh. Friends of each man have so mixed up the case that it resembles the history of Bonaparte as written by a French or an English pen.

Although these sketches appear in the columns of "Sea and River Fishing," there has been no attempt to tell fishing stories; the idea of the writer being to sketch the characters of men with whom he had incidentally fished; and if upon any occasion he had sat upon one end of a log for ten minutes with a man who was fishing on the other end, then the other fellow was his victim for sketching as one of the "Men I Have Fished With," and his pen-portrait published so that his individuality might stand out, if the pen was able to make it prominent.

Therefore my trouting on this trip is skipped and the man is taken up. Said he: "These woods is a-gittin' too full o' people fer comfort—that is, in summer time; fer they don't bother the trappin' in the winter; but they're a-runnin' all over here in summer a-shootin' an' a-fishin', but they don't kill much, nor catch many fish; but they git in the way, an' they ain't got no business here disturbin' the woods."

"They pay you well for working for them, don't they, Alvah?"

"Yes, they do, durn 'em; or I wouldn't bother with 'em; but I druther they'd stay out o' my woods. They'll come anyhow, an' I might as well guide 'em, fer ef I don't some un else will, but I druther they'd keep their money and stay out of the woods. I can make a livin' without 'em, an' they'd starve to death here without me. They're the durndest lot of cur'osities you ever seen; know more about guns an' killin' deer than any man in the woods, but when it comes to fishin' tackle you'd oughter see it."

This talk occurred after we had fished several days and had looked over the otter "uses" and other interesting things to be found in the wilderness, and the old man's remarks seemed to be so severely personal that they provoked me to say: "I am very sorry to have disturbed you, and will go back home in the morning."

The old man looked up and said: "I didn't mean you, 'cause you seem to know how to sit inter a boat an' to know the voices of the birds an' how to fish. Now don't you go an' take a meanin' outer my words that I didn't mean."

"All right, Alvah! But if these people don't kill much game or fish they can't disturb you much, and I'm a little curious to know why you object so much to their coming here. The woods belong largely to the State, and they certainly have the right to come into them." This had the desired effect; it made the old man angry and drew his fire.

"Yes," he said, after turning the thing over in his mind in the deliberate manner common to men of the woods, "that's the worst of it; they've got a right to come here and disturb men who've made their homes in these woods all their lives, and many of 'em's fools. I hate fools; don't you?"

Here was a chance to classify fools and to quote Touchstone: "I met a fool in the forest;" but that course might not have drawn the old man out, so I simply said: "I dunno; why?"

"Oh, they pester one so. A few years ago one came up here and tried to make me believe the world is round and turns over upside down in the night, and they all believe it, all of 'em, every durned one that I've spoke to about it. What d' ye think o' that?"

"I think they're wrong, of course, for we can see that these lakes don't spill out in the night. Yet this world can't be as flat as a pancake, for here are the mountains which disprove that, and as for turning over——"

"You don't believe it?"

"Not a word of it!" And we were friends.

When we met again in 1882 he recalled the trip, and at his camp on Raquette Lake, he said: "Times is different now, an' wus. In them days nobody said a word if a poor man wanted a little meat an' killed it, but now they're a-savin' it until the dudes get time to come up here an' kill it, an' some of 'em leave a deer to rot in the woods, an' on'y take the horns ef it's a buck, or the tail ef it's a doe, just so's they can brag about it when they go home, an' they'd put me in jail ef I killed a deer when I needed meat. I dunno what we're a-comin' to in this free country."

There was considerable to be said on this subject and I said it. When dinner time came he called me from the lake, and as we two sat at table said: "There's some cold boiled ham and here's a stew o' mountain mutton. Mebbe it's agin your principles to eat our mutton in June, so I sot out the ham. I'm goin' to eat the mutton; you can do as you like."

Ham can be had at any lunch counter. The deer had

been killed, and a refusal to eat a portion of it would not restore it to life. Writing of it at this late day recalls Wilmot Townsend's picture of the flight of fourteen ducks and the query below: "Where would you hold?" The Lady or the Tiger?

While Alvah is unpopular with many of the modern woodsmen, he has warm friends, and this proves that he has sterling qualities in his manly make-up which are overlooked by those who revile him as "an old pot-hunter." In the mass of letters from men who know him this term occurs three times and proves the statement that begins this biography. Alvah Dunning still lives and is well worth a visit from any man who loves to study a type of man which is rapidly passing. Mr. Charles H. Bennett, the well-known Adirondack host, now of The Antlers, on Raquette Lake, takes it upon himself that the old man shall be cared for in the winter; and Mr. J. H. Higby, who runs the summer camp on Big Moose Lake, also keeps an eye out for this last of the old-timers of a period before the Adirondacks became a fashionable resort.

Forty years ago Alvah and one of his brothers visited relatives at Albany, Ill., and his brother died there. That one visit satisfied Alvah with the outside world and he returned to Lake Pleasant, and since that time he has never been outside of Hamilton county, N. Y., where he has lived by hunting, trapping and guiding. The younger generation are disposed to crowd the old man out of the woods on account of his following his belief that game is free at all times to those who need it and that the State has no right to pass laws concerning it. In conversation with me, my old friend and guide E. L. Sheppard ("Jack") said: "I have known Alvah for thirty years, and he is an affable, hospitable man of the old style, all

ALVAH DUNNING

From photograph, copyright, 1891, by J. R. Stoddard

of whom looked on game laws as infringements on the rights of men who live in the woods. He is the last of a type that has passed. He kills a deer when he needs it, catches a trout out of season to bait his trap, firmly believes it a sin to kill wastefully, and destroys less game than many who cry out against him." There you have the opinion of one of the best of the Adirondack guides, as well as a picture of the man.

Mr. Bennett, of The Antlers, tells me that Alvah will not write any more, but in a recent interview with him he got the following from Alvah: "In 1858 Ned Buntline came into the woods to get away from civilization and write novels. Ned built a cabin on Eagle Lake which he called Eagle's Nest and hired Alvah to work for him. They quarreled and Ned killed Alvah's hounds and they threatened to kill each other. In 1865 Alvah built a camp on Raquette Lake, where he lived alone, trapping, drawing his fur on a hand sled fifty-five miles to Boonville and bringing back provisions. It took a week to make the trip. One winter his skins of otter, fisher, marten, mink and bear brought him $743. In 1874 his camp on Sunny Island was burned and he lost everything he owned. That fall he built a camp on Eighth Lake, Fulton Chain, to get out of the way of travel, but in a few years returned to Raquette and built at Brown's Tract Inlet, where he now lives, a much disgruntled man, who says the people are wandering all over and spoiling the woods. Fifty years ago the Adirondacks was indeed a wilderness known to but a few sportsmen. There were but few boats in it and no mode of travel except by water. Here Alvah Dunning lived, hunted and reigned supreme in 'his woods.'"

Alvah's father was also a hunter, and in 1804 moved from Vermont to Lake Pleasant, in Hamilton county,

N. Y., where Alvah was born a dozen years later. If there is anything in heredity Alvah had the advantage of it, for his father was not only a trapper, but also a noted Indian fighter under Sir William Johnston before and during the Revolutionary War. Shortly after that war a few men were in a village tavern talking over Revolutionary exploits, when an Indian—of whom there were several in the company—boasted of having committed a particularly atrocious murder of a young white woman who had lived in the vicinity during the war. Dunning caught up a bundle of traps that lay near him and crushed the Indian's skull by a single blow. He was tried for his life and acquitted. With such a father and such an environment, the younger Dunning naturally became a perfect woodsman.

Rev. Thomas G. Wall, D.D., of New York City, to whom much of the information in this sketch is due, says: "Dunning has lived like an Indian, and forty years ago he looked like one, and is a very close imitation of some of Cooper's models—silent, stealthy in movement, full of resources; he could almost speak the language of the animals. I have seen him, by a peculiar chipper, call a mink from its hiding place in the rocks and shoot it, and have known him to bring a deer back into the water by bleating and making the noise of wading. Dunning was a true sportsman, never allowing more fish or game to be taken than was needed. He was employed by our party in 1856, when I first met him, and I have been with him many times since, and always enjoyed his society. Indeed, his excellence, when in his prime, was so generally known that it excited much of the enmity with which he was regarded by some, for if he could be had he was always first choice."

When I met Alvah the last time—some half dozen

years ago—he was living in the past. The future had nothing in store but the destruction of the forests, or, what was as bad, their being run over by tourists or the building of expensive "camps" by wealthy men. The good times were in the distant past, when he never saw a strange face unless he went into the settlements. "They're puttin' steamboats on the lakes to scare the trout to death, an' have built a railroad into Old Forge. They've put a lot o' black bass into Raquette Lake to eat up the few trout that's left, an' what good anyone sees in a black bass is more'n I know."

To encourage him to talk, I said: "The black bass is a gamy fish—not as gamy nor as good for table as trout —and I suppose they thought 'em better'n no fish;" and so I excused the crime of putting bass in Adirondack waters just to see what Alvah would say.

He said: "They ain't a bit better than a sucker out of a cold brook, either to eat or to bait a trap, and as for game—well, I fish for fish when I want 'em, an' don't fool away my time playin' a trout, lettin' him run off an' then reelin' him up just to see the pole bend. When I hook a fish I use tackle that will stand it and bring him in 'thout watchin' his fightin' qualities, but I show him some of mine if he's got time to think about 'em afore he's my fish. No, sir, them black bass is the worst thing they could have put in these waters—worse'n pickerel, for the young pickerel can be eaten by a trout because his fins are soft, but these bass are like big sunfish, and not a bit better."

The old man was not far out of the way in this matter. He had watched the new fish, and sized them up in his own fashion. The State Fish Commission had put the fish in the waters—or rather Seth Green did it in the name of the Commission, for in that early day he ran

the work as he pleased—but the result was a howl, and a law was passed restraining the Commission from planting certain fishes in Adirondack waters.

About this time there was a discussion in the papers as to the scream of the panther, as the North American cougar, or puma, is called in the East, and while I was positive that I heard one when a boy I wanted the opinion of the old woodsman, and as he was baiting his hook I said: "Some people say that a panther screams and others say it never does. What's your opinion?"

He unhooked a trout and replied: "A panther is like a cat, hunts like a cat, always still. Now a cat is a silent animal and never makes a noise unless it wants something. A dog will bark just to hear his own voice, but a cat'll lie around the stove for a week and never make a sound unless it needs something. If it's hungry it may meow a little just to let you know it, but that is different from a mating call. Now, when the panther wants to find one of its kind it can get up a good loud screech. It's got to, for they ain't plenty and that call has got to go miles through the woods. Yes, they can put up a good stiff call for a partner when they want one, but they don't do it often. A man might be in these woods a hundred years and not hear a panther call more'n half a dozen times. They don't do it often and they are never plenty, like deer and bears."

"How long since there were any wolves in the Adirondacks, Alvah?"

"Waal, I don't just know azackly. When I was a boy they was common an' you could hear 'em howl o' nights along the lakes or up the mountains, an' we used to shoot 'em and trap 'em, but never did no p'izinin', like the' do out West. Let's see! They was plenty up to about the time Gineral Taylor died. When was that?"

"That was in 1850."

"The wolves went off about that time; some said they went into Canada an' some thought they died. I guess if they'd a died we'd a seen some o' their bones som'ers, but a few was around here durin' the war, in the '60's, an' I killed a big one then, but ain't seen none since. Some men say they've seen 'em o' late years off toward the Saranacs, but I can't say. While the war was goin' on there wa'n't so many men comin' to the woods an' things picked up a little."

Last fall the New York *Sun* published an account of "the last Adirondack moose." According to the writer of it the moose was killed by Henry Wiley, of Salisbury, Herkimer county; Frank Faville, of St. Lawrence county, and Jed Thompson, now dead. It was early in the winter of 1858, and the game was killed between the Canada lakes and Pleasant Lake after a long chase of two days, and the writer says that a moose had not been killed in the Adirondacks in twenty years.

The fact is that Alvah Dunning killed the last Adirondack moose in March, 1862. I did not correct the writer in the *Sun*, although disposed to do so at first.

"When I was a boy," said Alvah, "moose was plenty in these woods. Once father an' I killed five in one day, an' hauled the most o' the meat on sleds to the settlement an' sold it."

When the last moose was killed Alvah and Ben Batchelor were following a wounded bear that the former had shot the day before. They found the bear and killed it and then came upon the track of two moose, a bull and a cow. They killed the bull that day and followed the cow all the next, and killed her just at nightfall. Perhaps it's just as well, for it is doubtful if one moose would be left a year from now if a hundred were turned

loose in the Adirondacks. The size of an animal increases the desire to kill it, in most men, but, between ourselves, I would prefer to kill a woodcock or a grouse on the wing to dropping several hundred pounds of meat in its tracks.

Dr. Wall asked Alvah how many moose he thought he had killed and the old man answered: "Oh, I don't hardly know, never kept any count, but I guess nigh on to a hundred." And then he told how on one of his early moose hunts he had got separated from his father, killed a moose about nightfall on a cold night, had no matches and rolled himself in the warm skin and slept, to find himself frozen in at daybreak.

Writing of Alvah Dunning brings a desire to spend a month in his cabin, jot down his stories and make a closer study of the most interesting man now living in the Adirondacks. We all look back on wasted opportunities, and while enjoying his company I never thought of taking notes for the purpose of writing him up. The man who approaches Alvah Dunning in the right way will get his confidence and enjoy it, but his opinions of the revolution of the earth on its axis, and of the injustice of the game laws to woodsmen, are too firmly fixed to be meddled with. Let the old man alone. Wink at his killing a deer when he needs "mutton," or a trout when he wants to vary his diet. If he lives for twenty years he will never do as much harm to the fish and game of the woods as some of the so-called sportsmen. He does not float for deer on summer nights and kill the first thing that his jack-light shows has a pair of shining eyes, whether buck, or doe with fawn by her side. If he needs "mutton" in summer he prefers a buck to a nursing doe.

Young men, some little concession—charity, if you will—should be extended to this man who was born in

the woods and considers it his by right of prior discovery and settlement years before you were born. I would be the last man to tell the story of mountain mutton if Alvah cared about it. I saw no hide, hoofs nor horns, and under oath I do not know of what I partook further than that it was good cooked meat. The game laws are all right, but no right-thinking man should use them to oppress the old hunter whose only larder is the woods in which he was born a steward. Sock it to me if you catch me, or to any other man who pretends to shoot or fish for sport, violating those wholesome laws which are made for our benefit and which it is a crime for us to violate, but the strict letter need not be enforced on the man whose whole life has been spent in a struggle for existence in the forest, and who could not live out of it. Put yourself in his place!

FRANKLIN SATTERTHWAITE.

FRANK was the kennel editor of *Forest and Stream* when I first met him, some seventeen years ago, as an enthusiastic sportsman who favored the gun more than the rod. He was tall, broad-shouldered and strong, with a pleasant face, on which he wore a full but not long beard. We became well acquainted, and one day he said: "A friend of mine keeps a hotel on Greenwood Lake, and wants me to come up and have a few days' black bass fishing. He says they are biting good now. Will you go up there for a few days?"

Beyond the knowledge that the lake had a reputation for black bass, was only a short distance from New York City, and lay partly in New Jersey and partly in New York, I knew nothing of it; but we went. The "hotel" was one of several similar houses built of light boards and standing on piles—evidently made for summer use only—and could probably accommodate a dozen people, if they were not too particular. Frank introduced me to the landlord, whom I will call Bill—not that that was his name, but merely to be able to refer to him. Bill would not impress one as a model landlord—he was too familiar and aggressive. He wore great cowhide boots; which echoed on the thin board floor of the "office," which was destitute of all covering except dirt.

It was evening, and June was young. Supper over, Bill and his family soon retired, but Frank and I were not used to such early hours, and we sat and admired the night in ignorance of the fact that these people who went to bed with the fowls got up with them, and

made no attempt to stifle their noises after it was "time to get up." We were at the northern end of the lake, and a light, south breeze kept the mosquitoes off the piazza, if they were about. Frogs piped, croaked and gurgled in a marsh, a whippoorwill reiterated its complaint on the hill, and an occasional owl challenged some other owl, and we were enjoying life with feet on the railing of the porch and chairs tilted back, when a single stroke of the clock warned us that it was technically morning, and time for bed.

It seemed but a few minutes when we were aroused by a series of bumps and a clatter that would have awakened all of the famous seven sleepers, and I sat up in bed and rubbed my eyes. It was daylight, and a glance at Frank's bed showed him to be aroused. "What is it?" I asked. "What has happened?"

"It's Bill going down stairs in his boots, that's all; at first I thought it was an earthquake."

We heard him go out of the back door and down two or three steps; the clock struck 4, and then all was quiet and peaceful again, and we slept. How long one sleeps he can never tell, but it seemed to be about five minutes when Bill hailed from the back yard: "John, get up and milk the cows; it's most 5 o'clock, an' you've got a lot of things to do before you go out on the lake." We dozed again, and then John's boots were so much in evidence on the resounding stair that I missed something Frank said. He may have been saying his prayers; I only caught a word or two. Again silence reigned and eyelids closed in that blessed peacefulness which comes just before consciousness is lost, and then the dreadful voice of Bill again broke in on us from below. This time he bellowed: "Mayre-e-e! Come down and get breakfast; it's about 6 o'clock." Mary went down; we heard

her, although apparently she did not wear cowhide boots. Frank merely grunted, and I was too sleepy to care to express any views on what we afterward concluded was an outrage on men who were paying for sleep but not getting it, so off I dozed again, and the next thing we heard was a clumping of boots coming up the stair and then a pounding on our door. Bill called: "Hey! You fellers, ain't you goin' to get up to-day? Breakfast's ready."

We were both on the floor at the first alarm, and as Bill opened the door a trifle my shoe struck across the crack, which was not wide enough to let it through to its destination. A small pitcher from Frank crashed on a panel, and Bill closed the door and clumped down, step by step, to the main floor. "Sorry I didn't have my pistol," said Frank; "but the little pitcher was the only thing at hand and I gave him the best I had. There's no use in trying to get any more sleep this morning, so we might as well dress and go down."

"Frank," said I, "let's go to some other hotel, where our chances of sleep will be better and the landlord will not dictate to us the proper hour for rising, and where he does not wear 6lb. cowhide boots, nor play checkers with them on bare floors over our heads. Then, if he has a way of calling his help at daylight without our knowledge, we may be happy during our stay."

"There's no such place on the lake," said Frank, "except at the club, and we have no invitations to go there. Let's go down to breakfast and say nothing, go out on the lake and fish, lay off in the middle of the day, fish in the evening, and then, when we are not angry, we will talk to Bill like a Dutch uncle. We will not feel so much like killing him then, and I think I see murder in your eye. What d'ye say to that?"

"You are a philosopher, Frank. Nothing we can do will restore our lost sleep; but if we can partially civilize Bill so that he will either not wear boots or will leave them on the back porch, and get him to use other means than bawling to arouse his household at unseemly hours, it will be a good deed. Better than killing him, but I have doubts of success in these experiments. We will try, but must not let him bully us a little bit."

The ham and eggs, potatoes, bread and coffee were disposed of without any reference to the annoyances, and John appeared. He was to row the boat. By some distortion of language the men who do this on Greenwood Lake are called "guides;" we have no word equivalent to the Scotch "gillie," but we need it. Bill came to the landing, and learning that we wanted some baits to use if the bass wouldn't rise to the fly, he put in the boat a box of live frogs, a can of live minnows and a box of helgramite larvæ, Dobson's, in moss, and away we went. Frank had fished the lake before, and told the boatman where to go, and as we cast we took two good bass with a green and gold fly, and three with a frog. These fish we unhooked and let go, and John was displeased, and said that if we didn't want the fish we might give them to him. He did not understand the thing at all, and after we had pulled up ashore for a lunch and a midday siesta, he said to me in an injured tone: "When gentlemen catch fish they don't want they give 'em to me an' I sell 'em, but you let 'em go, and they don't do nobody no good."

"John," said I, picking his meaning from the wreck of grammar, "when I catch a fish it is mine, to do with as I please. When I hire you to row this boat for the day, and choose to lay off from noon until two hours before sundown, you have no cause of complaint. The

fish are mine, your time is mine, and if I want to let you off for a few hours I do so, and if we wish to let a bass off until we come again, it is the same thing."

After lunch Frank and I went up on a hill where there was a chance for air and shade, to smoke, chat and possibly regain a small portion of the sleep which had been robbed from us, and after getting settled under a broad tree, close to the eastern edge of its shade where we might stay for some hours, Frank said: "These yokels exasperate me as much as they do you, but I think they afford me more amusement than you get out of them. You've been angry all day because you didn't get enough sleep, and in this spirit you let all the bass go when you knew that John wanted them. It would be a safe wager that you don't always refuse to give a portion of your catch to your guide or your boatman, in addition to his pay. Come now! I challenge you to deny it."

"It's a safe challenge. Ordinarily I give the boatman all the fish I don't want to keep, but there is no reason why he should demand them. I pay for his services, and that ends the business transaction. I paid for a whole mess of sleep last night, which I didn't get, and I don't like it, and when we get quieted down after dinner to-night Bill will learn that I didn't like it. I did not come here to be told when I should sleep nor when I should rise, nor did you, and I will have no more of it if I have to buy a tent and camp out. In that case there will be no thin-carpeted stairs for men with cowhide boots to tramp up and down on in the obnoxious hours of the morning."

Frank raised himself on his elbow, and refilling his pipe, naïvely asked: "What are the obnoxious hours of the morning?"

The question brought up a family reminiscence and I

replied: "You only ask this question to draw me out on the question of early rising, and I will tell you frankly that I usually avoid the unnecessarily early-rising crank and, from what I know of your habits, you do the same. The early-rising man thinks that he is a model for all mankind, and that's the aggravating part of him. He misses the most glorious part of the day, that from sundown to midnight, and to that no man could object if he didn't brag of it. Like the man who is never sea-sick, or who lies about it, his brag that he is a superior man is annoying. The early riser goes to bed with the chickens, and that would be all right if he did not boast about the hour that he got up in the morning. I'll tell you, Frank, a personal yarn about early rising: My father always went to bed with the crows and got up with them. When I was a schoolboy he would pull the clothes from my bed at 8 A. M., spank me, and say: 'What! not up yet! Why, I've been up four hours.' And so it went, but he took an afternoon nap and kept on bragging about his early rising."

Frank listened to this and said: "I could never see why rising early should make a man 'healthy, wealthy and wise.' My work has kept me at it night and day, but the beauties of the night cannot be ignored. What did your father do when he became older?"

"Kept the same thing going, and the same brag about it. I fail to see why a man should boast about meeting the day at an early hour, as long as he gets a certain amount of sleep, but, after many years' absence from home, father found me in bed about 8 in the morning, and with a tone of regret said: 'I don't see that you've improved any in the matter of getting up, now that you are a man.' 'No, father,' said I; 'during six years in the West and three in the army I mastered most of the vices

of civilization except early rising, but I never could catch on to that.' He gave up hope of reforming me then and there."

We rested and slept until the afternoon was well gone, when we went to the boat and called John. Frank tried a Dobson and took one small fish, while I changed flies for an hour and gave it up. Then we tried the live minnows and took eleven fair fish, and it was dark. We gave the fish to Bill and I told him that we wanted them for breakfast, or a part of them, and also that we wanted them skinned.

"Why do you want them skinned?" Frank asked.

"To get rid of the muddy, weedy flavor which fresh-water fish that live in weedy lakes always have in the summer. I don't regard the black bass as a good table fish at any time of year, but it is sure to be flavored with weeds now, just as the water is. Even the yellow perch, a much better table fish at all times, is better for being skinned in summer."

Our dinner was the same as the breakfast, except tea was served instead of coffee. Frank protested in this wise: "When I was up here last fall, woodcock shooting, Bill, you fed me on ham and eggs until I was ashamed to look a hog or a hen in the face, and to-morrow night I want a steak, chops, or a roast of beef or lamb, for I'm not going to live on ham and eggs, nor fish, either."

Bill looked at me and asked: "Don't you like ham and eggs?"

"Yes, I like ham and eggs, but I think as Frank does—there is a limit to the liking. I don't want them for dinner at any time, but can use them for breakfast about twice a week, if the ham is not too hard and salt, and the eggs are fresh. Your eggs are very good." This last as a smoother.

"Well, I declare," said Bill, "some of you city fellers is queer. Now, give me plenty of ham and eggs and I don't want no meat." This was a phase of vegetarianism new to us, and one that we often referred to in after years.

As we smoked on the piazza Frank remarked: "This landlord is a skin. He'll charge us $2.50 per day for board, $2 for the boatman, who gets a little more than half of that, and 50 cents per day for the boat, making $7.50 per day for both, and he will feed us on ham and eggs all the time, if we will stand it. I know him, and I propose to make him feed us decently or we will go somewhere else, although I don't know that there is anything better here."

"I think you have his exact measure," I replied, "and as I followed your advice this morning and said nothing to him while I was angry, I propose to talk to him now, on the subject of unnecessary noises in the morning. Call him out here and I'll lay the law down to him."

Bill came out and sat down. I began my discourse with: "Bill, I am very sorry that my shoe didn't kill you this morning, as I intended it should, but we will be prepared for you to-morrow morning, and if we miss killing you again we will patronize some other hotel. I probably got three hours' good sleep before you came thundering down the stairs with your big boots about 4 o'clock."

"Well," he replied, "what be I a-goin' to dew? I've got to get up an' feed the stock an' get ready for the day's work. I should think you'd want to get up, anyway, an' enjoy the mornin' fishin'—many of 'em do—an' get out on the lake as soon as they can see; that's the time to catch the most fish."

"That, Bill," I replied, "is a matter of individual taste,

but we don't want to catch the most fish. We want to enjoy life after our own fashion, and that is to fish for five hours a day and sit half the night out of doors, and get up when it suits us. If you consult the comfort of your guests you will leave those boots in the cow-shed and wear slippers in the house, and devise some means to get your servants up, and down, without bawling under our windows. You should know this without having a guest explain it. We will fish at such times as we choose, or not at all; but we will not submit to be awakened at daylight by your boots, or any other noises."

Bill made no reply; he was evidently shrinking all his thought on the rights of guests and landlords, and after a pause Frank asked him to the rear to look after the cleaning of the fish, and I sat alone as the echoes of his boots had died away. Minutes passed; a flying squirrel ran across the balcony rail and over my shoes before it scurried away in alarm. The moon burst from behind a cloud, and the frogs became silent for a moment until they found there was no cause for alarm, and I had forgotten Frank, Bill, and all other human beings, when suddenly Frank returned.

"Well?"

"It's all right. As I told you, he is a skin; but, like all of his class, he only wants to know how far he can flay a man. At present we are his only guests, and he will play us to the limit if he can; but you put it to him squarely, and while we stop here we will be allowed to remain undisturbed till 8, unless we order breakfast before; and we will not have ham and eggs more than twice a week for breakfast, and fish not more than three times with dinner, as I told Bill before. I told him that we would stay about a week, and that we were both journalists who might write up his hotel unfavorably. He took off

his boots in the kitchen, and said that there was no good reason for wearing them up and down stairs, and so you got in your work to good advantage."

A faint creak on the stairs told that Bill had left his boots below. I was not flushed with victory but just felt that calm self-appreciation which one feels when others acknowledge that his point has been carried. We sat, talked, smoked and kept silent as our humors prompted. After an unusually long fit of contemplation of the moonlight on the water, Frank asked: "How do you like this place? Not for the fishing, the cuisine, nor the dormitory which we have, but the lake and its surroundings, I mean; and as a place to enjoy life in the open, fishing, shooting, or simply sitting on a piazza and looking at the lake?"

"It is grand," I replied; "and if our landlord reforms most of his bad habits, I will enjoy another outing here, mainly during the hours from sundown to midnight, on this piazza, watching the moon on the water and listening to the voices of the night. I love to fish and sometimes to shoot; but to me the grandest enjoyment is an inland lake on a moonlight night, when the air is vocal with voices that are never heard at any other time."

After a few whiffs at his pipe in a contemplative sort of way, Frank said: "You seem to be extra poetical tonight; suppose we get off some verses that will amuse us by recording our thoughts on this night, writing the lines alternately. How does it strike you?"

"You mean for one of us to write a line and the other to follow—is that it?"

"Yes; like a composite poem. You write a line and then I'll follow. Do you catch on?"

"Yes; but as this is your own suggestion you should write the first line."

We squabbled over this question of precedence for a while, and then one of us—which one fame will never know—wrote a line and passed it to his friend. In its complete form the "poem," written on the shore of Greenwood Lake that June evening, was as follows:

'Tis cool on Bill's piazza, where the voices of the night
Are mingled with the whispers of the bass;
The snoring of the hired man fills the rabbits with affright,
And the owls sing, "Don't blow out the gas."

The moonbeams kiss the bullfrogs, who lament unto the moon,
That Bill's boots resound upon the stair;
The kitchen-maid rejoices that morning comes too soon,
And the skeeters cause the pollywogs to swear.

Right here on Bill's piazza it is pleasant now to sit
And listen to the singing of the rats;
While we gaze out on the lake, where the festive mermaids flit,
As they chase the tuneful, iridescent bats.

In autumn it is pleasant to hear the chestnut burr,
And in spring to hear the young trees as they shoot;
The maiden clubs the milch cows when they toss a horn at her,
As we wake in morn at sound of Bill's big boot.

The first line was all right, but the man who wrote the second one started in the direction of levity, and there was no hope of holding the verses up to the standard; but it served to pass half an hour pleasantly, and that is what we went out for.

One day, as we were on our way to the place of our afternoon siesta, we saw a man lying in the sun by the roadside. "Some old tramp," said Frank; but the man began to toss and roll over, as in agony, and we ran to him. It was Charles F. Murphy, of Newark, N. J., the man who made the first complete split-bamboo rod, and he was merely able to say "buttermilk," and I diagnosed his case at once, and from my creel drew a vial of Jamaica ginger, or similar remedy, and gave him a generous dose.

He lived, and said that some miles back he had stopped at a farmhouse and had absorbed a quart of buttermilk, but would hereafter abstain from its use. Said he: "Boys, you have saved my life, sure; I couldn't have lived another hour in such pain. I couldn't walk, and I dropped my rods somewhere, in my agony, but I cant' tell where."

We found the package of rods, and took him to our resting place, where, with frequent interruptions from Frank, who was disposed to jolly his old friend on his buttermilk spree, I heard the story of the evolution of the split-bamboo rod from the man who first made it. Some other time I may tell it. Frank's suggestions were like this:

"Murph, never mind about rod-making—we all know about that. Tell Fred about the time you whipped 'Awful' Gardiner when you didn't know that he was a heavy-weight prize-fighter; that'll be more exciting."

"Never mind that," Murphy said; "Orville Gardiner is all right; he's reformed now and is a decent man. Let me tell how the first rod of this kind was made. You see Sam Phillipps, out at Easton, Pa., began to use a natural Calcutta bamboo cane for a fishing rod, as far back as 1848, but——"

"Tell us about the fight, Murph; Fred wants to hear how you, a little, slim, skinny duffer who weighed about 125 pounds, cleaned up 'Awful' Gardiner. That is a story that is of historical and ethnological interest, and——"

"Frank, will you please keep still?" I asked. "You are wrong in saying that I would prefer to hear about the fight. Let Murphy go on about the building of the rod and I will assume that the big prize-fighter was drunk and assaulted the little man, and came to grief; not an unusual case, but the first split-bamboo rod is a thing that is made but once." And so I heard the story.

When the heat and glare of the June day had passed we invited Murphy to fish with us. We found the boat all right, and John dead drunk in it. We pulled the boat ashore, broadside, dumped John out, and proceeded to fish. As we fished I told the story of how Frank Endicott's boatman, on Greenwood Lake, got drunk and tried to bail out the perforated bait can which hung outside the boat so that he could find a minnow; and Murphy declared that John was the man, for he was there with Endicott and Harry Pritchard at the time.

We took turns rowing that afternoon, and had fair fishing, but we all rebelled in unison against having John as a boatman any longer. Then it turned out that John was a relative of Bill's, or he owned the boat, and we must employ him or nobody. No outsider could be hired to row the boats at this hotel. Here was a labor trust which confronted the capitalists. We held a council of war and decided to row our own boat—we were paying for the boat, and would not have John as a gift. The fact was that the boatman had little to do; we drifted and cast, or anchored and cast, and when we had to row, the distance was short. This stroke made us independent, and we had beaten Bill at every extortionate point, so far, and we rejoiced thereat. That night, on the piazza, we three cussed and discussed Bill and his wife's brother, John, the cook, chambermaid, and all the appurtenances of the "hotel" to our complete satisfaction. Bill was simply a brute who looked upon a guest as a hyena looks upon a bone; we all agreed to that, and more, we felt relief in having a common opinion.

So far it was well, but it has been said that he who laughs last laughs best, and it was at our final settlement where Bill's laugh came in. His bill was:

5 days' board for two at $2.50 each	$25.00
5 days' services of boatman	10.00
5 days' use of boat	2.50
200 helgramites at 2 cents	4.00
50 minnows at 3 cents	1.50
40 frogs at 5 cents	2.00
Total	$45.00

Frank read the items and then said: "How about all this bait? We couldn't have used that amount, not by a long shot. That's out of the question."

"But you took them," said Bill; "John counted 'em all in before you started—didn't you, John?"

John nodded assent and Frank asked what I thought of the matter. My idea was to pay for the amount of bait that we had used, as we had not ordered the extravagant amount put up. We then had John count out what was left and found that we had used fifteen helgramites, ten minnows and four frogs. These we paid for, and Frank said:

"It is lucky that Bill did not see the contents of your fly-book or he would have charged us for them; let us laugh now."

Franklin Satterthwaite was a genial sportsman, well posted on matters relating to the gun and the kennel. He died at his home in Newark, in 1888, at the age of forty-six.

HENRY L. ZIEGENFUSS.

THE rector of Christ Church, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., was a jolly companion on a trout stream when I first knew him, and in his later days, when he was the archdeacon of Dutchess, he retained the same good qualities which have rightfully been attributed to the gentle angler since the days when Izaak Walton wrote that angling classic which will retain a place in English literature as long as that literature shall last.

One May day a score of years ago I was lazily fishing down a stream in Sullivan county, N. Y., tributary to the Neversink River, which empties into the Delaware, when I stopped to repair the damage that an unruly trout had made in my landing net, which had now shown that it was too tender to retain so strong a fish; and as I was engaged in cutting out the bottom of the net preparatory to knitting in a new one with some old fish line, a dark-haired stranger, with a pleasant face and equally pleasant voice, asked: "What has torn your net in that manner? Did it catch upon a tree?"

I explained that a trout had broken two or three meshes and escaped, but in order to knit in the bottom of the net in proper shape it required much cutting. He sat down and watched the knitting in of a new bottom with much interest, and admired the completed job so much that, when he found that I was making headquarters at Woodburn, he went there for the night, and cut and tore all sorts of holes in an old seine in order to learn how to cut them out so that they could be knit in without losing or gaining a mesh. This work delighted

him, and in after years I saw him show some herring fishermen how to knit up a hole in a net instead of gathering it in a bunch and tying it. This he regarded as a great accomplishment, and in later years often said to me: "We can cast a fly and take a trout with the rest of them, but when it comes to mending a landing net we can beat them."

I have said that on a day in May I was lazily fishing down a stream. Most anglers get into a lazy, discouraged way about noon, when the trout don't want to bite and they do, but I was keeping up the pretense of fishing until a certain cool spring was reached, where there was promised rest and refreshment. The angler who joined me was a stranger on that stream and accompanied me a half-mile further to the spring, where we sat in the shade and ate our luncheon. Afterward we compared the contents of our creels and the pages of our fly-books, rods, lines and reels. One of the pleasures of fly-fishing is to meet a brother of the angle, and after a mutual inspection of flies and tackle to sit down in the shade and discuss the merits of several flies for that particular day and water. We had exchanged cards and found that we had many friends and acquaintances in common.

Mr. Ziegenfuss had eight handsome brook trout to show and I had nine, but as we matched them we decided that our catches would not vary an ounce and that the fish in my creel would run about three to the pound and his a trifle more. The fish were in good flesh, but slender, as those in rapid brooks usually are, bright in color, and formed a pretty picture on the grass.

"I see that you are fishing with only one fly, and that it is an oak fly. Did you take all your fish with that?" asked Mr. Ziegenfuss.

"Yes; the morning opened bright and I chose a dull

fly; the brown wings are only lightly relieved by a dull yellow body, and happening to hit it right, I stuck to it. One fly is plenty, if it is the right one. Sometimes, after changing flies several times, I have put on three flies, when lake fishing, but in fishing a stream, with its eddies taking one fly over a sunken log and another under it, one fly is easier to handle—and, to tell you the truth, I never did care as much for stream fishing as for casting from a boat upon a lake."

My companion looked up and said: "With me it is the reverse. I love the babbling of the brook, which seems to sing the song to which Tennyson has given words, and then the ever changing lights and shadows, the big trout which your fancy installs under the roots of the great tree upon whose domain the brook has encroached, and the keen expectancy with which you present a most killing fly, only to lose it in a mass of roots, and so get a lesson in perseverance as you try it again. Have you anything in lake fishing to compare with this for the poetry of angling?"

Surely my new friend had a keen appreciation of all the finer enjoyments of angling, and to him the capture of a fish was only an incident in a day's sport and not the main object of it. He had challenged me to a comparison of the style of fishing which I preferred to stream fishing, which he took the most delight in. I began by saying: "Questions of taste are not debatable; *de gustibus*, etc. The two modes of fly-fishing are so different that it is difficult to compare them. If I did not enjoy brook fishing you would not have found me here on this pleasant May morning; that is a self-evident fact. I am somewhere from fifteen to twenty years your senior, and am not quite so ambitious for the athletic exercise of wading a stream or tramping its banks as I once was,

and a seat in a boat on a mountain lake, where the scenery is all of nature's handiwork, unmarred by the axe of man, is as pleasing to me as the brook. I see that you have waded the brook in low shoes, woolen stockings and trousers tied down."

"Yes," said he. "Do you prefer rubber wading boots? I notice that your shoes are wet, but that you are not shod for wading. Is that your usual rig for a brook?"

"It is my only rig," I answered; "for I seldom fish brooks now. The fact is that I abominate all kinds of wading boots and trousers, or rubber clothing in any form. If I should require a Turkish bath that would be a thing to go for; but I had a pair of wading trousers with boots attached, which came up under my armpits, and I wore them one day and stewed in them while wading the West Canada Creek in the Adirondacks. I was steamed and almost parboiled, until fortunately I slipped upon a mossy stone, landed on my back in the water, which filled the waders and had a soothing, cooling effect on my exhausted system. I went ashore and emptied the water out of the things, and sat enjoying the air as it blew on my superheated legs and body. Then I tore a leaf out of my note-book and wrote: 'These things cost me $18, lawful currency of the United States. They are yours if you want them. If I have an enemy, I only hope that he may find them and wear them for half a day, and suffer as I have done.' Then I hung them by the roadside and left them."

"That was your experience with waders," said Mr. Ziegenfuss; "but how about getting into the stream in a rig like mine, with low shoes, either with or without hobnails? I agree that all rubber clothing produces too much perspiration to be comfortable; but what about wading in low shoes when stream fishing?"

"It is the ideal rig for wading," I replied; "especially if you cut slits in the shoes near the soles to let the water out. But then, my dear young man—pardon the reference to your youth—to a man of my years and life of exposure, a day with his feet and legs in water that will sustain trout, while the sun is broiling his brain, is a source of present discomfort and future rheumatism, or sciatica, that takes the edge off fishing. I hope that I have stated my case so that my personal preference for boat fishing on lakes will not appear to detract from your favorite methods, for these questions of sport are not to be answered by hard-and-fast rules; each individual must decide for himself the form which suits his taste, age and other physical peculiarities. In my stream fishing now I do not wade much, but fish from the banks when it is possible. Of course I get my feet and legs wet, but they are not chilled for hours—that's what I don't fancy."

"What are your plans?" Mr. Ziegenfuss asked.

"It was my intention to fish down to this spring, something like three miles from the village as the crow flies, but about twice that distance by meandering the stream, rest here as we have done until the sun gets half way between meridian and the hilltops and then work back, fishing as long as it is light enough, and then take a straight cut for the hotel. What are your intentions?"

"I have none," he said. "I stopped at a farmhouse last night and thought that I would fish down to the Neversink to-day and then fish that stream to-morrow and get home Friday night, but if you have no objection I will go back with you and we will talk things over at the hotel. I came alone because I had a chance to get off, but none of my fishing companions could leave. I had heard much of this stream, and here I am."

"My case exactly, and if you will go back with me to-night I will be delighted, for you know how lonesome it is at a country hotel where an angler is entirely out of sympathy with his fellow-man, as he finds him in the hotel barroom. I'm a gregarious fellow in a general way, but I particularly enjoy company in whose talk I can find some interest, and can assure you that your company to-night will be a pleasure the more valued because unexpected."

We rested awhile longer before starting, and we cast our flies over likely water for a mile without a rise, Mr. Ziegenfuss in the stream and I alternately on its banks or in it. "It's no use," said he; "the trout refuse our flies. We must change. What do you propose?"

"Lighter colored flies—coachman, professor, Reuben-Wood, or queen-of-the-water. You have two flies on and I only one; they were good in the morning and in the noon glare, but the sun is somewhat overcast, and our dark flies do not attract. I think any of the flies named will be good, saving the Reuben-Wood, for nearer sundown, when its white chenille body will show up to advantage."

"All right," said my friend; "you take your choice, but I have a royal-coachman and a red-ibis which I will try first, and a white-miller when the sun gets below the hills."

He soon got a strike and I stopped to see the fight. It was impossible to tell whether the fish was on the royal-coachman—which was the tail fly—or on the hand fly, but soon he had a trout on each, and the conflict deepened. The fish had already passed below him, and he was putting on all the strain he dared, in order to keep them from reaching the roots of a tree which had been washed out and lay across the stream. Ten feet

more and they would reach it. I offered no advice, for a master hand held the rod; but my heart beat hard when the tip of his rod touched the water and his click reel told that he was yielding line. Then he checked the rush and one fish broke loose. As he reeled the other trout in we saw that the hand fly was gone, and that the tail fly had held a tired-out trout that would weigh nearly 1 pound—the largest fish we had taken that day. As we went on I took two trout on the professor, and a good one on the Reuben-Wood just at sundown, and my partner took two more.

After supper we found a piazza, and taking our chairs on it felt a grateful relief from a country barroom, which is usually the only sitting-place for a male guest. Few anglers have escaped an evening of horror in such a place, listening to the village sport who knew how 'That ar bay mare o' Jenkins's would win the race 'cause I see her trot in private when Doc Miller held the watch on her, an' she done her mild'n less 'n 3:30; but look out for that roan colt o' Si Harkins's nex' week; I tell you he's a wonder," etc.; or the rural tough who exultingly relates his exploits in helping to "clean up" a circus.

When I spoke to my friend of these objectionable features of many country inns, he related the following incident:

"Some years ago, while fishing a stream in New York near the Pennsylvania line, I put up at the only hotel in a village of about 1,000 inhabitants, which lay some three miles from a larger one, where there had been a circus and a fight the night before. The evening was too cool to sit out, and there was a warm fire in the barroom. I couldn't go to bed before 10, and had to listen to a gang of village ruffians tell of their exploits, as they started in perfectly sober and became hilariously drunk

before I retired. By the way, do you happen to know the significance of the call of 'Hey, Rube'?"

"Yes; it is like the white plume of Henry of Navarre—a rallying point for the canvasmen of a circus to denote either an incipient fight or the thick of it. The bucolic ruffians band together to attack these canvasmen without any other reason than the love of fighting, which is inherent in the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic races. The men who put up and guard the canvas of a traveling circus know all about the rural toughs, and when they hear the slogan 'Hey, Rube!' they rally on the cry."

"That explains what the leading ruffian said. In his tale of the battle he laid out the plan of assault something like this: 'Before we made the attack on the main entrance and the ticket wagons, we had men with clubs posted so that when they called "Hey, Rube!" our men would be between them and the front entrance; but they had men in the rear, and Jo Beal got shot in the leg and a fellow from Lima got a bullet in his arm, and they got the best of us for a while, but lots o' people seen me clean up a circus man when he come up into town.' That," said Mr. Ziegenfuss, "was the sort of talk that I was compelled to listen to, because there was no escape. After that evening I never wondered at Barnum's reply when he was asked why his boss canvasman selected a tough lot to assist him. You remember what he said?"

"No; but I can guess."

"Barnum, who by the way was not only a good citizen but also a Christian gentleman, listened and answered: 'If my canvasmen were all good Christians and turned the other cheek to the smiter, I would never use the same canvas twice. In the large cities my men have little trouble; the gangs of ruffians do not concentrate their efforts on a circus, as those of country towns do, and we

get along well." From what I heard that night I think rowdyism in the cities is under vastly better control than in country places."

"Your position on this point," I answered, "is correct; and when we fish a stream in company and I hear you call 'Hey, Rube,' it will be a sign that you need assistance. But what will we do to-morrow?"

It was decided that we would fish down over the same course in the morning, take our nooning at the same spring, and then fish down the Neversink to the railroad and take cars for our homes. We agreed to make an early start, breakfast at 5:30 and leave at 6, an hour that some people would not call early, but was early enough for us. Ten o'clock struck, and I suggested that if we were to be called at 5 we should retire, but the rector asked me a question which required at least an hour to discuss in a rudimentary way, without attempting to exhaust it. I was always willing to sit up in good company, and without quoting to my companion my favorite statement that "there are two things I hate to do; one is to go to bed and the other to get up," I made him answer in this fashion:

"Angling is a science, at least anglers admit that, because it is 'knowledge set in order;' but it is not an exact science, like mathematics and hair-cutting, because its professors differ, as doctors do, and on no question do fly-fishers differ more than on the one on which you ask me to give judgment. If you will make the question a personal one and ask if I prefer to fish up stream or down, there would be no hesitation about the answer nor the reasons for this individual preference, but this is a moot question, both in England and America, and pages have been written on each side of it. I am somewhat familiar with the literature of the subject, and am

sure that trout can be taken by both methods in streams swift or slow; otherwise there would have been no argument."

"That's all very true, and I will amend the question by asking: 'Do you prefer to fish a stream up or down?' A lawyer would demand a categorical answer to this, but I merely ask for your individual preference. That, I think, places the question just as you want it. Isn't that right?"

"Yes; that's the only way any angler could answer it," I replied, "and speaking only for myself I will say that I love to fish down stream, and if that is not possible, I like to fish up stream, with strong emphasis on 'love' and 'like;' in fact, the strongest kind of emphasis, and all the shades of meaning that can be placed between them."

"Then you do not dislike fishing up stream?" asked the rector—he was not an archdeacon then.

"Oh, no; I don't dislike any form of fishing that is done for sport, and can enjoy bobbing for eels, if that is the best kind of fishing to be had, but the evening is too old to go into such questions. They are like questions of politics and religion—men may argue them for years without profit. You know the opinion of the man who is 'convinced against his will,' and in this case it is largely a question of preference and not of belief."

In the morning we fished down the stream. The day was neither dull nor bright and the wind was south. My friend was to take the lead and I to keep half a mile behind, in order that the pools might recover from the disturbance and the trout regain their confidence in drifting insects. When I reached the pool where the rector lost a fly the day before I took a trout, and yelled, "Hey Rube!" There was a long bend in the brook here and my partner came across it in a few minutes.

"I presume you are in trouble," he said.

"The trouble is that you put your mark on a trout and then leave it for me to catch," and I opened my creel and showed him a beauty with the red-ibis which he lost the day before firmly fastened in the lower jaw of the fish. "I would not have called you off the stream if you had not been within a few yards of the spring where we rest and refresh; but allow me to restore your lost fly and present the fish which purloined it. The loss of this fly is one reason why I prefer to fish with only one. I dislike doubles."

After our nooning my companion said: "During our talk last night you did not give a reason for your preference for down stream fishing; I think I prefer it myself, because it is easier, but I can't say that it is more successful."

"Easier it is, for certain; and that's reason enough for me; but going down stream one has perfect control of his line, and as the current takes his flies where his rod guides them there is no casting to be done, with its exasperating hanging up of flies on the bushes behind. To me the coming back of flies whose movements the current controls in up stream fishing overbalances the effect of disturbing the water above the trout. It is only slow streams than can be fished up; it is impossible to fish up our swift brooks."

"And then," said my friend, "one is more apt to slip on a mossy stone and feel the water pour down his coat collar when he is wading down stream, and this keeps him much cooler than when wading up the brook. That's my main objection to wading down stream."

When we parted at the railway station, it was with a promise to fish one of his favorite streams, a tributary of the Walkill, a month later; and we had excellent sport for three days, fishing it from New Paltz down to Gardi-

ner and back. The Walkill rises in Ulster county, N. Y., and flows off northeast to join the Hudson at Rondout. I had agreed to meet him at Zach Du Bois's, where all anglers who fished the Walkill in those days found a welcome; and after depositing my luggage and engaging a room I strolled out to look at the stream, and was startled with the cry of "Hey, Rube!" and there was my friend. He never forgot the rallying cry of the circus men; on his mind it was not only indelibly fixed, but was associated with me, while I, as a man of the world, had forgotten that I had told him of it. There are men whom I knew as boys half a century ago that memory only retains their names and some idle remark or story, such as Mr. Ziegenfuss retained in this instance. It was a word outside his vocabulary and used entirely outside his life circle, and he never forgot it.

When we organized the National Rod and Reel Association, which held the famous fly-casting tournaments on Harlem Mere, in Central Park, New York City, as secretary of the association I sent a circular to Mr. Ziegenfuss and he promptly joined, as did Mr. John A. Roosevelt and Judge J. S. Van Cleef, of Poughkeepsie, and others of neighboring towns. Mr. Ziegenfuss never took part in the contests of the association, but was always ready to act as judge or referee if asked, as he was sure to be. He struck up a great liking for Reuben Wood and his brother Ira at these tournaments, and went fishing on Oneida Lake with one or both of them.

Mr. Ziegenfuss died some five or six years ago. His last letter to me, dated Thursday, May 22, 1890, said, after the formal address: "Hey, Rube! Let me know if you can meet me at Zach Du Bois's next Tuesday night. The dam there, which was always low, is now broken. Below the dam, and north of it, is a good quarter of a

mile of pools where we can cast the fly. The trout are small and rock bass are abundant, but if you will meet me there we will fight out our differences about fishing up stream or down, and will discuss the colors of flies to be used on dark or light days, and a whole lot of other things which I have in my note-book to fire at you."

Something interfered with this meeting and I never saw him again.

CHARLES F. MURPHY.

MR. MURPHY was the maker of the first split-bamboo rod. Like the late William Mitchell he was one of the old-time rod makers who did all the work by hand. They sawed the ash, hickory or lancewood into strips, hung it by one end to prevent warping while seasoning, and then with plane, rasp and sandpaper would turn out the best rods that could be had in those years, which lie almost half a century behind us. These men had great reputations for excellent rods, and their customers extolled them as masters of cunning work. These were the days when a split-bamboo rod could not be bought for a dollar and then prove to be far inferior to an alder pole cut on the bank.

I remember first meeting Murphy in 1865, in Conroy's, on Fulton street, then a place where anglers most did congregate, and then for the first time hearing that there was a better material for rods than ash and lancewood. I listened with wonder to the talk of angles, tapers, gluing and other details, until I thought that the building up of a split-bamboo rod required more careful attention than the grinding of a lens for a great telescope, and I looked with admiration on a man who could make one with a good, even action. A wooden rod is worked down from the outside, tested, sandpapered here and there to get the proper curve under a strain, and that ends it. But the split-bamboo, which our trans-Atlantic friends call a "built cane rod," must be so worked from the inside of each of its strips that it will be perfect after

they are joined, for there can be no taking down of the outside enamel, where the strength and resiliency lie. In factories the tips and second joints can be culled over until a perfect rod is found, but as to a single hand-made rod I can't understand how one can be made perfect unless with elaborate tests of each strip in each joint, which seems nearly impossible.

One September day, while I was snipe shooting on the Hackensack meadows with George Gelson, who was an old man then, we came across Murphy with a good bag—for birds were plenty in those days; but he was in distress, having stepped into a hole, and in falling he caught the spring of his shot pouch and lost all his shot. From my knowledge of him afterward he seemed to be unfortunate in usually meeting with an accident of some kind, but we helped him a little from our pouches and he turned toward home, getting an occasional shot as long as we could see him. Before he left us he asked me to fish for striped bass with him next day at Bergen Point, above Staten Island—a thing I had long wanted to do. "Never mind bringing bait or tackle; I'll have plenty."

"You'll have a good time with Murphy," said Gelson. "He is one of the few men that I would divide shot with when out for a day; but Murphy would do the same for a friend. You'll find him good company and well informed not only about field sports, but other sports. He knows all the prominent volunteer firemen in New York, and used to run with the machine himself until the new system came in. He's a good fisherman and a fair shot, a little given to brag of his exploits and to think that no man can equal them. If this kind of talk does not weary you, a day with him will be well spent."

This was a fair sketch of Murphy, as I afterward learned, and one always likes to know something of the

man who is going to be his companion for a day or more. This talk was held at our nooning, which was a long one, for our dogs were very tired from working in the long, coarse grass, and we were in the same condition; but shooting later in the day was not as good as in the morning, and we had a little shot left when we reached the ferry, so that our playing the Good Samaritan had not put us to any inconvenience.

In the morning we met to fish the mouth of Newark Bay and the Kills, where they enter New York Bay. It was a new kind of fishing to me, and I looked over the baits and tackle with much interest. He had the salt-water sand worms and white worms, clams and shedder crabs, short rods, reels, and sinkers to suit the strength of the tide at different times. The tide was right—he had looked out for that—and was at half ebb. We anchored the boat at both ends across the channel, and fished. The tide was strong, and we used sinkers of 3oz. at first, with about 2ft. of line and a 2-0 sproat hook below it. We started in with white worms, and I took a sea bass of about a pound weight, but as I was unaccustomed to reeling up a heavy sinker the fish seemed to be a monster until brought to boat. Murphy took several white perch, and some came to my hook, and so we fished for over an hour, when he said: "The striped bass don't seem to be running on this tide; let's try shedders and see if weakfish will take hold." And we did, with great success.

Within a month an angler living in Wisconsin wrote me, asking where he could get shedder crab, as he had heard they were a good bait, and I will leave Murphy in the boat for a while to say: The crab of salt water is very unlike the crawfish of fresh water, although where Germans have settled the latter are called "crabs"—German,

krebs. Both are edible, and, like all crustaceans, must shed their shells in order to grow. Then they are soft, but harden in a few days, and in this state the salt-water crabs bring a high price as a table delicacy, being fried and eaten paper shells and all, except the "sand bag," or stomach, and the gills. But a few days before the shell is cast the animal shrinks, and there is a space between it and the shell which can be detected by tapping it. This is a "shedder," and the outer shell can be peeled off, leaving a very tempting bait for most fishes. No doubt the crawfish would be as tempting to fresh-water fishes if it could be found in that state. After this bit of crabology we will rejoin Murphy in the boat off Bergen Point.

Said he: "We usually get striped bass here on the last of the ebb tide, but they don't seem to come our way this morning. The weakfish are biting well, but I don't care for them."

"They're gamy fighters," I remarked, as I boated a yellow fin of about 6lbs. "I don't know anything about big striped bass, although in boyhood fishing we used to get them about Albany up to 1lb.; but this weakfish fights well and I'm enjoying taking them."

"Yes," said he; "that is their redeeming quality. They are a fair fish for the table when just out of the water, but after being caught six hours are only fit to feed to the hogs. Tons of them are sold in the markets to people who don't know one fish from another, and they are good enough for them. The tide is slackening and we will change to lighter sinkers, sand worms and clams, and take what comes until after low-water slack and the tide sets up the Bay, when we may strike better luck."

As I was only a student, I accepted the suggestion of my teacher without question, and for an hour we took

perch, porgies and flounders as fast as we could attend to their surgical needs in the way of extracting hooks from lips, cheeks, jawbones and stomachs. Then came the time when the fishermen felt the need of the bait that Murphy had in the basket, and it was both good and generous.

"While we eat," said my companion, "let's take in our lines and not leave them out for any fool fish to hook himself while we're not fishing."

That remark has been embalmed in my memory like a fly in amber. It comes up whenever I read of "fish hogs" and of those who would not like to be placed in that class, but who never cease killing as long as there is anything to kill. Please remember that this was thirty years ago, or more, and there was little or no sentiment toward the preservation of game or the restriction of the number of fish a man might kill, especially in salt water, where the supply was supposed to be inexhaustible. Yet, Charley Murphy was one of that class which composed the old Volunteer Fire Department that in those days "would rather fight than eat." He was a small, wiry man, and I have already related his pugilistic exploit in "cleaning up" a fistic terror.

As low-water slack passed and the faint flood appeared we changed our positions to the upper side, and before the half-flood had passed we had six striped bass which aggregated 35lbs., the largest weighing 9lbs., besides all the other fish which Murphy took along to give away, and I voted the striped bass to be the gamiest salt-water fish which had ever tackled my tackle. Murphy wanted to divide the fish, and I had hard work to make him understand that I could not use them in New York City.

At this time I think Murphy must have been about forty-five years old, while I was about a dozen years

younger. He was small and thin; one of those tough, wiry men who can often stand more physical strain than a muscular one: and that day as we sat in the boat he chatted in a reminiscent way about old times in New York and the old fire laddies.

"Ever hear of Bill Poole?" he asked.

"Yes; Lew Baker killed him ten years ago on Broadway, corner of Prince street. I was in the West then, but I read all about the affair and how George Law loaned his clipper Grapeshot and captured Baker off the coast of Africa."

"You're right," said he. "It was in 1855, and few things have ever stirred the city like that. It was in the good old 'Native American' days, and Poole was killed because he belonged to that party and John Morrisey couldn't whip him. I was in the room when he was shot in the Stanwix Hall, opposite Niblo's Garden, and when I saw Morrisey, Jim Turner, McLaughlin and Baker come in and find Poole alone I knew there would be trouble; but I didn't get out quick enough. I escaped being called at the trial, but it made no difference, for Baker was acquitted and appointed to a good office in the Street Department, while Morrisey went to Congress. But it would have done any American good to see the funeral that Bill Poole had. The City Hall flag was half-masted, and 10,000 men marched to his funeral. That was the last of the Order of United Americans; the foreign element became too strong and has been so ever since. The new paid Fire Department may turn out all right, but they will never have the pride and spirit in their work that the volunteers did."

There was much more of this, but the above will serve to show Murphy's trend of thought and give a mental as well as a physical picture of the man. I met him in

New York about as often as I visited the city, but fished no more with him until the day when Frank Satterthwaite and I found him at Greenwood Lake, curled up in agony in the road from an overindulgence in buttermilk, as has been related. Notwithstanding all Frank's attempts to switch off Murph, as he called him, I got the story of the building of the first complete split-bamboo rod, and took notes of it. The man who made the first one should be credited with it, especially as he did not patent this great improvement. Young anglers of to-day may never have thought how recent this invention is, nor what an improvement on rod making Dame Juliana Berners would have thought it. But let Murphy tell the story.

"Ever since I can remember, the Southern cane poles have been shipped up here for fishing purposes, and they are light, cheap and far ahead of anything that can be cut in Northern woods when a man starts without a rod. They seldom exceed a foot between the leaf joints and are of no use to a rod maker, but often one can get quite a good one with an even curve and fair action, but unless kept in a cellar, or other damp place, it is no good the next season, becoming brittle and losing its elasticity.

"In 1848 Sam Phillippi, a gunsmith at Easton, Pa., got hold of some Calcutta bamboo, used and sold some for fishing rods in the natural state. This cane was long, slim and tapered, with greater distance between the leaf joints, which, you know, show elevated rings on the outside and have a diaphragm across the hollow. Haven't you cut into them and seen this?"

"Yes; and made fifes from the joints in boyhood days, leaving one end with its natural stop."

"Well, Sam Phillippi wanted a jointed rod, so he fitted ferrules and made his tip and second joint of the Cal-

cutta bamboo and the butt of some other wood, but he never split the cane as we do now. I saw one of his rods which had an ash butt, and I tested the spring of the rod and liked it. I showed the rod to Mr. E. A. Green, of Newark, and he got some Calcutta bamboo and made a rod of three pieces for his own use, of carefully selected material, and it was an extra good rod for its day. Then we talked the matter over. Says I, 'There is a lot of waste material in that rod, and the joints in the cane are no good;' and so it came about that I split the cane, only into four parts at first, shaved down the pulpy inside and glued the pieces together, and had a rod that was springy enough to cast a fly and had the backbone to fight a salmon."

"When was this?"

"It was in 1863. I soon found that four strips left too much pulp on the inside—for the strength is all in the enamel—and I made rods of six and eight strips. The latter are too small to work accurately, but the six-strip was received with favor by such anglers as Frank Endicott, Genio C. Scott, Robert B. Roosevelt, and others. Two years later I made a salmon rod and Mr. Andrew Clerk took it to Scotland, where it attracted much attention. Mr. Clerk gave this rod to Genio C. Scott, who took it up to the St. Lawrence River and killed some big pike and mascalonge with it, and wrote it up in the sportsmen's papers of the day, which gave the new make of rod great popularity. Then, in 1866, I made a split-bamboo bait-rod for black bass, and arranged with the firm of Andrew Clerk & Co. to sell my rods, which they did for some years, and then they began to make them on a larger scale."

That is the history of this now famous rod as I heard it from the man who first devised it. I am not aware

that it has ever been published before, although I have seen references to the work of Messrs. Green and Murphy. In the early days the rods were known as "rent and glued bamboo."

"Murphy," said I, "what price did these rods bring in that early day?"

"Well, the trout rods sold for $40, and for an 18ft. salmon rod I got as high as $125; but it was all hand work, careful measurements and tests from start to finish, with much labor and material that was rejected. And please remember that every rod was made to order. There was no making up a lot, and fitting tips to second joints. If there was a fault in a joint a new one had to be made. Though prices were high, we earned every dollar we got; but there were a few men in those days who wanted the best that could be had, and would pay for it. If that had not been the case, the split-bamboo rod would never have been invented."

Greenwood Lake contains both species of black bass, and at the time we were there, some sixteen or more years ago, and perhaps now, the big mouth was known by the absurd name of "Oswego" bass, and only the small mouth was called black bass; and it seems to me that the time has come to take the obnoxious name of Oswego bass from the statute books of the State of New York. If any other State uses this name in its laws, I am not aware of it. For years I have contended against the fashion of deprecating the game qualities of the big mouth, and as Murphy and Satterthwaite sat fishing with me the question came up concerning the respective fighting qualities of the two black basses.

Satterthwaite said: "Bill, our landlord, and the boatmen on this lake say that the small mouth is the gamiest of the two, and, by the way, you must have noticed how

they have corrupted Oswego into 'swago,' and talk about 'black bass and swagos,' and they say that the 'swagos' don't fight like the black bass. I don't fish a great deal, and have taken their words for it, and you are the first man that I have heard deny that the big mouth was an inferior fish."

"Frank," said I, "years ago when American anglers began to think for themselves, and to study their own fishes and break away from English angling books, which treated only of English fishes, they found they had some fighting fish which were unknown across the water, but were plagued with a confusion of names. De Kay, in 1842, made many species and several genera of the black basses, but later Gill reduced them all to two, and then came some anglers' distinctions. Seth Green, then a newspaper authority on fishes, gave to our laws such names as Oswego bass, California trout, mountain trout and German trout, according to the locality in which he caught the fish or from which it happened to come, and it has taken years to undo this work. My old friend, Alexander Mosely, editor of the Richmond *Whig*, gave to the big mouth the epithet of 'vulgarian,' and it was thought necessary to denounce one good game fish in order to boost another into place."

"Well, now," said Murphy, "I never gave this matter much thought, but I've had good sport with the big mouth bass, and I'll tell you one thing: if they are not quite as full of fight—mind me, I don't say they ain't—I've found them more reliable as risers to the fly. The big mouth will usually take a fly of some kind if presented properly, and if the wind, sun and water are not in conspiracy against the fisherman, but the small mouth will often refuse the fly when his brother will rise to it."

This talk was at 4 P. M., and we were casting with

different flies in order to see what the bass might prefer in the way of tinsel, wool, fur, chenille and feather, when Murphy got a rise, and as he struck there was a lively fight on. Satterthwaite got excited, and not being an expert angler gave Murphy a running lot of advice, to which no attention was paid by the man who was fighting the fish. Murphy kept the bass out of some weeds, but could not prevent its running under the boat. Fortunately, there was no anchor line to foul, and he shifted his rod to the other side, reeled in and gave line as he thought best, without regard to Frank's suggestions, and finally reeled the fish up to the side of the boat, which was well down, because three men were on one side of the keelson; and just as I put the landing-net into the water to lift the game it gave a final leap and landed itself in the boat. It was a big mouth black bass of less than 3lbs.

"I thought it was a 10-pounder," said Murphy. "I took a 7lb. bass in this lake once that did not put up half the fight this one did."

"That carries out my theory," said I, "that the fighting weight of a black bass, no matter what the size of its mouth may be, is about 2lbs. Murphy, you know, as an all-round 'sport,' that no human pugilist would think of entering the ring if he weighed over 190lbs., and, therefore, dead weight is not an indication of staying power. It's only an indication of good living and an accumulation of fat."

"There seems to be some sense in that, Frank," said Murphy; "but I never thought of comparing the physical condition of men with that of fish, as Fred has done, but the point is a good one. Yankee Sullivan said thirty years ago that a man of 160lbs. was fit to fight anything on two legs, and perhaps a black bass of 2lbs. is in his

best fighting condition. That's a new proposition. What do you think, Frank?"

"I think that you have got it about right. Sometimes a small bass will make you think he's a big one before he comes to the boat, and that 5-pounder of mine didn't fight very hard; in fact, I didn't think it was a big one until I saw it."

And so we passed the time in pleasant discourse on the merits of the basses until time to reel up and row to Bill's hotel. When we parted with Bill we did not weep; but Murphy said on the train: "Every time I stop with Bill I declare that it will never occur again, but somehow I forget his meanness or I forgive it; I don't know which."

Charles F. Murphy was one of a class of the old-time all-round sportsmen interested in almost everything that is included in that comprehensive and elastic term of sport. With no outward polish, brought up among the fire laddies, where the only qualities recognized in a man were honesty, pluck and muscle, he was an entertaining companion. He died at his home in Newark, N. J., in 1883, at the age of sixty-five.

HARRY PRICHARD.

TWO Prichard brothers, Tom and Harry, came from England and started to make and repair fishing tackle in Fulton street, New York, so long ago that the nearest date I can fix for it is the one so dear to our childhood, "Once upon a time." They are not recorded in the Chinese "Book of the Lily," which was written at the beginning of all things, and so must have come to New York after that period; but it was very long ago. The little shop upstairs was kept busy by anglers who knew of their skill, and also by some of the largest fishing tackle houses, which found it more convenient than to send small jobs by express to their factories; and so the brothers found plenty of work to their hands while they lived.

The little shop was a place where one might drop in at any time and feel sure of meeting some of the old-time anglers of the city, and the talk would run on the nearby trout streams, rods, ferrules, flies, the prospect of a run of weakfish, the tides, the last big catch of sheepshead at the wreck of the Black Warrior, and such other things as are discussed where anglers most do congregate. There is no such place in New York City now, and never will be until an anglers' club is formed. I meet anglers occasionally in the different fishing tackle emporiums, but they are there on business and not for social talk, as was the case at Prichard's. We needed such a place then and we need a club now.

Of Tom Prichard I knew little. He was the eldest,

wore gray mutton chop whiskers, and attended to business; therefore, as Dame Juliana Berners says, "I write the less of him." When I first knew Harry, some thirty years ago, he must have been a boy about fifty years old, as convivial as opportunity offered and always ready to tell a story, the impediment in his speech increasing as he neared the climax, when his jaws would work but refuse to deliver a sound until he pressed his fists into his hips and yelled the finale, and this added point to his yarns. As he put it: "I can s-s-s-sing and I can w-w-whistle, but I'm a s-s-sinner if I can t-t-talk." Frank Endicott once made Harry this proposition: "If you can't talk, don't try; you're too old to learn new tricks. When you've got a fishing yarn to spin, just sing the introduction and descriptive part, and when you get to the last of it—where we are all willing to strain our credulity to believe you—just 'whistle o'er the lave o' it,' as the Scotch song goes. This will be a great relief to you, and will leave much veracity to your credit with all of us."

Harry was the man who was fishing for black bass on Greenwood Lake when a drunken "guide" tried to bail out the perforated bait car which hung overboard, as has been related, but he had amplified the story with detail and climax until we enjoyed it as something of which we had never heard. But this is a digression.

"N-now Hi'll tell you a t-t-true s-s-story, an' Hi don't c-care hif you b-b-believe hit or not. You halways puts m-me down for l-l-lyin', hanyway, an' Hi d-d-do' know has hit's hany use to t-t-tell you hanythink m-m-more—you wouldn't b-b-believe me, hanyway."

"Go on, Harry," said Endicott; "we always believe you when we are sure you are telling a truthful yarn, and we, as brothers of the angle, realize the fact that there is an

angler's license as well as a poet's. Please unfold this truthful yarn; it will place a great balance to your credit."

"Harry," said I, "the trouble with you is your excessive modesty. You evidently never expected me to believe that you killed a 40ft. shark on a 16oz. rod while fishing for small fish in the waters of India, but your glowing account of your four hours' fight with the monster after it had dragged you from the boat, and how you reeled in and gave line while treading water, bore the stamp of authenticity. Then, too, your reeling the great fish in and getting on its back, drowning it by pulling off your boots and jamming them into two of the gill openings, suffocating the fish with hands and feet in the other gill slits while you awaited death when the shark sank, is in memory as distinct as when you told it. I do not doubt the slightest detail, and have often rejoiced at your opportune rescue by the native fishermen, and your restoration to your regiment in Her Majesty's service. Please don't think that we entertain doubts of the truthfulness of your stories, even if such doubts sometimes cross your own mind."

"T-t-that's good! You think Hi don't halways b-b-believe my hown s-s-stories. P'r'aps Hi don't b-b-believe 'em hev'ry time; hall Hi ask is for *you* to b-b-believe 'em."

"Let me explain," said I. "The funny man of the press has done much to injure the veracity of the angler. He has gone so far as to brand a palpable lie as a 'fish story,' thereby throwing discredit upon our guild. In his ignorance that a whale is not a fish he, in his skepticism, goes back many centuries, but now, Harry, let me go beyond the latter-day reporter, who has exhausted his wit upon the appetite of the goat, the disturbing influ-

ence of the mother-in-law, and the wholly fictitious accounts of the wealth of the plumber and the ice-man, into the question of the truthfulness of the fisherman. Is he less given to exaggeration than his brother who handles the gun? Is he more unworthy of belief than men who engage in other forms of sport or of business? I'll answer my own questions by saying that he is not, and in proof of this will point to the fact that I have even believed some of your stories."

"I move the previous question," said Endicott. "All this talk that Mather has shot off is irrelevant and not at all to the point. If Harry has a story to tell it should take precedence of all. Go on, Harry, and tell your story. I'll agree to believe a third of it and Mr. Scott and Fred will believe the other two-thirds. In that way the whole story will be believed without injuring our capacity for believing any stories that others present may inflict on us. Let her go!"

"Well, this here ain't much of a s-s-story, an' I don't care w-w-whether you b-b-believe it or not, 'cause it's as true as I sit 'ere on this stool, an' that's no lie. Y' see Hi was a-fishin' for p-p-pickerel up hon Greenwood Lake, hall by my lonesome, han' I was a-ketchin' s-s-small ones right fast han' a-keepin' c-c-count by sayin' that m-m-makes nine han' this 'un's t-t-ten, in that kind o' way 'avin' fun——."

"Hold on, Harry," said Endicott. "We want more detail. How big were these small pickerel, and what bait were you using?"

"Hi was b-b-baitin' with live minners, or k-k-killies has they calls 'em hin the salt-water. Hi hain't got h-h-hany of 'em left to prove they was my b-b-bait, but Hi'll ask you to t-t-take my word for 'em. The p-p-pickerel was a-r-r-r-runnin' hextra small that d-d-day, han'

the first s-s-singular thing that struck me was their r-r-regular size, han' I m-m-measured 'em. Hi'm a s-s-sinner hif they wasnt' hall just heleven an' a harf h-h-hinches long to a fraction, and I sez to mys-s-self, sez Hi, this here's hall one s-s-school, hall hout o' one litter, but they're b-b-big henuff to take 'ome,' so Hi fishes on."

"How many did you get on this remarkable day?" asked Mr. Scott.

"Hi'm a-c-c-comin' to that hif you'll gi' me a c-c-chance. Y' see, Hi was hout for three days' f-f-fishin', an' Hi wanted to keep my f-f-fish halive till I left for 'ome; so Hi 'ad a fish car halongside, han' the p-p-pickerel were dropped into that as fast as Hi p-p-pulled 'em in. They was a-bitin' f-f-fast, an' about for Hi had counted f-f-forty-three, han' Hi'd quit. One s-s-sundown Hi thought the car must be p-p-putty full, m-m-more took hold, han' 'has 'e was a-kickin' hon the bottom of the boat Hi takes a look in the c-c-car, han' what do you think Hi s-s-see?"

"Well, Harry," said Endicott, "as I have followed the story, I should say that you must have seen forty-three pickerel in a mass and nothing more, because you have not mentioned taking in snapping turtles and other monsters. What else could you have seen? There's nothing remarkable in your yarn so far, that you should preface it as you did with the remark that we might not believe it. As far as I am concerned, I am willing to believe not only the third, to which I agreed, but the whole story as well. What did you see?"

"N-n-nothing!"

"But," said Mr. Scott, "you put the fish in the car. Where were they?"

"Hin the b-b-boat. There was a slat hoff the

b-b-bottom of that c-c-car, han' Hi'd been a-c-c-catchin' the same p-p-pickerel hall day, han' 'e——"

Harry's vocal organs gave out. We gravely shook hands, remarked upon the state of the weather and left him trying to finish the story.

We heard much of Harry's wonderful fly-casting about this time, and Mr. Endicott assured me that he had seen him cast wonderful distances in private, but had no knowledge of the number of feet cast because the distance was not measured. There had been no casting tournaments in the vicinity of New York City and only a few in the State, some of which I had seen, but the New York State Sportsmen's Association, called, I believe, the "Association for the Protection of Fish and Game," was to hold its annual meeting at Brighton Beach, Coney Island, in June, 1881, and after some days of trapshooting, rifle and pistol shooting there was to be a grand anglers' tournament, to include several classes of salmon, trout and bass casting, and I had been asked by President Abel Crook to superintend it. In those days, and for some years later, it was the rule to allow the shorter rods 5ft. of distance for each foot that their rod was shorter than the longest. In the salmon casting Reuben Wood, Ira Wood and Frank P. Denison all used the same rod, 17ft. 1in., and Harry used a rod 15ft. 3in. Harry actually cast 91ft., but his allowance of 9ft. 10in. made his record 100ft. 10in. Reuben cast 110ft., Ira 101ft. and Denison 94ft. Under the rule Harry won third over Denison. This rule of allowance was abolished by the National Rod and Reel Association a few years later, it being held that a man should use the rod which suited him best and stand by its actual record.

The absurdity of the allowance for short rods was shown in the trout contest, where Hier, 67½ft.; Endi-

cott, 58ft.; Bryan, 45ft., and Elmendorf, 57ft., won the first five prizes in the order named, delicacy and accuracy adding some points, over J. S. Plumb and Major W. Holberton, who both scored 64ft. The judges reported Holberton perfect in style and accuracy, Brown poor, Elmendorf fair, Endicott excellent, and Plumb good; yet Hier, with a 10ft. 10in. rod, won first over Holberton, whose rod measured 11ft. 6in., and was most perfect in delicacay and accuracy. It took us about three years to kill this absurd rule and make a man stand by his chosen rod and what he could do with it. The "amateurs," or those who had never won a prize, having had an innings, the veterans locked horns again with trout rods. In this contest Prichard cast 74ft. with a rod 11ft. 3in., but was beaten by Rube Wood by a foot with a rod 14in. shorter.

Several years of study of fly-casting tournaments lead me to believe that in distance casting there is a proper length of rod for every man and that no fly rod should exceed 10½ft. A tall, long-armed man has no advantage over a short one, a strong man over a weak man, nor can a man cast further if elevated 10ft. above the water than if on its level. Because there are men who do not believe these statements, I am disposed to give my reasons for the faith that is in me, and then, if they choose, they can state their side of the case, and let it go to the jury.

My 10½ft. rod was a short one fifteen years ago. Now the average rod, in America, is shorter, because our tournaments, now unfortunately discontinued, developed the fact that longer rods did no better work; and if Major Holberton should choose a single-handed rod for distance casting to-day, it would no doubt be fully 2ft. shorter than the 11ft. 6in. which he used in 1881. In support of my second assertion, I will state the fact that poor little Thomas L. Prichard, nephew of Harry, about

5ft. 3in., weighing about 100lbs., and dying with consumption, made a good record in our Harlem Mere contest, in October, 1884, against the powerful 6-footer Reuben Leonard, who used to lay out his fly away beyond the rest and scoop the first prize. Some philosopher has recorded the fact that "the longest pole knocks the persimmons," but "young Tom" Prichard was short of body and of arm, and his "pole" did not vary much from that wielded by the stalwart Leonard. I can't give the details, for they are in storage now, but if any fellow believes that casting a fly a long distance requires merely strength because many of the men who have achieved reputation in that line are strong, and challenges my statement, I will dig out the facts of that only contest where that poor dying boy, small and weak, made a record against athletes. He died some six months afterward.

My third proposition may not be so susceptible of proof, but, while a man may throw a stone further from a housetop, he cannot cast a fly from it as far as if he stood in a boat at the level of the water. The conditions are different. The stone has weight; the fly has none. The stone receives its impulse from the hand, while the fly gets it from the spring of a rod which impels a line to continue its wave motion after it has dropped on the water, and to lay out a delicate gut leader of many feet after it is at rest. Draw your right hand over your left shoulder, with your body cast your elbow toward an objective point, and then let your forearm unfold and then your wrist. You then get an idea of how the last third of the line and the leader reaches out after the elastic tip of the rod has done its work.

Like poor Jo, in "Bleak House," "I didn't go for to do it," but my confounded pen has a way of getting the ink in its "nibs" and before I know it I must follow the

blaze back to the trail. If I can hark back correctly, this story was to be about Harry Prichard, but some thoughts on fly-casting tournaments led me astray; or rather, my pen went that way.

The Washington Gun Club, of Brooklyn, were to have a picnic, with games, at Lake Hopatcong, in the northern part of New Jersey, some forty miles from New York City, and I was an invited guest and judged the boat races and the fly-casting in the morning. Harry had prepared to spend the afternoon in fishing, and so we left the party, fished all the afternoon and took a late train home. At the Coney Island tournament Harry showed us a new mode of casting a fly, which was barred from practice by the rules of the State Association, which required the line to be retrieved after each cast, the makers of the rule holding that if a man should cast more line than he could lift from the water and put behind him for another cast it should not be counted. Harry's new mode was well known in England, but new to us. It consisted of reeling off some 60 or 80ft. of line in the water, and then by successive whipping, without apparent advancement, the line would roll out like a wave and the flies would be straightened out in good shape. The advantage of this cast is apparent when there are trees or other obstacles in the rear which would prevent the line from being thrown behind. Harry taught me how to make this cast, but 40ft. was the best I could do at it; enough, however, for ordinary angling.

"Harry," said I, "such a commotion as this cast makes in the water at your feet would scare the trout away."

"That's j-j-just where you're w-w-wrong, me boy. The more s-s-splashin' you make, the m-more hit brings the t-t-trout to see what's hup. When you goes

a s-s-skitterin' for p-pike d-don't you s-splash in your b-bait han' make a fuss a s-s-skitterin' it hon the s-surface"

"Yes, that's all right for pike and pickerel; but I've been taught to keep as still as possible when fishing for trout. I've even read of men who dropped their flies on the water as lightly as a thistle-down falls; but outside of books we never find such casting. I know some of the best fly-casters in the world—men who, in the tournaments and on trout streams, are marvels in casting delicately and accurately—but they can't do the thistle-down act. Ordinarily we lay the line out on the water, the middle striking first and the rest following and going beyond, making a ripple on perfectly still water, but which is hidden if there is a slight ripple."

"C-can't you m-m-make your flies 'light on the water f-f-first?"

"Yes, at 40ft. or less, but that's trick casting and of no use in fishing, for the line must come down on the water just after the flies do, and it makes as much disturbance of the surface as if cast in the regular way. It is done by making a high cast in the air and then checking the line with the rod; it merely serves to astonish those who have never seen it done."

"Now that's j-j-just the c-case with a line s-s-splashin' in the w-water, no m-matter hif you're a-fishin' for p-pike or trout. So long as you d-don't make hany noise in the b-boat or hon the b-bank, hit's all right."

While I am not prepared to indorse Harry's theory, I must say that he took sixteen black bass to my fourteen that afternoon, and we were using the same fly, from different sides of the boat. Once, to prove his theory, he took a 5-cent nickel from his pocket, threw it into the lake some 30ft. away, then put his fly on the same spot

and hooked a bass a moment later. Some months after this affair the late Francis Endicott and I were in our favorite *cafe* comparing the merits of cranberry sauce and currant jelly when served with venison chops. We seldom agreed upon any subject, and we did not upon this important one. We only agreed that it was pleasant to dine together; that Mrs. Vianest could cook a grouse better than a *chef* in New York, make a chicory salad with such a delicacy of garlic that the *chapon* could be eaten without alienating all our friends, and that a rib chop from a fat deer was the choicest bit of venison that roamed the woods, even if the old-time hunters fed it to their dogs or left it in the woods, while they wrapped the "saddle" in the skin and took it home. We had each put an elegant polish on the rib of our fourth chop when I started in on a fish story, and it was that which is related above.

Frank listened as he put the last bit of jelly on the last chop, and after placing the combination where he thought it would best serve mankind, leisurely toyed with his napkin, and said: "Yes, I knew Harry Prichard well. He was a good angler because he was a successful one. As you say, his theories seemed to be queer, but his practice appeared to bear them out. I have fished for trout with him on Long Island and he sloshed his line around in the water just as you describe it, but he caught his share."

"That's all very well," I rejoined; "but when a man tries to overturn all your beliefs and all the traditions of angling, I am disposed to listen to him, but expect him to prove his assertions. I can't take his *ipse dixit* with only the evidence of one half day's fishing with him, as proof positive that the more splashing you make in the water the more trout you attract to your flies. No, sir!

One swallow may make a summer boarder think that he has struck the ideal fishing place, but I can't swallow all of Harry's fishing theories. I was taught to 'fish fine and far off,' and it will take much time and argument to make me adopt another course. One afternoon with Prichard can't disturb the teachings of a lifetime, even if he did happen to take more fish than I."

Mr. Endicott had finished his chop, and, looking sadly over the last bone, said: "Fred, Harry Prichard in life was a good angler, if a noisy one. He had most of the qualities which Izaak Walton ascribed to a good angler—patience, perservance and a love of nature in all her moods. Harry Prichard had all of these traits, and, Fred, my boy, you have them also; but Harry Prichard was honest and truthful, and I very much wish that you resembled him in these, as well as in the others."

AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

WILMURT LAKE nestles on a mountain top and is a perfect bowl, in whose clear waters every passing cloud is reflected and each long-legged heron that stands on its shores seems to be doubled. It is one of the most charming of Adirondack lakes, and one that is but little known; for its waters have not been open to the public for many years. It was owned by Hon. O. B. Matteson, of Utica, N. Y., and was reached by a thirty-mile drive from several stations on the Utica & Black River Railroad. Ten or a dozen years ago I fished it frequently, in company with your correspondent Piseco and others.

After a steep two-mile climb, up which horses could hardly scramble, but could slide down, one could enjoy the crystal gem in its setting of hills while waiting for the boat and regaining breath. There was quite a party of us at the lake some dozen of years ago: Mr. John D. Hewlett, of Cold Spring Harbor; Hon. E. G. Blackford, United States Senator Warner Miller, and others. A bugle note sounded at the landing, and we were speculating who it might be as they disembarked. I took the field glass, and said: "That's Amos Cummings, but I don't know the other man;" and when he stepped ashore he introduced us to Frank Lincoln, a professional entertainer and humorist, who made things very interesting for all—especially for Eliza, the colored housekeeper, and the only woman on the mountain. She looked under the house for cats, dodged ventriloquial bumble bees

and ran outdoors to see who called "Liza!" "I clar' to goodness, I doan on'stan' 'bout dese yere things; I spects I'se gittin' 'witched."

"Fred," said Amos, "Frank Lincoln wants to take a trout. He never saw one until he watched one of the boatmen cleaning some. You know the lake, and I want you to put him where a trout never comes. I will not trust him with my fly-rod, but I'll cut him a sapling, tie a line to the end of it, put on a worm, and then we'll give him advice—one on each side."

"But there are no angleworms in this thin soil of the garden, which probably freezes down to the rock, although the men have planted them here. There are none in the woods."

"Didn't any one bring worms?"

"No," said I, and then added: "Perhaps Senator Miller may have some, but I wouldn't ask him. He came in last night with some fine trout, and as I looked 'em over I saw what I thought to be a small portion of a worm, but it might have been part of the tail of a newt which a trout had bitten off and threw out when caught. Why not rig your friend up with a fly? We can give him more advice about casting than about worm-fishing, and so get more fun out of him. He seems to get fun out of everything, and I'll help you get some out of him."

Amos went off and cut a pole that was fit to do duty in a hopyard, and said: "Here, Frank, is a rod for you. It's light and springy, and I'll rig you up a line and fly."

Lincoln lifted it, shook it with great apparent labor, and asked: "How many feet of lumber would this thing make?"

Amos appealed to me, and I assured Mr. Lincoln that Adirondack trout were the strongest fighters known; that there was no compromise between a limber bamboo

rod and a stiff pole, "for," said I, "if you get a big one, it will break any intermediate thing, and no angler likes to lose his largest fish, although he often does."

He watched me closely. Evidently he suspected Amos, for he knew him, while I was a stranger and might possibly be honest. Amos put on the biggest black bass fly in my book, and we took our fly-rods and the novice to the lake. I had selected a shallow place near some drift stuff, where there was less than 2ft. of water, and we cast. "Don't thresh your fly on the water as if you were pounding out rye with a flail," said Amos, and he landed a fly lightly on the water 50ft. away. "That's the way to do it."

"Yes," said I; "give your fly time behind you, and then when the line is——"

"I've got one, said Lincoln, and he actually snaked in and landed a trout that weighed 2 pounds. Not a fish weighing over 1½ pounds had been taken from the lake that summer, and as Amos and I walked mournfully up to the cottage we made no remark. Lincoln was exultant when he learned that his fish was the largest of the season. The party was arriving in boats from different parts of the lake, and when all were in he addressed them in this wise: "Gentlemen: Luck has struck a greenhorn after its usual fashion, and that trout will be sent to the Lambs Club, in New York, in the morning. They will never believe that I caught it unless I can send your signatures to a statement of fact that I did catch it, and I think it will go if you'll all be good enough to sign it except Cummings." After Pete had boxed the fish and the paper had been signed, Lincoln read it over and remarked: "There's a heft of good names there as witnesses, but I think it'll take more than that to make the Lambs Club believe it."

When we were alone I said to Amos: "The worst of it is that we were casting proper trout flies in a proper manner while guying Lincoln, one each side of him, and we did not get a rise, while he slapped out a big bass fly and, having the longest pole, knocked the persimmon."

"'A fool for luck' is an old saying," said Amos; "and while Frank is a bright fellow, he may be classed with the fools, as far as fishing goes. But you must remember that we were showing off to him, and casting away beyond his big trout in order to try his ambition to get out a line alongside ours. The big trout happened there, saw his fly, but did not see ours, and he got the prize. Still, it is ever the same. Gamblers fear a greenhorn more than a fellow who knows something of the game, and as smoke in camp is said to follow beauty, so luck is apt to favor the novice. Let us impress upon Lincoln that it was solely by our advice, born of long experience in the ways of trout, that he captured the big fellow."

We could easily get Amos started to talk of Horace Greeley, and he had a fund of anecdote relating to that eccentric editor who infused his strong personality into his paper and made it an engine of great power in shaping the destiny of the country. Amos was a peripatetic printer at an early age. Born in Broome county, N. Y., May 15, 1841, as the encyclopedias say, he was an apprentice in a printing office a dozen years later, and then started out to set type and fish in every State in the Union, and wound up as an assistant editor on the New York *Tribune*, where, as the confidant of Mr. Greeley, he acquired a fund of anecdote which he relates with a droll humor tinctured with caricature, for of Amos it can be said, as Hamlet said of Yorick: "A fellow of infinite jest, * * * that were wont to set the table in a roar." A good part of the Greeley stories were

political and depended somewhat on the Greeley drawl and would lose in type. But the printing case and the editorial desk gave Amos all the education he has, and it is a broad one. I've heard him at the festive board, listened to his camp stories and then have wondered if it was the same man who hurled statistics at Congress when he was working to build up our navy.

"My time is limited," said Amos, "and I came up here to take a few trout and hurry back. I want you to put me on the best water in the lake to-morrow, for I must leave next morning, and I know that you are working for Matteson, helping him to sell this lake, and if there is any good fishing here I want to have one day of it."

"Did Matteson tell you I was working for him?"

"Not in explicit terms, but he intimated that you knew the lake better than any one now on it, and that I should see you. I see you now—life size—and what do you propose to do?"

"I propose to go out with you in the morning and try and put you where there are some good trout; but, Amos, my boy, just get hold of the fact that June is passing, and as the shore and surface water warms up the trout go into deeper waters, and when they do this they do not rise freely to the fly; they are too deep to see it, or if they see it they don't care to rise through the warm water for it. Frank Lincoln's big trout would not have been found there a week from now, and fly-fishing on Wilmurt is about ended for the season, except in the spring holes."

In the morning we took a turn up the lake before breakfast, for Eliza had declared: " 'Less you gemmen bring in some trout I dunno 'bout breakfas'; dey ain't a bit o' ham no' a aig in de camp, an' Pete he done gone down to de Mountain Home fo' to get p'ovisions fo'

dinner, an' I spects he'll get a lamb an' some ham an' aigs, but dat ah'll be on'y in time fo' dinnah." And so it was a case of necessity that we should fish for an hour or more. We passed Senator Miller and Mr. Blackford; both reported a few fish, but we went up to the further end, where there were several springs, and took half a dozen good trout in about half an hour.

"We've got our breakfast," said Amos; "let's go in. Blackford has started already, and the Senator has his landing net under a fish. How is the water where he is fishing?"

"He is anchored just where he can cast to his right near the bunch of grass, where there is 4ft. of water, or a little to his left, where there is 15ft. He knows this lake better than I do, or better than any man now on it. Pete and the other man employed here don't seem to know much about the depth of the water and the location of the springs."

I was rowing and Amos sat in the stern, where he could see ahead. "I remember what you said about bait yesterday," he said; "and I've been watching the Senator. He makes a cast occasionally and lets his fly sink, if he has a fly, and I don't know but he is fishing in the deep water; his boat hangs so that it is hard to tell."

At the landing there was a general show down of trout, none over 1 pound, but plenty for a hungry lot of anglers. Amos handled the Senator's rod, examined his boat, and then when we were alone, said: "His flies are all right and soaked; there was no trace of a worm in the boat, nor of a bait box in his clothing. If he is using bait he is doing it very well."

While we were in the boat we compared our youthful vagabond days, and I learned that while I was in Kansas lamenting that the fighting was all over, and thinking

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of joining William Walker, the filibuster, in Nicaragua, Amos was there with him on his last expedition to that country. I knew much of his editorial and military career, but nothing of his filibustering life, and we had much in common. We had been restless young men, seeking adventure rather than wealth, only wanting to know where a fight was going on in order to be in it. I knew that he had been an editor of the New York *Tribune*, under Greeley; of the *Sun*, under Dana, and of the *Express*, under Erastus Brooks; that he had been Sergeant-Major of the Twenty-sixth New Jersey Volunteers, and had a medal of honor from Congress for gallantry on the field; but that he had been with Walker in 1857, when he was only sixteen years old, proved that he had the true spirit of the adventurer—that spirit which we admire in those old Norsemen, pirates, if you will, but pirates in a day when every man's hand was against all who did not speak his language. Those were the days when the children of the coast of Cornwall prayed: "God bless daddy, God bless mammy; God send a ship ashore before morning." But the Viking in his supplication said: "Oh, Lord, I do not ask Thee for riches; I only ask to be put within sword's length of the man who has them." There was no universal brotherhood of man in those days, and it is only a theory to-day. Nations have monopolized the freebooter's trade, but shoot the individual who practices it. Amos and I, with our love for adventure, which might include a little fighting, would have enjoyed life hugely about four centuries ago; but then we would not be enjoying life to-day, and so there are compensations for all things, good or evil.

So far our tastes were alike. Amos is a politician and I am not. He is a member of the Tammany Society, was a delegate to the Democratic National Conventions

of 1892 and 1896, and will have served twelve years in Congress when his present term expires. He has been chairman of the Committee on Congressional Library, and as often as his party has been in the ascendancy he has occupied the important position of chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs, and here his most important work has been done in earnestly advocating a navy which shall be sufficient to protect over 7,000 miles of sea coast, if we include Alaska. He has steadily combated the idea that, because we can put two millions of men in the field at the tick of the telegraph, we are secure from attack; for our extended coast, with its wealth of cities, is our vulnerable point if attacked by a hostile fleet.

"Amos," said I, "in your wide experience in fishing, tell me, what do you recall as the most enjoyable of all kinds, or in what State or Territory did you cast your lines in the most pleasant place?"

"That question requires a review of a lifetime of frequent fishing. I have fished from almost every dock in New York and Jersey City; off Robin's Reef; the Romer Shoals, in Prince's Bay; the Great and the Little Kills; the headwaters of the Arkansas; San Lorenzo Creek, Cal.; Magdalena Bay, Lower Cal.; on the northwest banks of the Mirimichi; in Lake Ontario; the Yosemite Valley; the Wasatch Range; Mobile Bay; Mosquito Lagoon; Indian River; Lake Worth; all over the Adirondacks, and in more places than I could name at one sitting. There were days of good fishing and days when the fish were not there or not in the humor to bite—every angler has met such days—but they were all enjoyable at the time and again in retrospect, but I could not single out a day nor a place as affording the most enjoyable fishing. Can you name such a time or place?"

"Yes. The time was every Saturday in the fishing sea-

son when I was a schoolboy, and the place the river and streams near Albany, N. Y. I go out now with such rods and tackle as I never saw in those days, travel night and day to get to a lake or stream and enjoy it; but somehow there is not the enthusiasm of boyhood in it, and I'd give this whole trip for half a day with my schoolmates of half a century ago on the old Popskinny Creek, hauling in perch, bullheads, shiners, and an occasional eel."

"I see," Amos replied. "Some one has written:

> " 'What are life's triumphs we struggle to win,
> To the first little shiner we caught with a pin?'

I don't know that I quote correctly, but that's the sentiment; and I agree with you about the charm of boyhood fishing, for my youthful fishing from the docks holds a place in memory equal to the fighting of a big trout in rapid waters, in later years. But you forget that as time changes we change with it, and I could not sit on a dock to-day and fish, and the chances are that you would not enjoy the fishing of your boyhood."

I realized that what Amos said was true, but his philosophical view of it had somehow never occurred to me before, and it caused me to wonder if I had really changed so much that I would not enjoy the fishing in the old ways, in the old places, and with the old boys, which seemed at that time to be all there was in life beside the dull routine of the schoolroom. Ah, me! I fear it may be so, but I don't wish to believe it.

Perhaps I said something like that, for after awhile Amos remarked: "When I was about seven years old my people moved to Honesdale, Pa., and one day I ran away with some older boys and went to Bunnell's Pond. They cut me a pole and rigged it with line and bait, and we fished from a boat which was fast to the shore. I

soon pulled up a sunfish which was actually bigger than Joseph H. Choate's hand, as I remember both, and I ran three miles in the hot sun to show the fish to my mother. I doubt if I ever had greater pleasure in fishing than on that day. In 1869 Gilbert Lowe, then a well-known politician, taught me to use a rod and reel for weakfish and striped bass in Prince's Bay, and I became an enthusiastic fisherman, writing up my exploits each week for the *Sun*, and after taking salmon in the northwest branch of the Mirimichi and other fishes in the places I have told you of, the memory of that big sunfish in Bunnell's Pond lingers as my grandest effort in the way of fishing."

Somehow I always think of myself as a boy, and when a man is a candidate for President of the United States and his age is given as many years below mine I wonder if he is old enough to take the responsibility. I am not old enough—that's sure—and might not be with a century added, but when I go to church—as I do sometimes—I am instructed in theology by a man half my age—one who was not on earth while I was playing the parts of hunter, trapper and soldier; and yet this young man talks to me as if I were a sinner, which I deny. I have been provoked to say this because the Hon. Amos J. Cummings, Sergeant-Major of the Twenty-sixth New Jersey Volunteers, who is eight years younger than I—a kid who would not have been permitted to carry my fish when I was sixteen years old—is now a member of Congress; and when his party has been in the ascendant he has been chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs. When his party was in the minority he was still a member of that committee and has worked hard to build up a navy that will have to bear the brunt of our next war, for we will have no more internecine wars on this continent, now that there is no cause for such a war.

These thoughts float up as I think that Amos Cummings has done such work in Congress; has been proposed as a candidate for Mayor of New York several times, barely missing it last fall, when a nomination would have been equivalent to an election; and I look down on him as a boy who was not fit to follow me on a fishing trip when I was half way to the proud distinction of being a "big boy" and he was only a "kid," but in the whirligig of time the big boy gets set back among the "has beens" and the kid comes to the fore.

I have fished with Cummings many times, before and after the incidents related, and for a jovial companion in camp, let it be wet or dry, the fishing good or bad, I know of no one who would enliven the company with song or story better than my friend the Hon. Amos J. Cummings; and, if he had his violin with him—which he never has—the musical experts would move their ears forward and ask who was the virtuoso who was, by the aid of rosin, drawing the horsehair over the bowels of the cat and making such a concord of sweet sounds.

WALLACE EUGENE BLACKFORD.

IF the stork had been kind to me and brought a boy to our hearthstone that grew to be such a boy as Wallace Blackford was, I would have reason to be proud. Probably the stork knew best, and selected only girls for me, arguing that if I had a boy he would be off in the woods with rod and gun, and be instructed about birds, beasts and fishes to the neglect of other things. Certain it is that a little difference of forty years in our ages did not prevent a close and loving friendship which was broken only by that reaper who harvests the unripe as well as that which is ready to be gathered.

In the spring of 1884 his father, Hon. Eugene G. Blackford, then one of the State Fish Commissioners, said to me: "I have a boy about thirteen years old who wants to take a trout. He wants to begin at the top and take it with the fly; can you take care of him and put him in the proper shape to do it?"

"Is he strong?"

"He is very strong for his age, and is fond of athletic exercises in the gymnasium. He is a good boy, and if you like good boys, you'll like him. Why did you ask about his strength?"

"Merely to know if he could handle my favorite rod, which is not a light one, or if I should unpack some boxes to hunt for some lighter rods, which I seldom use; that's all."

He came down to Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, one Friday afternoon in April, shortly after the trout

season opened, and was impatient for the morrow. He wanted to know how big the trout grew in the large private mill ponds belonging to the Jones family, as undivided property, and in which I had been accorded the privilege of fishing. He was curious to know who had taken the biggest fish, and when; how many trout could be taken in a day, and his enthusiasm was not only charming, but contagious. What his dreams were that night we can only guess.

After he retired I got out the rod, my 10½oz. split-bamboo, which is my favorite to-day. I had carefully looked the boy over; he could handle that rod, and if he learned to cast with it he could easily get down to a lighter one, for at that time anglers were using rods of half that weight, and were trying to get a practical rod which would not have any weight. While I believe in light rods for those who have no muscle, I prefer to use a rod that makes my biceps sore after a day's casting, but hardens it in a few days. Therefore I did not search for lighter rods for the boy, but looked the old one over for abrasions of the varnish, faults in the rings or elsewhere; oiled the reel, tested the last 10yds. of the tapered silk line, soaked the gut leaders for an hour, and then tested their strength and put them away in the box between sheets of damp felt; looked over the fly-book, and journeyed to the land of Nod, where there are not only trout streams, but mines of gold and precious stones, fame, fun and all things which mortals pursue in the mad race of what we call life—a race which sometimes ends in fruition and sometimes in the pentitentiary or the lunatic asylum. One generation after another repeats it, learning nothing from those gone before, because each individual considers himself as a special creation, wholly distinct from the great herd. Dreams are not, as Churchill said, "children

of the night, of indigestion bred," nor are they, as Mercutio says, "the children of an idle brain," for they come when the brain is busy, and all other parts of the body are at rest and the brain is at work. If I dreamed that night, there is no remembrance of it, but there is not a doubt that dreams came to my boy guest.

His breakfast was a light one; he was anxious to meet his first trout, and when we reached the dam of the lower pond, where there were no trout, I said: "Wallace, your father told me that you were ambitious to take some trout with the fly. Can you cast the fly?"

"I don't know; I think I might, but I've never had a chance to fish with the fly, and only know, in a general way, that fly-fishing is the correct thing for taking trout. How do you do it?"

I found a place free from bushes on the dam, oiled the ferrules of the rod in my hair, put it together with reel, line, leader and one fly. "Now," said I, "let me see you cast the fly." He tried to get it out in many ways, but failed; the leader had an annoying way of coming back in his face or of twining around the rod, and after awhile he said: "Let me see you do it!"

He watched the line go on the back cast and then straight out 60ft., and thought he could do it; but when I called attention to the fact that the whip-snap sound behind him told that the fly had been whipped off, he took hold of the principles of fly-casting, and in less than an hour could get out 40ft. of line without cracking the fly off on the back cast. I have had many pupils in the art of fly-casting, but never one like this, and we went through the woods on the west to the lower end of the upper of the three ponds, where there was a dam with a long apron and but little water running over it. Here he lost a fly in the brush on the back cast, and was ad-

WALLACE E. BLACKFORD

monished to retrieve over the other shoulder, and it did not happen again.

The scholarly angler knows the picture, "Steady, Johnny," where the boy with wrinkled brow is straining at a rod which presumably is connected somewhere with a salmon, while the old Scotch fisher rests his hand on the boy's shoulder to restrain him. We could have made a similar picture, if not so picturesque, when Wallace hooked his first trout. He had made several casts, and probably wondered, in a boyish way, why a trout did not rise at each, but a trout did finally rise, snatched the fly, and the reel was singing merrily when I called, "Check him before he gets into the weeds." And then the fight began. Wallace was disposed to reel the trout in at once, despite its rushes, and I put my hand on his shoulder and gave advice, "Give line," or "Reel in," as the fish rushed or weakened, and when the trout was brought into the shallow at the crest of the dam and Wallace said, "I've got him now, and he is a beauty," there was a rush and the rod bent almost double before I could say, "Let him go!" This was repeated, but the third time the fish was brought near the crest of the dam I netted it. Wallace was pale and trembling with excitement, and said: "It is a beauty, and must have fought me over an hour. Do you think it will weigh 2lbs.?"

It is not always agreeable to dispel a boy's illusions, and tell him Santa Claus does not come down the chimney; it is safe to infer that he will learn that by degrees, passing through the state of doubt to positive knowledge, as he acquires years; but I could not resist telling him that my watch said the fight had lasted through eleven minutes, and the fish would probably pull the scales down to the ¾lb. mark. To me this was more pleasure than to take a hundred trout. The excitement

and enthusiasm of this boy with his first trout was contagious, and stirred the blood of an old fellow to whom such contests were common, but were always enjoyable —but not with the freshness of youth. I always loved a boy who was companionable and wanted to learn things which I happened to know, and who placed implicit confidence in his instructor. It reverses the condition, for when I was a boy I sat, figuratively speaking, at the feet of "Old Port" Tyler, the professional hunter and trapper, and learned the ways of birds, beasts and fishes from what I believed to be the fountain-head of all such knowledge, and to whom I gave attention such as no instructor in "readin,' 'ritin' and 'rithmetic" ever got.

After a few trips to these Long Island ponds my young friend became ambitious to essay the Adirondacks, and a couple of years later we found ourselves at the Mountain Home, on East Canada Creek, near Morehouseville, N. Y. He was now a good fly-caster and brook trout angler, and we fished that stream from Ed Wilkinson's, some ten miles below, to almost as many miles above, with varying success, taking many other species than trout—such as chub, redfin, shiners, etc.—for all of which Wallace entertained great contempt.

He had been listening to some fishing talk in the hotel, and said: "I want to go over to Pine and G lakes, about three to five miles, and fish for lake trout." The wilderness was new to the boy, and his enthusiasm was intense. He wanted to know so many things. "How far do you have to go before you get where the deer are?"

"They are on all these hills; we have passed several deer tracks, but the deer are not apt to be seen by men who talk as much as we do, and most of them are lying down on the hillsides now. This is a well-beaten trail

that we are on, and the deer know that men are apt to be on it at any time, and they avoid it as much as possible; but they cross it at times, when necessary."

"Do deer know that this is a path where men go? They surely can't know all the paths in these great woods."

"They surely do. If not run off by hounds, a deer might spend its whole life within a five-mile square, ranging for food or water at different seasons, and would know almost every square foot of it. It is possible that several deer have heard us, and as we kept on the trail they kept still where they were lying and resumed their cud-chewing or sleeping as we passed on. Here is a track; a big buck passed here within twenty-four hours."

And then I had to explain how I knew all this, and play schoolmaster to an eager scholar. I rather like that sort of thing, if a boy takes real interest in the ways of beast and bird, and so we walked and talked until we reached the lake, and found where the boat was hidden. The trout were not rising well, and by noon our catch was two small ones and three fairly large chubs; the whole lot might not have weighed much over 1lb., but it was time to eat after such a walk as we had, with its trips around uprooted trees and over fallen logs, and I had provided for just such an occasion. A frying pan, coffee pot and tin cups were brought out of a basket, and it was fun to see Wallace hustle around for dry wood while I cleaned the fish. There is a vestige of the nomad left in all of us, a heritage from our wild ancestors which breaks out in civilized man in various ways, and if it does not impel him to live in the woods all his life, as it sometimes does, it tempts him to seek their solitude for rest and recreation; or, if this is denied, by reason of lack of time or means, then comes the desire for the excur-

sion, the picnic, and the clam-bake on the shore. We all have it, the difference being not in kind, but in degree—a trip to the beach for a day, or a similar outing on a lake or stream being satisfactory to one, while nothing less than a fortnight of life under bark and canvas is satisfactory to others.

Said Wallace: "That frying pan is without a handle; you can't fry fish in that! And, say, you aren't going to eat those chubs, are you? They never send chubs to market, and I wouldn't like to eat them. How are you going to make coffee without a tea kettle to boil the water in first? How long will it take to get dinner? I'm just about as hungry as I can get. Open that basket and let me get at what there is in it."

Before he had finished his questions a wooden handle had been put in the frying pan, and this diverted his attention from his hunger. The water was boiled in the coffee pot and the coffee put in; the fish were fried in salt pork fat, and then the basket was opened. On the birch-bark plates I served him the two small trout and I took the chubs. After the fish came cold boiled ham, broiled chicken and the accessories which go with an *al fresco* lunch, and the amount of edibles that this growing boy put out of sight that noon would have astonished a Maine lumberman.

Dinner over, he wanted to get out on the lake and troll for the big lake trout of which he had heard; but I said: "No, my boy; we spent part of the morning in getting here because we did not start early, and had only time to try for a trout or two for dinner in the worst part of the day. It is still the worst part of the day, and we may as well rest; and for myself, I propose to crawl into this bark shanty and sleep for an hour."

"Sleep!" said Wallace. "Well, you can sleep if you

want to, but I came here to fish, and I'm going to do it."

The sun was hastening into the west when I awoke. It was Wallace throwing the oars into the boat, and that is a sound that seems to fill your ear longer than a rifle shot. He looked disappointed as he said: "I've cast all kinds of flies around this lake, and in the middle of it, and only got three rises, and they were chubs; here they are, but I'll not eat them."

"Come and sit down and rest; in half an hour the sun will be over the mountain, and the lake will be in shadow. Then the fish will wake up, and we will go out and troll for the big lake trout. Come in and eat your supper, and get back to the Mountain Home by 9 o'clock. But it will give us more sport if we sleep in this shanty to-night and get out on the lake at early daylight, when the fish are stirring for food. I've got all the necessary provisions, with what we are sure to catch, and a fire in front of this open shanty will keep us warm."

Wallace was a city-bred boy, and imagined all kinds of danger. I told him that the dangerous snakes lived in warmer countries, and that north of Florida no snake was awake at night; that bears and other wild beasts would not come near a fire; but it was no use. I don't think that he doubted my knowledge of these things, but there was an undefinable dread of the wilderness at night which made him prefer a roof. I wanted to stay at the lake, and had prepared for it, but would not insist upon it, and along about 4 P. M. we started in to troll for lake trout. On stiff trolling rods we trolled 2oz. sinkers, beyond which, at some 10ft., was a hook baited with a chub, and as we were fishing in 40ft. of water it was not exciting sport, and I said so to Wallace.

"Well, it's not fly-fishing," he said; "but I want to get a big trout." And he did. He got a strike and reeled

in, saying: "That sinker is so heavy that I don't know if the fish is on or not. Yes, he is; I felt him wiggle just now; but it's only a little one." He brought up a laker that weighed close to 8lbs., and remarked: "That's poor fishing for a fish of that size. Why, I'd rather take a 4oz. brook trout on a fly-rod than a dozen such lazy things, and with something less than a ton of lead to troll."

"I thought you would come to that opinion, my boy; but you wanted to try it, and are satisfied. The sun is now below the treetops, and we can just about make the Mountain Home in time for supper." We hid the boat and oars, and started, he on the lead, and before we had gone a mile a ruffed grouse got up with a thunder of wings and was lost in the woods before he could see it. He made a big jump and enjoyed his alarm when he learned the cause.

Wallace came down on Long Island very often and stayed several days with me, and he was growing in strength as well as in years. He wanted to contest in the fly-casting tournaments in Central Park, and I put him through a course of training for the purpose; stood on the bridge with him and coached him: "A little more time on the back cast;" "Keep your fly up; throw up as well as back, and keep it off the water behind you;" "Your rod is thrown too far back;" "Count one, two, three, and take as much time on the back cast as on the forward," etc., and so I kept him at it until he could easily beat me. He cast in the tournaments for at least two years and made good records, which are not at hand as I write, and my favorite old 10½oz. split-bamboo had the hardest service that a rod can get in this work; but it is as good to-day as ever, and Mowry won a contest with it in the tournament last month.

As he grew older I saw that he had great mechanical

ingenuity. He was an expert amateur photographer, and made his own cameras. He was also an artist in oils, and made some creditable paintings at the early age of fourteen. He graduated from the Adelphi College, Brooklyn, in 1891, and after a few months' supervision by his father the latter turned over his large business in Fulton Market to him, in order that the father might attend to his banking and other business. After a year at this work, Mrs. Blackford, his mother, joyfully told me that Wallace had made more money in the market in the past year than his father ever did in the same time. It was with a full knowledge of the character of this boy that I wrote the first paragraph of this sketch, and lamented that the stork had not been equally kind to me. Yet, while we know that it is as natural to die as it is to be born, in some cases the reaper follows the stork at a cruelly short distance.

Wallace was born on Dec. 4, 1871, and was married on Dec. 4, 1893. It was a large wedding, in church, and Mrs. Mather and I were there, and also had cards to the house reception. Our seat in the church was far back, but we could see that Wallace was not well, and that after the ceremony he was hurried from the church. Albert Haley gave me the first hint that pneumonia threatened the bridegroom, by saying: "It's too bad, Fred; I'd as soon give up a boy of my own as to give up Wallace."

"Do you think he is dangerously ill?"

"Yes, I do; but I hope he will pull through."

At the house reception Wallace was not to be seen. He had been ordered to bed by the doctors, and we hoped that he would baffle the reaper with his vigorous physique, and we enjoyed the music and the feast and then went to our Long Island home.

A week later, Dec. 11, a message came: "Wallace E. Blackford died to-day." The missive was put in a volume of Longfellow, on the page wherein he says:

"Oh, what hadst thou to do with cruel Death,
Who wast so full of life, or Death with thee,
That thou shouldst die before thou hadst grown old?"

E. R. WILBUR.

THE last part of the summer of 1880 found me gathering fishing statistics under direction of the United States Fish Commission for the census of that year; my assignment being from the mouth of the Connecticut River to Sandy Hook, and including Long Island. While stopping at Sayville I called on Mr. Wilbur, whom I had long known, and it was arranged that we should chum for bluefish the next day. Mrs. Mather was with me and was delighted at the prospect, because she had taken many bluefish while trolling from a sailboat, and she listened to my glowing account of chumming and of how superior it was to trolling, with great interest, but before the day was over she differed with me and declared in favor of sailing.

Sayville is on the Great South Bay, which is about fifty miles long and some five miles across at its greatest width. It is a shallow bay, but famous for its fishing, fowling, oysters and crabs. The fish are weakfish, bluefish, kingfish, porgies, flounders, sheepshead, sea bass, and, occasionally, a few Spanish mackerel are taken, while Sayville, which is near the eastern end of the bay, is only a mile or two from the famous oyster beds of Blue Point, and sends thousands of bushels to market, which become "blue points" when they reach the great city. It is an ideal place in which to live.

We had clams and other bait for bottom fish if the bluefish were not running our way, but we lacked that essen-

tial of the chummer—a lot of menhaden, or mossbunkers, as they are sometimes called. In the party were two of Mr. Wilbur's nephews—sharp-eyed boys of fourteen to sixteen—and they kept a sharp lookout ahead as we cruised about, looking for bait. Soon one called, "There's a basket at the masthead," and we were brought up alongside the boat and laid in a supply of the needful fish. In Great South Bay a bushel basket at the masthead means bait to sell, and saves both time and trouble.

In order to give anglers who live far from the sea coast a clear idea of bluefishing, let me say: The bluefish is related to the mackerel tribe, grows to a weight of 18lbs., is swift, strong, and the most destructive fish that I know of. The late Professor Baird called them "animated chopping machines," for they kill for sport after they are gorged, biting pieces from the menhaden which they cannot swallow. The only thing they seem to fear is a school of porpoises. The menhaden is one of the herring tribe, short, deep and fat; it is seldom eaten, but is taken by thousands of tons each year for its oil, the refuse being dried and mixed with phosphate rock for fertilizing purposes.

As we anchored in a channel near Fire Island Inlet, Mr. Wilbur said: "Chumming for bluefish is a new form of taking them. Scott, in his 'Fishing in American Waters,' in the edition of 1875, does not mention it, except for striped bass, and he was an all-round salt-water angler. The first mention that I find in print of chumming for bluefish is by Mr. R. B. Roosevelt, in 'Fish Hatching and Fish Catching,' published in 1879."

"Why," I remarked, "I supposed that it was an old method, but I have little knowledge of salt-water angling. Martin B. Brown, the official printer for New York City,

and I went down to Manasquan Inlet, New Jersey, in 1876, when I was with the old Aquarium at Thirty-fifth street and Broadway, and Martin taught me how to chum for bluefish, but just as we got started and had each taken a fish of about 4lbs. from a school which had driven thousands of menhaden on shore, a school of porpoises appeared and served the bluefish as they had the menhaden. The bluefish which did not escape on the flanks of the charging porpoises, or by diving under them, were driven on shore in terror, and the beach was a sight of flopping fish. Martin and I forgot our fishing to wonder at the spectacle. The natives spread the word, and men, women and children with baskets, carts and wagons lined the beach within an hour and harvested the crop. There was no more fishing for us, and we went home by the first train, gathering up enough fish to send to friends. That was a memorable incident, but not much bluefishing. Like the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, 'it was magnificent, but not war,' nor chumming."

All this talk went on to the tune of the chop-chop-chop of the boatman's heavy knife, as he cut a few menhaden into mince meat and scraped the pieces overboard, to float off toward the inlet on the ebb tide to tole the bluefish our way.

"You see," said Mr. Wilbur to the ladies, "that when these small bits of fish fall on the water they sink a few inches as they are carried out by the tide; but there is an oily 'slick' on the surface and that carries the scent for miles, and if a school of bluefish strike it they follow it up, and so we get them to come to our anchorage. If they come to us it will be in a school of thousands, for the bluefish travel only in that way. A few years ago some fishermen noticed that when they sighted a

flock of gulls feeding they not only found that they were gathering the crumbs from the feast of bluefish on menhaden, but that as the oily slick drifted off it enticed other schools of bluefish, and so they evolved the sport of chumming; and in the fisherman's vocabulary 'chum' is the name of minced menhaden thrown overboard to attract bluefish."

"A century or more ago," I said, "men chopped fish up to bait pools, or swims, but the fish so used were not oily and did not make a 'slick' on the water. Therefore, what they did was merely ground baiting and not chumming; and, in fact, I think that the bluefish is the only fish which can be induced to follow a scent for a mile or more, although striped bass will trace it for quite a distance."

Our boatman had taken a slice from each side of a menhaden, cutting about the middle and slicing along the backbone to the tail, and these were laid aside for baits while the remainder of the fish, head and all, was hashed into chum and a little at a time thrown into the water. Since that day a bait has been put on the market and this relieves both fish and anglers from the noise of the chopping board and produces better chum.

Some of our party used hand-lines and others rod and reel, the latter affording better sport. The hooks were on a foot length of either brass or piano wire, for the teeth of a bluefish will cut the best gimp snell as easily as if it were an ordinary fish line. Their cutting capacity is such as to ruin a purse or a pound net in a few minutes, and they will snap at and cut a man's hand badly with their saw-like teeth.

After a while one of the party had a strike, and then it was lively work until the tide turned. One lady hooked the anchor rope and called: "Oh, I've got a shark;

help!" And she did not join in the laugh when her catch was made apparent, merely remarking: "It's too bad—I thought I had the biggest fish in the bay; I believe I did have a big one until that rope got in the way. I wish we could fish without an anchor rope."

Only those who have taken bluefish by chumming know what a fierce rush they make when hooked. There is no stopping to think it over nor running off slowly until it is certain that there is a hook with a line attachment in that last bit of menhaden, but it snatches the bait and is off like a rocket, making the reel hum like a locust. No fear of checking the rush too suddenly if the tackle is good, and if it isn't it would be wise to stay at home, for the mouth of this fish is hard and its jaws are strong. The savage snap which it gave the bait sank the hook well in, and if the line is kept taut the fish seldom shakes the hook loose, and more seldom does it tear out.

When we troll for this fish with a sailboat going not over five or six miles an hour we use heavy cotton lines to avoid cutting the hands, and have a stall on the first finger of each hand, either of rubber or woolen, and the speed of the boat, added to the strike of a fish, makes a "chug" that would tear the hook clear from many other kinds of fish; but the bluefish stands it, and is hauled in by main strength, and is shaken from the hook with great regard to its dentition. This is fine sport, but inferior to chumming.

In trolling there are various devices used to represent natural bait. Most of these are called squids, because they shine as they rush through the water, much as the naked mollusk, whose name they bear, flashes through the brine. There are squids of lead cast around a long-shanked hook especially made for the purpose, and from

3 to 6in. long; these are scraped when they get dull. Then there are red flannel attachments to lead squids; squids of bone, round or flat; of mother-of-pearl, flat and spoon-shaped; red bone for Spanish mackerel, and hollow wooden squids, which open to allow a piece of menhaden to be placed inside, to attract bluefish by scent as well as by sight. An eel-skin drawn over a long piece of lead is an old-time lure not much used now; but there is little choice among all these devices, for a bluefish will snap at any bright, moving thing if trailed 80 or 100ft. behind a sailboat, no matter if the fish is gorged to repletion. Its mission is to slay for the sake of slaying, and it fulfills it to the letter. Most animals cease to kill when hunger is satisfied, but a mink and a bluefish never stop as long as there is a living thing in sight. They kill for sport as a terrier kills rats, but they destroy their own food in their savage onslaughts, while what the terrier kills is not his food.

After the turn of the tide there was time for luncheon, and to review the incidents of the day. The school of fish which came into the inlet and attacked our bait was not large in numbers, nor in size, but the day was a perfect one for angling, the breeze being light and the sun not too much in evidence.

As it was but little past midday when the tide turned and the bluefish left the bay, we decided that it was too soon to sail for home and that we would try bottom fishing for anything that wished to sample such bait as we had to offer, and the clams were brought out to try their powers of attraction.

A variety of fish sampled our clams and were welcomed on board the yacht and assigned quarters with the bluefish. Under ordinary circumstances the porgies and flounders would not have associated with the cannibal

bluefish, but at that time the savage blues were very peaceable; contact with civilized man had evidently had its influence, and they were quiet.

Mr. Wilbur said that the inlet channel was not the best place for bottom fish, because they did not stop long in the swift current, but scattered over the bay in search of the food which lives in more quiet waters.

"Where is the best place in the bay for sheepshead and other fish which feed more or less on the bottom?" I asked.

My host considered a moment, and replied: "The cinder beds are probably as good as any, if not the best. They lie near Point of Woods, opposite the fish factories, and are not real cinders, as many suppose from the name; but the bottom is a hard, gravelly one, on which for centuries the tube-worms have built their dwellings, and have cemented patches of gravel together in a manner that appears like a cinder when an angler's hook gets hold of a piece, as it is very apt to do, and brings it to light covered with more or less mud. The more recent of these crooked tubes contain living worms, on which many fishes feed when they catch them with their heads out."

Here was a chance to exhibit a little technical knowledge which had been picked up somewhere, and I said: "From the way these tubes twist and lock in each other the scientists call them *serpula contortuplicata.* They fasten to and weight down scallops so that it is difficult for that mollusk to swim. As the worm grows it lengthens its tube, and they always fasten it to rocks, shells or other hard substances, and a mass of old tubes might easily suggest a cinder. I should think that hooks would get fast in the masses very often."

"They do, and it is very annoying. Sometimes the

piece is too heavy to lift and then something must break, either hook, snell or cinder; but the beds are such good feeding grounds for many fishes that one is willing to risk losing some tackle on such good feeding grounds. Perhaps we will try the beds some day."

As we parted at the landing we all agreed that the day had been a most enjoyable one every way. We had fish enough, but not so many as to be a burden; and for one I was glad of the chance to practice chumming for bluefish in a more complete manner than on the day when I first tried it with Martin B. Brown on the New Jersey coast. There was not enough of that to write up, and I never fished with him again.

Mr. Wilbur was one of the early members of the Blooming Grove Park Association, which has an extensive game preserve, with many lakes and miles of trout streams, in Pike county, Pa., and served terms as president and secretary of the association. During his term of office I met him there to select the site for a trout hatchery. We traveled about a good part of a day and found several excellent locations, from which we chose one after much deliberation, and trout breeding has been carried on there each year since with great success.

When the National Rod and Reel Association was formed, in 1882, for the purpose of holding fly-casting tournaments on Harlem Mere, Central Park, New York City, Mr. Wilbur joined it, and while he did not compete in the contests, he was always ready to act as judge or referee. At the first dinner of the association, held in the Metropolitan Hotel, Mr. Wilbur made some remarks about a very old salmon which Mr. E. G. Blackford had kindly sent to the dinner, and told us that it bore the marks of a very old fish, and had been caught in the Delaware River, a most unusual catch. Mr. Wilbur

E. R. WILBUR

From a photograph in 1877

thought the fish a stray one from the Connecticut, for the Delaware River was not known as a salmon river, although every few years a salmon was taken in it. Quite a discussion followed about salmon rivers and stray salmon, in which I took no part, but, like the Irishman's owl which he sold for a parrot, "didn't talk, but kept up a divil av a-thinkin'," and it resulted in my repeating former recommendations to Professor Baird, then the United States Fish Commissioner, to make the Hudson a salmon river, and he sent me eggs to begin the experiment that winter. By his remarks at that dinner, Mr. Wilbur unconsciously stimulated a thought which resulted in stocking the Hudson with salmon—an experiment which has been partially successful, and only lacked proper support and appreciation by the State authorities to have made the Hudson a self-sustaining salmon river to-day.

We talked of the different and favorite sports that used to be reported in the *Forest and Stream*—archery, croquet, tennis, base ball and others. Base ball had been a favorite and popular recreation in various forms for years. "I remember playing it at school," said Mr. Wilbur, "when if the striker missed a ball and it was caught behind him on the first bound, he was out; or if he struck the ball and it was caught on the first bound anywhere in the field, he was out. If the player running bases could not be touched with the ball in hand, it could be thrown at him, and if he was hit he was out. When I first came to New York there were three clubs playing in the Elysian Fields, at Hoboken. The Knickerbocker Club was the first one organized in New York, in 1845. Then came the Gotham in 1850, and the Eagle in 1852."

Several clubs were formed after that in Harlem, Williamsburgh, Brooklyn and South Brooklyn, but all played

under their own individual rules. In January or February of 1857, Mr. D. Milliken, Dr. J. B. Jones, Mr. Frank Pidgeon, Mr. Thomas S. Dakin, and Mr. Wilbur met at the Gotham, on the east side of the Bowery near Houston street. The Gotham was a two-story frame cottage, standing back from the street, and noted for its fish and chops. These gentlemen drew up a series of rules for the game, which were adopted by about fifteen clubs, and all matches were played under these rules during 1857. Conventions of representatives of the clubs were held in the Cooper Institute in 1858 and '59 to revise the rules. At the convention of 1860 about one hundred clubs were represented, and the rules were radically changed. Many of the boys went to the war in '62, and this loss, together with the intrusion of the professional and gate-money element, created dissension, so that the last meeting, in '64, was not largely attended. Mr. Wilbur's recollections of base ball thus bridge the time when the game was surely an amateur recreation to the latter period of its professional character.

Mr. Wilbur was a member of Company A, Seventh Regiment, New York National Guard, so far back as when the drill room was over a stable in University place. He went with the regiment to Washington on their memorable march to the Capital in April, 1861, as a non-commissioned officer. There they were quartered for a while in the Capitol building, and among Mr. Wilbur's reminiscences of the time is an address by President Lincoln to the troops camped in the Senate chamber. Near the end of his time of service he was sent from Washington with dispatches to Colonel Smith, a recruiting officer at Albany, whence he returned to the Seventh Regiment Armory, then over Tompkins Market, in this city, where he remained with

a part of his regiment during the draft riots. I have mentioned these facts because we were much interested in some autographs which Mr. Wilbur showed us, as carefully cherished mementoes of those exciting days. Among the signatures most highly prized were those of Colonel Lefferts, General Butler and Colonel Drake de Kay, whose autograph became so well known during the war; these were attached to the orders carried by Mr. Wilbur, and setting forth that he was in the service of the Government and was to be accorded free transportation and subsistence. Another prized relic is a two-page letter from Major Anderson to Mr. Wilbur, written from Fort Sumter, and dated a day or two before the fort was fired on.

The launching of *Forest and Stream* by Mr. Charles Hallock, in 1873, naturally attracted the attention of a sportsman like Mr. Wilbur; and when Mr. Hallock offered a few shares in the new journal—which had a most phenomenal run in what was then a vacant field—he bought some of the stock, and when Mr. Hallock decided to retire from the management of the paper, he and a few others bought the whole plant, and he is still the secretary and treasurer of the company.

DANIEL H. FITZHUGH.

NO man's name was more prominently connected with the discovery of the grayling as a new fish of the highest game qualities in America than that of the genial angler who is the subject of this sketch. He was credited with being the discoverer of this fish in Michigan waters, but this he properly disclaimed; he merely sent some species to New York City, where they were the subject of a hot debate among the English anglers and epicures who frequented Sutherland's Café, where the fish were shown and served in 1872. He wrote to a New York journal that Dr. J. C. Parker, of Grand Rapids, Mich., had classified the fish some five years before in a letter to the late Prof. E. D. Cope, of Philadelphia, to whom he sent specimens, and correctly diagnosed them as true grayling.

Science is a cold-blooded thing, dealing in refrigerated facts, and is as much interested in a new chub as in a newly discovered game fish; it records fins, fin rays, and maps out the geographical surface into head, eye, number of scales, and souses the specimen into alcohol and has done with it. That's all right, and is all that science wishes to know about a fish, but not all that the angler, at present, wishes to know from science.

All this I read with that interest which was commonly given to passing items concerning fish and fishing, and having pasted the item in my scrap-book it was as everlastingly disposed of as if science had entombed it, only to be resurrected by some future investigator. But when

Mr. Fitzhugh wrote an article telling how his new fish rose to the fly, and how gamy it was, the scrap-book was overhauled, and an interest was awakened in the new game fish. One day, early in 1874, Mr. Fitzhugh invited me to go to northern Michigan to try to get the spawn of the new fish. I was then breeding trout in western New York, and the invitation was accepted. Arriving at his home in Bay City, we planned the campaign, and with his nephew, Frank Fitzhugh, and his favorite guide, philosopher and friend, Len Jewell, we started for the little hamlet of Crawford, now Grayling, some ninety miles north, on a rickety railroad which ran a train up one day and down the next. The time of spawning was uncertain, and we had burned out five whisky barrels to take home some live fish if no spawn was to be had. We launched our boats in the Au Sable River on March 28 in a snowstorm, with the thermometer down to 17° Fahr.

To see Len Jewell pole a flat-bottomed scow down the swift current and over rapids was a revelation only equaled by seeing him pole the boat upstream on the return. A prominent trait in the character of "Dan" Fitzhugh, as I soon learned to call him, was that his guest always was put in the best boat, given the best guide, and was put in the most likely spots for fishing that he knew of. In after years, when comparing notes with George Dawson, Thad Norris and others, who have made their final cast on earthly waters, this trait was one of the first things mentioned, and it may be taken as an index to the character of one of the kindest-hearted, whole-souled gentlemen whom I ever wet a line with.

It was practically mid-winter on the Au Sable in early April and our bed of balsam boughs was made above 2ft. of snow, with a gum blanket between, and there was

no sign of thawing under us when we left on April 3, with no eggs, but with 200 live fish for my ponds. Dan begged me to stay, but my word had been given to Prof. Baird that I would start for the Southern shad waters before April 10.

Such days and such fishing! Flies frozen to the side of the boat at the slightest contact and snapped off with the attempt to cast; the line so heavily coated with ice that it would not render through the rings and a grayling weighing 1lb. out of water, pulling and boring for the bottom, and even when nearly exhausted turning his great dorsal fin sideways to resist the strain of the rod. At a pause in the struggle Len would bite the ice off the line near the tip so that a few more feet could be reeled up, but if the fish was a small one he would bring it in by hand. Then he would bite the ice off the whole line down to the leader, which was comparatively free from it because it was longer in the unfrozen spring-fed river, but at times the reel line was as large as a lead pencil with ice accumulated by repeated castings before a fish stuck. No matter if fingers were numb and ears tingled, there was that within us that voted the sport to be grand.

This trip was a short one, and a failure as far as obtaining eggs was concerned; but it was a glorious success in making the acquaintance of two such men as Dan Fitzhugh and Len Jewell. A full account of this trip will be found in *Forest and Stream* of April 23 and May 21, 1874; but only the fishing, the fish and the river are described, with no attempt to portray the character.

Len was frying some grayling for dinner, and had just entered the tent where we lay for salt, pepper, or some other thing, when Dan called my attention to a Canada jay which was hopping about the fire. Len had covered everything eatable except the fish in the pan.

"Bet a million dollars," said Dan, "that that jay takes a red hot fish out of that pan."

"Go you ten millions better," said I. "He can't do it, for the rim of that pan is too hot for his feet, and the boiling fat will take his toes off."

Dan hadn't time either to raise or call me before the bird flew up, poised over the pan to see what was there, flirted a grayling out into the snow by some means unknown to the deponent, and when Len turned and saw the bird take the fish off into a tree, he made remarks highly derogatory to "venison hawks" and the whole tribe of jays, whether blue or gray, and I was indebted to Dan for a few millions of dollars. This debt was soon canceled, for I won fifty millions from him within half an hour on a bet that I would catch the next meat hawk that came into camp. This gray jay is very familiar. One perched on the toe of my boot, and looked us all over as I lay on my back in the tent. They would hop around camp, and carry off bread, pork, fish, or anything eatable; yet, like the familiar European sparrow, they keep a sharp eye on every movement. I placed a bit of pork on a slanting stick, and fixed a noose on a twig just below it; and when the jay flew up to the bait a twitch on the string lassoed it, and then such a screaming! In a minute a score of jays assembled to help their kinsman, and their united screams brought more. The bird was released, and although my winnings had enriched me "beyond the dreams of avarice," I sat down with Len and Frank, and ate fried grayling and drank coffee out of a tin cup on terms of equality just as we would at Casey's table d'hôte; and I can recall that winter camp, and say of Len's fried grayling as Eugene Field says of Casey's "tabble dote":

"The very recollection of them puddin's 'nd them pies
Brings a yearnin' to my buzzum 'nd the water to my eyes."

And as I write there seems no way to express the longing for the days that can never return unless I again quote from the same poem, and mentally substitute the Au Sable River for the mining camp, where Field says:

"Oh, them times on Red Hoss Mountain in the Rockies fur away—
There's no such place nor times like them as I kin find to-day!
What though the camp hez busted? I seem to see it still,
A-lyin' like it loved it, on that big 'nd war y hill;
And I feel a sort of yearnin' 'nd a chokin' in my throat
When I think of Red Hoss Mountain 'nd Casey's tabble dote!"

Those days seem like a dream, or, perhaps, as Tom Moore puts it, "like the faint, exquisite music of a dream," for the keen air, the morning mist on the spring-fed river, the novelty of taking a new and grand game fish, in the company of a most charming host, whose constant thought was to give his guest the best of the fishing and of everything else within his power. There are men who believe that we will do all these things over again on the other side of the Styx, and keep at it as long as we like. If so, Len Jewell will fry grayling while Dan Fitzhugh and I will swap yarns while watching the meat hawks dodge Len's boot, and Len will chew the ice off my line before I make a cast. But, then, other people say there's no ice there; and just how we can rehearse those days without snow and ice is a problem.

To turn from the realm of fancy to cold facts is sometimes necessary to a truthful historian, and at the end of my first grayling trip a fine lot of *Thymallus* were swimming in my trout ponds. Seth Green had declined Dan's

DANIEL H. FITZHUGH

invitation to get their eggs, but when a rival brought the fish so near him he came and looked them over, found that they had not spawned, and next day started for the Au Sable. He was too late; the fish had spawned, but he dug some 200 eggs out of the gravel, took them to his partner, Mr. Collins, who hatched the first grayling eggs in a trough that were so hatched in America; but none were raised from these eggs.

The newspapers of the day had many items concerning the new fish and its future as an addition to our game fishes. Mr. Charles Hallock, then editor of *Forest and Stream*, had some sent by Mr. Fitzhugh and served at a dinner of the Blooming Grove Park Association, at Sutherland's, baked, boiled and fried, and the guests were loud in their praise of the grayling. Before I visited Mr. Fitzhugh the next year he had urged the Legislature of Michigan to protect this fish during its spawning season, and failed. He then urged me to again attempt their salvation, although I told him that the adult fish in my ponds had not, and would never spawn.

Next year I arranged with Professor Baird to let me have my own time on the Au Sable, and so striking in between the dates when I left the river and when Green arrived there, we got a fine lot of eggs. We struck Grayling on April 5, and our party was as before, except that Dan took Charles Pierce as his boatman, leaving the giant Len Jewell to me. Our success last year had been talked of among the lumbermen, and when we arrived at the Grayling House the host, Mr. Hartwick, was anxious to have our rods unpacked in order that he might prove his statements that fish of 2lbs. weight could be taken on "slim Jim switches." The split-bamboos were brought out and limbered for inspection. Pardon the artillerist's term; it's wrong; but I don't know what else

to call it. We unlimber a gun for action—i. e., detach the limber chest—but when we put a rod together for action it must be "limbered," for it is assembled.

The wood-choppers looked the rods over with ill-concealed contempt; the artificial flies and gut leaders were handed around with smiles which broadened into grins until one young fellow, whose views of things had been temporarily estranged by backwoods whisky, thought it necessary to show how weak such a slim rod tip was by breaking it between his powerful hands while Len Jewell held the butt, and was telling of the beautiful workmanship necessary to build up such a rod. Quicker than thought Len had the man's hands in his grasp and he was as quiet as a babe. There was no row because most of the men were sober and knew that the fellow had done wrong, and then all knew Len Jewell, who was a "land looker" and constantly traveled through northern Michigan. Still these lumbermen wanted to see how such slim "poles" could take a fish, and in the morning Dan and I went down to the railroad bridge and cast for nearly an hour before we took a ½lb. grayling on an artificial fly. They were incredulous at first and we cast until hope had become hopeless, when at last Dan had a strike and landed his fish. Blessings on that little grayling! To us it was a great victory. The light rod kills; the mild power cures and the victor can always afford to refrain from rejoicing.

It was not as cold on this trip as on the one the year before. There had been a thaw, and the river was a foot higher, and somewhat discolored. There were no fish in the old places and we went down twenty miles before stopping to fish. Len said the river had been netted and speared as far down as the market fisher could pole a boat in one day. We took one fish that had the marks

of a spear on it, and this in the breeding season! The spawning beds were on shallows, but there were no fish on them; all that we caught were in the deep, dark pools. Suspecting that they were night spawners, we rigged up a jack-light and saw them on the beds. We released the unripe fish and only found four fully ripe females, and from these and half a dozen others that had partly spawned, I took 8,000 eggs home, besides giving a lot to Mr. Frank N. Clark, the well-known fishculturist, then running a hatchery in southern Michigan. This was the first lot of grayling eggs taken by hand in America. The spawning season was about over when we left the river on April 11. A full account of this trip may be found in *Forest and Stream* of May 13, 1875. Up to this time it was lawful to take grayling on April 1, but after several years of effort Mr. Fitzhugh got the Legislature to change the date.

Before I met Mr. Fitzhugh he wrote me a characteristic letter. He said: "You say you would like to go after grayling if it will not interfere with my business. I am quite a busy man, and never allow pleasure to interfere with business. My pleasure is to look after a lot of lumbermen, log drivers and others, keep account of the amount of lumber they get out and make out pay rolls. My business is fishing, shooting and vagabondizing in the woods, and pleasure is never allowed to interfere with it. I am at your service if you come." And it was not to me alone that such an offer was made. He entertained Professor James W. Milner, who wrote a monograph on the grayling for the United States Fish Commission; Thad Norris, George Dawson, Seth Green, and other lesser known anglers. His boats, guides and camp equipage were not only at their service, but the party was liberally provisioned by him for his guests. His

fund of anecdote and his peculiar gift of humor made him a most charming companion, and it came naturally, for his cousin, Greene Smith, the ornithologist, was famous in this line, to the sorrow of his solemn father, Gerrett Smith, the famous abolitionist. Greene Smith could tell funny yarns for a week and never repeat, and Dan Fitzhugh was a good second. I may say, par parenthesis, that I believe myself a fair judge of that sort of thing.

In December, 1877, he wrote me: "I have been on the Manistee three times this summer, always with good success, but not such as we had a few years ago. We have to work harder, and it is more satisfactory. The vandals have invaded our pleasant waters with bait and all other devices to lure the gentle grayling. One party from Chicago took 5,000 from the Manistee this summer—fish from 1oz. upward—salted them and shipped them home to count! Then they have dammed the river at Grayling, and are going to put dams in the Manistee next spring. I think I can see two more seasons of reasonably good fishing in those streams, and then, in my old age, must seek new fields. Is it not hard? Do try and come and go a-fishing with me once more in the old holes."

Again, in August, 1879, he wrote: "Have been to the Manistee once, with fair success. My last trip was poor as regards bag, but pleasant otherwise. * * * I have been trout fishing. Had not fished for trout in ten years. Before that all my fly-fishing was for trout, and I had an exaggerated idea of the staying qualities and resistance of the trout. Now, after mature deliberation and some experience with both, I believe the grayling of equal size has twice the resistance and all the staying power of his relative. I have never seen a trout come

out and shake himself over two or three times before surrendering, while it is common for the grayling to make half a dozen desperate leaps before he comes to grief." Yet men who have fished for grayling once have denied that it leaps from the water. It seems like a crime to let this grand fish become extinct. Mr. Fitzhugh paid all the expenses of a trip after grayling eggs for the State of Michigan, and Mr. Chase, the fishculturist, got some eggs in 1878 and sent them to the hatchery at Pokagon, but I have no further knowledge of what was done with them. I also think Mr. Frank N. Clark attempted to get some eggs, but am writing from memory.

In 1884 Mr. Fitzhugh called me down for saying in "Fishing with the Fly," that the grayling does not leap, therefore I am in with the others of small experience. He said: "You have made a grave error, which I do not attribute to your ignorance but to lack of experience. You assert boldly that the grayling never leaps from the water to take the fly. You were with me on what were probably the only trips for grayling you ever made, in what was almost the depths of winter, and you were right, as far as your experience went. They do then take the fly, as you say, just at or below the surface. But, take the grayling in the proper season, it is as 'leapin'' a fish as any trout. I have lost my end fly, and with nothing but the hand fly, when fish were rising, have trailed it some inches above the water to see them leap and take it, and have caught many in that way, hooked 6in. in the air. Moreover, I have never seen a trout leave the water over two or three times after being hooked, while I have seen the grayling leap six times, for all he was worth, and Len backs me in this." The dear old soul! Doesn't he let me down easy?

I had another trip with Mr. Fitzhugh and Len Jewell, which I will relate in a sketch of Len, Dan's constant and faithful friend. I last met Mr. Fitzhugh in Detroit, in 1888, when we met by appointment at a meeting of the American Fisheries Society, and how we did fish in the hotel that night! The old stories were retold, and we renewed our youth with memories of the past. He told of a priest who fished with him occasionally, and whom I had seen in the woods, retiring at the proper hours to tell his beads, and then joining us with a smiling face, brim full of good nature, to ask what we thought of the fishing prospect. Some careless remark of mine about our not following the good example of our clerical friend caused Dan to say:

"Speak for yourself, my boy. All men do not perform their devotions in public, and only for your happening to stumble on the reverend gentleman and seeing him telling his beads, you would never have known that he did it. Neither do you know what I may do in that line; but as for you, I think you incline more to the jovial creed of the sporting monk of Fountain's Abbey, who said:

"'Little I reck of the matin bell,
But drown its toll with my clanging horn;
And the only beads I love to tell
Are the beads of the dew that hang on the thorn.'"

Hon. Herschel Whitaker, president of the Michigan Fish Commission, wrote me that Mr. Fitzhugh died on June 26, 1896, and that he attended his funeral, adding: "He was one of nature's noblemen, a true sportsman, a brave spirit, with a heart as gentle as a woman's." Asking Mr. Whitaker to get me a picture of my old friend, he replied that Mr. Fitzhugh would never sit for a photo-

graph, but that Mr. E. A. Cooley, of Bay City, had one that was worked up from a snap shot, taken by a young amateur, of a group among whom Mr. Fitzhugh was sitting. This picture Mr. Cooley sent, and is here used.

Mr. Fitzhugh was born in Livingston county, N. Y., in 1826, and consequently was seventy years old when he died. He was a strong, healthy man, barring occasional attacks of gout, which, when they came on in the woods, rendered him helpless, and then Len Jewell has actually carried him on his back over twenty miles through the woods when so afflicted. He went to Bay City in 1847 and built a house, and went to New York City three years later, but in 1870 made Bay City his permanent residence. He left a wife, but no children.

Len Jewell is dead. Looking down the line of men I have fished with it is only an odd one or two who are left. A letter from a lifelong friend, just received, makes this statement: "A man makes no friends after he reaches fifty, only acquaintances." This is a new and philosophical view of life that is worth recording, for some personal experiences in recent years seem to bear it out.

JAMES GEDDES.

WHEN I sketched Nessmuk, alias George W. Sears, a short time ago, he introduced himself into a camp where Mr. James Geddes, of Syracuse, N. Y., and I were secure from a most violent storm, and we took him in out of the wet and brought him to life. That was not my first fishing trip with Mr. Geddes, and I had known him for many years at the New York State Sportsmen's tournaments and at the State fairs, but we never became really intimate until we found ourselves as superintendents in the Agricultural Department of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876; he of the mowers and reapers, horses and live stock, and I of the aquaria. We were both hampered by a man in authority, and could do little except through him, and such friends of his as we mistrusted paid him a commission. The red tape was formidable. I resigned, but Mr. Geddes fought it out. The great acres of grain were ripe for the trial of reapers, and no horses could be had. He got them, however, by some of the plainest kind of talk, which was music to my ear.

Late in April Mr. Geddes asked me if I knew of any trout streams that were within easy reach from Philadelphia. I did not. But Mr. Norris said, "You may get a few trout in Monroe county. Take the morning train and go to Stroudsburg, just beyond the Delaware Water Gap, and get Johnson to drive you out to Jake Wilkins'—it's only fifteen miles, and you'll get there at night. I'll

give you letters to both; you'll stop with Wilkins all night, and he'll show you the stream in the morning." We went on a two days' trip, which included only one-half day's fishing.

Said I, "Mr. Norris says we must wade the stream or not fish it at all, for it is fringed with bushes. Do you use waders?"

"No," he said; "I have no waders, and I don't like them. They're clumsy things, and in a swift mountain stream such as we are going to a man with wading trousers on is apt to slip and find himself in the water. Rubber wading stockings and heavy shoes are a nuisance also, for a man stews in them. I'm not fond of wading, but if I've got to do it I'll get some woolen stockings and a pair of old shoes, and go in that way; but I will not promise to go in over knee deep. I tell you, Fred, it isn't right to wade deep in a cold stream on a warm day, with the sun shining on your head."

Up to then we had "mistered" each other, but from the time we planned our trout campaign we dropped that formal custom. I answered, "You have said just what I would have said if you had asked the question I hate rubber clothing of all kinds. I'd sooner get my clothing wet from the outside than to stew in perspiration which cannot escape. Let's go down town this afternoon and get stockings and such things as we need, and start in the morning."

Jake Wilkins couldn't read, but one of his daughters read our introductory note, and he said: "So-o, you vas frents by Mr. Norris. Den you shall be velcome. I co gill some shickens, already."

"Don't kill any chickens for us, Mr. Wilkins," said Geddes; "we never eat them. Just give us what you have in the house, and we're going to have our own supper."

"Vell, ve cot some mush and milik, und some pork mit beans, oof dot was all ride for you."

"That's all right; and the same for breakfast and a noon lunch. We love pork and beans." Afterward Jim said to me: "These Pennsylvania Dutchmen will kill a chicken and put it in the pot half an hour afterward. I wouldn't touch it with a 10ft. pole unless the animal heat was entirely gone before it is cooked, and I'm sure you wouldn't."

"I'd have to be hard up to eat it; but this layout is good enough—better than I expected in this wilderness. He's a good old fellow, if I'm not mistaken."

The family gathered at the table. With Mrs. Wilkins and two girls, who might have been twins, of eighteen or twenty years, the family could muster eleven at table, and one who took its rations in lacteal form. Dad Wilkins—the children called him dad—said grace in a brief manner, and the business began. The table was not conducted on the lines of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," but no doubt Holmes would have enjoyed it.

"Say, dad, I want some more mush in this milk." "Vell, bass oop your blate." "I do' want no mush; gimme some beans. Put on more." "Shonny, you geep schtill w'en de shentlemans vas here oder I schlaf you on de kopf." "Mom, gimme some more sugar in this tea," and so it went. Poor Jake Wilkins and his wife tried to instil company manners into the younger Wilkinses, but it wouldn't work. They knew just what they wanted, and they went for it. Two strange outsiders were not going to deprive them of mush, beans nor sugar—not if they could help it; and they did get all that they went for.

The children had some American schoolmates, and had not followed their parents' dialect in speaking English,

and the twins entertained us with several songs which surprised us. One was, "When This Cruel War Is Over," and could only have been brought to the mountains by some Union soldier, for it was hardly more than a dozen years old. They had old songs from across the water and entertained us until time for bed.

Men who never think of bed before midnight may turn in at 9 P. M. because there is nothing else to do, but sleep at that hour is to them another thing. Jim and I turned in with two boys, the boys in the middle. They snored a little, but they rolled and kicked without waking up. I think I would as soon sleep with a threshing machine as with the boy next me. The kitchen and dining room were combined; then the boys, the girls, Dad and Mom, each had a room. From the latter great waves of sound rolled up. Possibly Dad was sleeping on his back with his mouth wide open and his nasal valves fluttering, but if the shingles on the roof did not vibrate in unison with the snores of either Dad or Mom, and cause the roof to leak during the next wet spell, then I'm no prophet.

An early breakfast and a half-mile walk brought us to the mountain brook, and a winding, brawling brook it was. The great boulders and the washed banks were evidence that at times it was a mountain torrent. We agreed that it was wide enough to fish side by side, and the rocks were so plenty, with piles of gravel at intervals, that there was no necessity to wade nor to cast a fly, for one dropped on the water could be let down as far as we wished. Our rods were split bamboo, with the appropriate click reels, and each of us had a creel on the left shoulder and a short-handled landing-net. The only thing we differed on was the selection of flies for the first trial, he choosing the light Reuben-

Wood and a silver-dun, saying: "On a day like this when there are heavy clouds I think the chances are best with light-colored flies."

"That is good for a combination of light flies, and I will follow it so far as to put on a coachman, but for a second fly will use a darker one, say a ginger-hackle."

We tried the smaller pools, and took a few trout under 6in., which we carefully unhooked and let go.

"I noticed that you wet your hands before you unhooked that little trout," said Mr. Geddes. "What did you do that for?"

"That is one of the first things that a fishculturist learns to do. A wet hand will not remove the slime from a fish, but a dry one will, and if the slime is removed fungus grows and the fish dies."

"That's something new to me," he said. "How does fungus kill the fish?"

"By making a sore where it can get a foothold, and the roots of the fungus destroy the skin. If you want a fish to live after you've handled it, always wet your hands before you touch it. You may lift a trout carefully from the water, dry it on a towel, and it will swim away. In a few days it will have a bloom, looking like that of a plum, upon it, and then the cottony growth appears, and in a week or ten days the trout is dead. I've seen a dead trout with the finger and thumb marks all eaten into by great sores, and—— That's a good one; it will do to basket."

"Yes; and you've got the mate to it. What fly did it take?"

"The coachman. And yours?"

"The Reub-Wood, the tail fly."

"The coachman was my hand fly, and I have a notion that any tail fly is presented to a trout in better shape

than the other flies, and if I find a fly that the trout like on a certain day, I take off all others. I never want to take two fish at a time and have them jerk different ways, and perhaps break the leader. I'll take off the hackle now, put the coachman below, and fish with only one."

Our fish were about 4oz. each, and well matched in shape and color. The pool was larger than the others, but we got no more from it. Then there was a series of rapids with no pools for a long way, and then we came to a place where for nearly a mile we must wade. The brook wound about and there were occasional fallen trees, heaps of driftwood and other places where a trout could hide, feed and not have to exercise too violently to keep its place. This was evidently the favorite pool that Mr. Norris had described, for it was only in occasional spots that a man on the bank could drop a fly in the water, and from those it would be difficult to land a fish. The water was cold, but not deep. We could distinguish the shallow portions by the ripples, and about 2ft. was the deepest we got into, a few inches above the knee. In this pool we took some fine trout and lost a few flies among the drift stuff. The sun was near meridian when Geddes yelled, sat down on a rock and yelled more. I found that he had a cramp in one leg, and it was all in knots, for he was a large, well-built man, muscular as an athlete, and handsome in face and figure. I rubbed away on the calf of his leg as hard as I could, while he kept saying: "Harder, harder." When the muscular spasm ceased he said: "Don't you think we've had sport enough? How many trout have we got?"

A show-down resulted in thirty-one trout, none of which would weigh less than ¼lb. When we reached Philadelphia the lot weighed 11½lbs., or an average of 6oz., a very good morning's work.

We would fish no more, but find a good spot for luncheon and go back to Jake Wilkins'. There was no road on either side of the stream, not even a trail, but we worked our way up through the woods, and reached the house about 3 P. M., drove to the railroad, and fortunately caught a train which landed us in Philadelphia before midnight.

Going down on the train Geddes said: "Now we've got the trout, what will we do with them?"

"Take enough out to the American restaurant, in the Exposition grounds, for two breakfasts for us and a possible guest or two, and send the rest to Uncle Thad Norris."

"Well," said he, "I had laid out the breakfasts in my mind, but was troubled about the rest. I figured that we could use about 5lbs. at two breakfasts if we had some help, which will not be hard to get; but the remainder bothered me. Norris is just the man to appreciate them. I met him in your office one day, and he's a fine old man."

"That's from your limited point of view. I tell you, Jim Geddes, that Uncle Thad is a grand old man, and if he could have been with us you and he would have been lifelong friends. Let's sort out the trout here on the cars, and you take our portion to the grounds tomorrow and I will send the remainder to Mr. Norris in the morning with our cards; but be sure you don't rob Uncle Thad."

There was no need to set a breakfast time, for we took our breakfasts in that café regularly at 10 A. M., six days in the week. At our first trout breakfast an incident occurred which we never forgot to refer to in after years. The waiter had just brought the oysters and informed us that the trout would be ready in a few minutes,

when the following scene occurred: The bar of the café was plainly visible from where we sat, and at that hour the place was quiet. The barkeeper was polishing his glasses and preparing for the expected trade when in came a lank old hayseed, who had evidently been bitten by the worm of the still many times the night before. He reminded me of those verses of Eugene Field's, in one of which he celebrates the clink of the ice in the pitcher which the hall-boy brings up in the morning, only this yokel could never have seen any poetry in it, because he wasn't Eugene Field.

The particular verse of the poem, which seems applicable to the rural dipsomaniac before us, is:

"Notably fond of music, I dote on a sweeter tone
Than ever the harp has uttered, or ever the lute has known.
When I wake at five in the morning with a feeling in my head
Suggestive of mild excesses, before I retired to bed;
When a small but fierce volcano vexes me sore inside,
And my throat and mouth are furred with a fur that seemeth a buffalo hide,
How gracious those dews of solace that over my senses fall
At the clink of the ice in the pitcher, the boy brings up the hall!"

No doubt this old fellow felt all this, but it was not "the clink of the ice" he was seeking. He was after a "hair of the dog that bit him," and we heard him ask: "How much do you tax fur whisky?"

"Fifteen cents," sententiously, while the polishing of glasses went on.

There was a moment of silence, and then: "That's what they tax all about here. I can get lots of it up in Pike county fur five cents."

The man behind the bar gave the subject but little thought before he said: "Then why don't you go there and get it?"

The rustic recognized that as a business proposition, and, planking his money down, merely said: "Gimme some."

The bar glasses in those days were large, for I am told that there is a fashion in these things as in others; and the rural toper took the bottle, which went "glug, glug," until the fluid actually rounded up on top of the dry glass. Then he grasped it, but was restrained by the barman, who shouted, "Hold on!" and turning to a pile of empty cigar boxes, tore off the picture of a woman, and said, "There's a chromo goes with that drink!" At one of our fly-casting tournaments I induced Geddes to tell that story to the Rev. Mr. Ziegenfuss, who had a keen sense of humor; and often when they were in the boat as judges, Mr. Ziegenfuss would say: "There's a chromo goes with that cast!"

Mr. Geddes was widely known, not only throughout the State of New York, but wherever scientific agriculture is practiced. He was born at the Geddes homestead near Camillus, N. Y., in 1831, and received a liberal education. He learned civil engineering under his father, who did that work for the Syracuse & Oswego Railroad. When twenty-two years of age he married Miss Frances Terry, of Geddes, and assumed the direction of the widely known Geddes farm, which was famous as a model of high farming. At the time of his death, at his home in Syracuse, N. Y., in 1887, he was president of the New York State Agricultural Society.

Mr. Geddes spent eight winters in Florida and one in California trying to recover from an attack of pneumonia, and he often urged me to go to Florida and fish with him. Once he wrote me: "Come down here and try the fishing, if only for a month. We can't give you salmon nor trout, but can give you some other good fishing.

JAMES GEDDES

How I would like to have old Nessmuk and you here together, and hear each of you tell the story of that rainy night on the Fulton Chain and of the fishing next day. If you and he get fighting over the proper kind of fishing rod, I assure you I would referee the fight with strict impartiality."

I replied that it was imposible for me to get off in the winter, when the hatching of salmon, trout and tomcods was going on; but I would write to Nessmuk and try to get him to go, for he could make shoes in Florida as well as in Pennsylvania.

In 1882, and again the next year, Mr. Geddes was elected a member of the State Legislature, where he watched all bills that affected fish, game or agriculture, having been appointed on the committees on game laws, State prisons and charities. He was the highest type of a sportsman, but being of a high type of manhood he could not be otherwise. He could not tolerate the game hog nor anything that savored of him, and he was frank to the point of bluntness when offended. He was a most companionable man with men who could be companionable.

When he formed the Ragged Lake Club, to put up a club house and hatchery on the lake of that name in the northern Adirondacks, I planned the hatchery and met him at North Creek when he was on his way from Albany to Malone. "What are you doing in this desolate place?" he asked.

"Don't mention it here; I am studying the effect of sawdust in the river from this place to Mechanicville. I want to see where the eddies deposit it, and how. But I go up and down and take a few trout with the fly, or an occasional pike with a spoon or a minnow, and they take me for an ardent angler who does not know of

better places to fish than these almost barren waters."

"That's a good idea. We may want some such information before the fish and game committee this winter, and I'll make a note of it. This dumping of sawdust into the streams smothers the trout spawn, and it should be stopped."

"There's another point," said I, "and one which the angler would naturally overlook, which the fishculturist knows, but which no writer has published, and it is that pine or hemlock sawdust need not cover trout eggs in order to kill them, for water containing an infusion of fresh pine or hemlock is a poison to trout eggs or to trout fry, if it hatches in such water. Livingston Stone charred his troughs to burn out the turpentine some twenty years ago, but now we coat them with asphalt or coal tar, with better results, and get a smooth trough."

"How does the raw wood in the trough affect the fish?"

"It puffs out the yolk-sac with water, in which the microscope shows loose blood corpuscles to be floating around, and the swollen sac has a peculiar bluish cast, and in the hatcheries this is vulgarly known as 'blue-belly,' and a baby trout so afflicted was never known to live long enough to take food. But I did not meet you here to give you a lecture on fishculture, but to talk on any other subject or to take a trout in Thirteenth Brook or a pike in the river."

"What are the chances? I don't know this place well."

"In Thirteenth Brook you may fish several miles up to the pond of the same number, and you may get a whole lot of fingerlings which you would not kill, with a chance of half a dozen 4oz. trout. Yesterday, between here and the hotel at North River, I hooked a pike while skittering with a spoon. That pike took away my spoon for which I had paid $1, currency of the United States,

and also a foot of gimp, all of which is my property. Mark me, it is not the value of the goods which disturbs me, but it is the principle of the thing. As a legislator you will concede that I have the right to cast a bit of bright metal into the river, and that I retain ownership in that metal as long as I have a string tied to it by which it may be recovered, and if a fish attacks and carries off my property it is a felony. It is my belief that a big, and therefore dangerous, pike, weighing a ton, or less, did, with felonious intent, rob me of personal goods worth $1."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to try to replevin my property; try to have his corpus, if I can get it; and I want you to stop here a day and help me."

We took the stage to the little hamlet called North River, some six miles above. I was stopping there, and I rigged my friend out with a rod and a trolling rig, for I always carry a lot of tackle that I seldom need, but is so handy if you do happen to want it; and we fished that river back to North Creek that day, casting our spoons into the pools and trolling them, but the big pike did not show up. We took six small ones, none over 3lbs., and a big sucker, which was hooked in the back. The pool where I lost the spoon was fished faithfully, with no result.

We hired a man to drive us back, and we spent the night at Roblee's. Early to bed and early to rise is the rule in all country hotels, yet the men who keep it do not seem to be healthier, wealthier, nor wiser than other men. I said to my friend: "This house will be closed before 10, and we'll have to retire early. That means getting up early, and we can fish this six-mile stretch after breakfast and come back with the stage.

I don't care anything about that pike, but I do want to recover my property. He's sporting that spoon hook up and down the river as an ornament, doing the grand at my expense, and I don't like it. He may want another to wear on the other side of his nose, and if you'll fish with me the chances of arresting him will be doubled."

"All right. I'm not going to sit here and wait for the stage when there is fishing, either good or bad, to be done. We had some good exercise and a little sport with the pickerel yesterday."

"Pardon me, but we have learned to call those white-spotted fish pike, no matter whether big or little, and to reserve the name of pickerel for the greenish-yellow fellows which have a more or less distinct black net-work on their sides. The fish we caught were true pike."

"Correct. I'm glad you mentioned it. I knew the distinction, but it comes hard to change names. In western New York, where I was born and have always lived, both these fish are termed pickerel, and the name of pike is confined to one of the perch family, variously called wall-eyed pike, yellow pike, glass-eye, etc., and it comes natural for me to use these names, which I learned in boyhood, although I know better. Always call me down when I need it, for we are the fellows who must try to educate the people in not only a uniform name for each fish, but the proper one, also."

Here was a chance to do good, and I replied: "Then get your Onondaga Fishing Club to protest against the name of 'Oswego bass' for one of the black basses. It is a black bass, of the species big-mouth, yet New York law says: 'Black or Oswego bass.' Get the absurd name of California trout replaced by rainbow trout, and straighten the kinks out of all the absurd names now on the statute books for birds and fishes."

He thought a moment, then said: "That would be a desirable thing to do, but it would make trouble when some ignorant fisherman was on the witness stand. He would swear that an Oswego bass was not a black bass. How do you suppose these names got so mixed?"

"Seth Green had much to do with it. He was a noted sportsman, and was in the fishcultural field soon after Dr. Garlick and Mr. Ainsworth, and people thought he must be an authority on fishes because he bred them. He caught his first big-mouthed black bass near Oswego, on Lake Ontario, and named it from the place, although the fish originally ranged from Dakota to western New York and south to Florida. Seth got eggs of the rainbow trout from two places in California, and christened them the California brook trout and the California mountain trout, but there was no real difference in them."*

In the morning we had breakfast early and started for my pike. It was my pike, because he was wearing jewelry which belonged to me, and as far as I knew, he was not any other fellow's pike. The river was low and swift. Great rocks and gravel beds were frequent, and we took three pike before we came to the pool where I had previously struck a pike and lost a spoon.

We both cast, and Geddes called: "I've got him!" I reeled up and ran over to see the fight—and it was a fight. A great fault with many anglers is to get excited when another has a fight on hand, and to shout advice

* In 1888 I imported eggs of the brown trout from Germany, and gave some to Seth Green for fear of accident. The fish is common to all the cold waters of Europe, but unfortunately I told Seth that they came from Germany, and he sent out their progeny as "German trout," a name that survives in some places to-day, and at the Caledonia hatchery I have even heard them called "Dutchmen" by the employees.

to him. I have been annoyed by this so much that I never say a word if the man who has the fish hooked is an expert, unless I see some danger of rock or drift which is not visible from where he stands. This pool has some large rocks, but no piles of driftwood. I stood beside Geddes and watched the contest without remark. He gave line when forced to do it or smash his tackle, and kept a taut line on the fish all the time. Just how long the fight was we did not know, for neither of us was cold-blooded enough to put a watch on it. It seemed an hour, it may have been ten minutes, when a tired pike was reeled up and towed on a sand-bar, sporting my jewelry in his nose.

"There's your spoon," said Jim, "and I've lost a day trying to recover it for you; but the fun I've had wipes out the score. How much will it weigh?"

"I don't know. You mark what you think it weighs on one side of this card and I'll mark on the other. The one who comes nearest pays for the cigars."

Jim marked 9¾lbs. and I put down 10½lbs.

Jim won—the fish weighed exactly 8lbs.

SPENCER M. NASH.

THE storm had begun before sundown and raged throughout the long winter night. It was still raging as we looked out on the great snowdrifts on Christmas morning, 1866, and as we gathered at breakfast each remarked, "It was a fearful night," and father rejoiced that no cattle trains were due that day, for he had charge of the live stock department at the eastern end of the New York Central Railroad, and would not have enjoyed having several stock trains stuck in the snow. His men had shoveled a path from the office to the house, and as we finished breakfast one announced that a passenger train had been stuck in the snow half a mile above and the passengers had neither fire nor food. Everything eatable in the house was put in baskets, pails of milk and of coffee were prepared, and half a dozen men were sent wallowing through the drifts to the relief of the passengers. Many of the men on the train came down to the West Albany Hotel, and left the provisions for the women and children. Two of them were acquainted with one of our family and stopped with us for two days until the roads were opened. We improvised a cribbage board, and put in the time as well as we could; for there was no stock coming through, and, therefore, nothing to keep us clerks and book-keepers busy.

Seventeen years later, in 1883, at Blackford's annual trout opening in Fulton Market, New York, I was introduced to many gentlemen by the late Frank Endicott,

who then knew every angler worthy of the name in the city. Among them was Dr. Nash, who, after some conversation, remarked:

"I know some people of your name in Albany. Have you relatives there?"

"Yes; that was my boyhood home."

"Is Captain Joseph Mather, of West Albany, a relative of yours?"

"Yes, we are slightly related; he's my father."

"You don't say so!"

"I do say so."

"Well," said the Doctor, "I have a pleasant memory of a couple of days in your father's hospitable home years ago, when I was snowbound on the Central road, coming east; we played cribbage, and after the old folks went to bed we went down in the office, where we sat by a roaring fire and told stories. A brother of yours had a banjo in the office and played all the old-time songs and jigs, that I thought had long since been forgotten. What has become of him? Is he living?"

"What was his front name?"

"I forget just now, but I'd know it if I heard it."

"Was it Fred? He was there then."

"Yes, yes; Fred; that's it. I'd like to meet him again. Is he living?"

"Wait a moment, till I feel my pulse—yes, I'm alive."

"You don't mean it!"

"I do mean it. I made a cribbage board, played the banjo and sang:

"'Ole Mister Coon's a cunnin' t'ing,
He ramble in de dark;
Noffin seem to 'sturb he's min'
Till he hear old Ringo bark.'

Does that sound familiar? If it doesn't, I'll give you

a dozen or more verses of it until your memory gets wide awake."

I wish I had a photo of the genial Doctor with the surprised look he wore when he put out his hand and said: "Well, I'll be durned!"

As I took the proffered digits I merely replied, "And so will I;" and we have never forgotten each other since. He has several times basely deceived me by saying, "Hold still, now, it won't hurt," while he was preparing to run some abominable device up a hollow tooth and drag a quivering nerve from away up behind my eyeball. The vengeance which I then vowed could now be repaid (for is not the pen mightier than the forceps?), but when I look back from a more pleasant chair in my den and try to borrow some of the enchantment which distance is said to lend—without collateral security—I relent. Perhaps he meant that his instruments of torture would not hurt him. That's a dentist's view of the case.

As an item of interest concerning the feeding of the soft-finned pickerel on the spiny black bass, I will quote from a letter from Dr. Nash, written May 20, 1885: "I caught several pickerel (*E. reticulatus*) on the artificial fly and one had a little black bass in its throat, still alive. I placed forty bass, small and big mouth, in the lake two years ago, and this is the first evidence I have had that they have bred. The size puzzles me. The young bass seems too small for a yearling and too large for fry of this year, for the fish was nearly 2in. long."

Once he wrote me a critique on my monograph, entitled "Adirondack Fishes," and among other things said: "I was surprised at your saying that you preferred bullheads to brook trout for the table, but on reflection must agree with you. Every summer I have tired of trout but have never had a sufficiency of bullheads. To

be sure I have never tried to eat so many of the catties as I have of trout, and have never been confined to them as a steady diet, as we were to trout in the woods. And this reminds me of a story. While making a trip through the Adirondacks with a friend and two guides we stopped at Ike Kenwell's, on Raquette Lake, for dinner. My guide, Ike Stone, and I were standing on the wharf anxious to get away, when a boat came to the landing. A gentleman seated in the stern, said to be a clergyman, remarked to one standing near us: 'Come, brother, get your tackle ready; I have found where we can get splendid fishing, for my guide thinks we can get some bullheads to-day.' My guide never got over it, and he speaks of the 'splendid fishing' at Raquette Lake every year when we meet."

There may be no moral in this story, but it points to the fact that the flesh of all fishes of the salmon tribe—not family, for I only mean the salmon and the different trouts—is very cloying after a short time. A man will tire of salmon after a few meals, yet an occasional dinner of it is an ichthyophagian treat, and the same is true of trout in a lesser degree, for its flesh is not so rich in oils as that of the salmon.

As one of Fish Committee of the Blooming Grove Park Association, Dr. Nash arranged with me for professional advice in locating and arranging a trout hatchery for the association, and I visited that famous park in 1883 and afterward had their hatching troughs made on Long Island, sent by rail to New York, where they went to their journey's end by canal and wagon over the mountains, and I was surprised to learn that they were watertight on arrival. I saw quite a little of the park then and was impressed with its wild, rugged character, which fitted it for a grand game preserve, and for little else.

Its 17,000 acres, with 4,000 more leased, contains eight mountain lakes and over twenty-five miles of trout streams. This, and a square mile fenced in for a breeding park for deer and other game, made it a sportsman's paradise, surrounded as it is by a wild, mountainous country in Pike county, Pa., only 140 miles from New York City.

A year or two after this first visit Dr. Nash invited me to fish in the park with him. The trout season was poor just then, because the streams were swollen, and the only fishing at the time was for black bass. We left the handsome club house in the morning in a two-seated carryall drawn by two sturdy and stubborn little mules, named Or and Tor. When Bob, the driver, took up the lines and started his team he lighted his pipe and polluted the air behind him. Nash did not seem to mind it, and I, being a guest, pretended not to notice it. In no other country that I know of would such a thing be tolerated, even if a driver should so far forget himself as to attempt it, but it is an everyday occurrence among our free-born American drivers of stages and other vehicles in the rural districts. We were bound for Lake Laura, which is about six miles in a direct line from the club house, but fully nine by the mountain roads. The trees were gorgeously tinted with all the varied greens of early summer, for the leaves of the hardwoods were still quite young, and when Bob's pipe was replaced in his pocket the air was glorious.

There was a little house and stable at Lake Laura, and I was glad to get from the wagon into a boat. The lake is nearly square and is almost a mile across in both directions, with a shelving, rocky shore, which was washed clean of mud or vegetation as far out as one could see the bottom. It was now nearly 9 A. M., and an

occasional bass was breaking here and there. Their nests were plentiful and plain to be seen, and many schools of baby bass that had just risen, but had not scattered to seek their individual fortunes, were also to be seen.

"What flies do you propose to use?" asked the Doctor.

"Just what I was about to ask you, because this is strange water to me, and you've fished it before. Tell me what you think best to start in with."

The Doctor cast his weather eye aloft, sniffed at the wind, and said: "The morning is fairly bright and there is sufficient breeze to make a ripple and hide the fall of the line and leader. I think that rather sober-colored flies should take, don't you?"

"That's the theory, a dull fly for a bright day and bright colors for an overcast sky; but I've often found exceptions to the rule."

"Naturally," said the Doctor; "the exceptions prove the rule. If there was no rule there could be no exception."

"Well, here's a ginger-hackle and a March-brown," I replied, "and if they don't suit I'll give 'em something else, and reserve any tilt at your philosophy until we adjourn to take a rise out of the luncheon," and I was soon casting.

Nash selected a stone-fly and a brown-palmer, and then he put the boat to the western side of the lake and let it drift back as we fished. We had a rise or two, but no strike, and contrary to all expectation the bass were rising about the lake more freely than when we started to fish, for we generally look for them to stop feeding as midday approaches. I said something to this effect, to which the Doctor replied:

"All black bass rules are violated by the bass in Bloom-

ing Grove Park. There's that fine lake just in front of the club nouse, Lake Giles; it's about the size of this lake and contains thousands of large bass, but they refuse to rise to fly or bite at bait, durn 'em, and we don't know what to think of them. We can see dozens of them swimming by, great fellows, of 4, 6, and nobody knows how many pounds, but they decline all offers. What do you think of that?"

"The bass are a recent importation, for they are not natives of the eastern parts of New York and Pennsylvania, and they are at present finding all the food they want in the native suckers, shiners and other fish, but when they clean this food up they will then have appetites for what you have to offer. Now, when we start again from the western shore I'm going to try brighter flies. Here's a red-ibis and a queen-of-the-water all ready. Let me take the oars while you change your cast."

A coachman and a yellow-sally were the Doctor's choice, and we did quite well with these, even if the day was bright. We had eleven fish in the next drift across the lake, most of them taken on the yellow-sally and the red-ibis. The bass were small, none going above 1lb., but they were lively and strong fighters. Nash said that they did not grow larger in Lake Laura. That was another strange thing. One more drift with a like result and it was time to go ashore.

We had appetites befitting anglers on a mountain lake. We had a wealth of appetite that would have been of rare value to men who are chained to business, but we had acquired it easily, and we squandered it so thoroughly that none of our wealth was available to take home.

* * * A voice said, "Come, wake up if you want

to do some fishing this afternoon," and as the "dull, dense sensation of recurring sense" rolled back, I gradually got a grip on life and became conscious that Lake Laura was the place on this planet where I was "at," and fish once more seemed worth the fishing.

The same flies served for the afternoon fishing, although the sky was not so bright and nothing unusual occurred except that a bass took one of my flies below and the other fly became entangled in something that was stronger than my leader. The bass was lost and my other hook broke; on reeling in I found that the broken hook was one of those side-bent "sneck" hooks which are my abomination, and how I ever came into possession of a queen-of-the-water tied on a sneck hook is more than I can say. I don't know of any fly-maker or dealer who sends out or sells flies tied on these hooks, and I was surprised to find that I had such a fly.

Before we quit fishing I told the Doctor that I would like to take a hundred or two of the baby bass to Long Island—for, by the way, all the bass in Lake Laura were of the small-mouth persuasion—and we got a quart fruit jar from the house and put some baby bass in it. They were less than half an inch long and blacker than they would ever be again. We started. Bob lighted his pipe and a hind wheel collapsed and he went over the dashboard among an indistinguishable mess of mules' heels, while his young life was saddened by the loss of his pipe, which suffered a compound fracture. I was sitting over the wheel whose spokes, without a request from one of its felloes, let the hub fall on the ground, to the great surprise of the men and mules. As Nash sailed over me, after the manner of a flying squirrel, there was a momentary glimpse of a fruit jar following him, and then we arose and saw hundreds of baby bass struggling for life

in the road. "And forty miles from a wagon maker," said the Doctor, as we shook hands and assured each other that we were unhurt. "I don't mind the walk back," said I, "but I am so sorry about the driver's pipe."

That driver crawled out from under the mules and looked at the wreck of wagon and pipe. Which was the greater calamity, from his point of view, he did not say; but he looked dazed, until Nash said to him: "Come, wake up; go to the house and get an axe, and we'll fix the wagon and go on." He went, brought an axe, and the Doctor cut a long pole, put it under the hind axle and lashed it fast to an iron on the front of the wagon body; and so, trailing on the ground like the lodge poles of a Sioux, that pole sustained the axle, and we put our rods and fish in the wagon and started over the mountain on foot, while Bob, seated over the front wheels, drove on without his pipe.

As we started ahead of the team, Nash advised that we cut some good, strong gads in case of meeting rattlesnakes, and we did. They were chestnut sprouts, tough, and about 15ft. long and perhaps 1½in. at the butt—most formidable things for a snake to meet while enjoying life in a sun-bath on an unfrequented road. "Now bring on your snakes," said my companion, and "There's one," said I, as we made a short turn and a rattler came into view while taking his siesta in the middle of the road. There was a rush, a yell, and the gads went whack! whack! on the vertebræ of that snake just as he threw himself into a hollow coil to resist the charge. It was no use—our artillery was too heavy for him. Some one said that Providence was always on the side of the heaviest artillery, thereby either paraphrasing or antedating a similar remark ascribed to Napoleon regarding the best disciplined troops. Be that as it may, we had

the heaviest artillery and were the best disciplined troops, because we acted in concert, and our whacks reduced the enemy to such an extremity that he was quiescent, merely wiggling his tail to show how glad he was to see us.

"Seven rattles and a button," remarked my companion snake-killer, "and this fellow is eight years old at least. No one can say that some rattles have not been lost, and that he may be a hundred years old. What do you think of that?"

"I think that I don't know the first thing about it. There are men who deny that the snake produces only one rattle a year, and others who assert that the rings on a cow's horn may indicate age, but not necessarily her exact age; and other men claim that in favorable years a tree will make several rings in a season, if the growth is checked and proceeds again, according as the months may be alternately dry or wet."

"You don't believe in these things, I take it," said my friend, in a manner that denoted a question.

"They may be so; I don't deny them," I answered, "but the question seems to be an open one, one in which the evidence is not all in, and as either a judge or a juryman I believe nothing until it has been proved. I have counted over a dozen wrinkles on the horn of a cow that I once bred and knew to be only four years old, and I've seen rings of growth on clam and oyster shells that would make them appear to be octogenarians when their size belied the wrinkles. I once hatched oysters from the egg, and under the microscope saw them fasten on shells, and then suspended them where there was plenty of food in tide water. In the fall those oysters were as large as a quarter of a dollar, and showed sharp rings of growth; I can't say how many, perhaps twenty. That

is as far as my positive knowledge goes. What are you carrying that snake on your gad for?"

"For no reason that I can give," said the Doctor, "but you must know that a man does many things for which he can give no good reason—I mean a sound commercial reason; this thing is a trophy; only this and nothing more. It may serve to scare the mules into greater activity if they ever catch up with us, or it will serve to feed the ants if we ever find a hill of pismires."

We soon found what had been a hill, but which had been leveled by a bear, who provoked the inhabitants to attack him and then devoured them as they swarmed on his tongue. The trouble had occurred so long before that the pismires had partly rebuilt the mound, and when Nash dropped the snake across it with a thud, it was fun to see the hordes swarm up from below to resent any attack upon their outworks. They came by battalions, brigades and divisions of army corps, and they emitted a peculiar odor, which cannot be described. They covered the snake an inch deep, and any man who has ever aroused the ire of a colony of this kind by disturbing their mounds, and has had the experience of only one of these wingless insects up his trousers leg, will know just how they nipped that dead snake. "If you come along here to-morrow," said the Doctor, "you will find the skeleton of that rattler picked clean enough to set up in a museum; there will not be a bite of flesh or skin left; the few scales and the skeleton will remain because the ants can't eat them."

The mules came up while we were watching the legions attacking the dead snake, and the driver said that since the pole had replaced a wheel the mules had refused to go faster than a walk, and showed his whip worn to a stump, in evidence that he had used all his powers

of persuasion. Then we tried our arguments, one to each mule, but those gads which had made a rattlesnake look as though he had been run through a threshing machine were shed from the backs of those mules as a duck's back sheds water. They squirmed as we yelled and whaled, but our arguments had no effect. It was not fear of Mr. Bergh that made us desist, but that muscular incapacity which accompanies severe laughter. The mules were the best disciplined troops in this engagement, and they tired us out; they carried their point, and walked the whole way home.

"I tell you," said the Doctor, "a mule knows a heap. That team knew that if they should trot another wheel might break down, and it is their duty to get the wagon and Bob home safely. Yes, a mule knows more than some men."

"Present company not excepted."

"Correct; the more you study a mule—whoop! There's another snake!"

The gads were playing on a rattler like flails on a barn floor a second later and the dissertation on mules was never completed, and thus much knowledge which might benefit mankind—or mules—was irretrievably lost, all on account of a miserable little rattlesnake which was valueless as food, of no account as a motive power, whose oil is of doubtful value for rheumatism, and whose sole mission seems to be confined to scaring huckleberry pickers, causing some sportsmen to carry "remedy for snake-bites," and furnishing inspiration to Ed Mott to write "Old Settler" stories for the New York *Sun*. Perhaps this is reason enough for its existence. Who will deny it?

It was in 1888—I like to be exact—that the B. G. Park Association, through Dr. Nash, invited me to be

the judge in its fly-casting tournament in October, and Nash and I fished Lake Giles with fly, minnow, dobson and fiddler crab—which I brought from salt-water—for two days and never took a bass, although we saw them in great numbers and of large size nosing around our baits. It was a new experience to me, but Nash talked as though it was the usual thing on Lake Giles.

I have no record of the fly-casting at hand. Memory has only recorded the fact that the distances and accuracy compared favorably with such amateur casts as had been made at Harlem Mere, but the measuring line was unique, and the device of Dr. Nash is worthy of record, for it is the best thing of the kind I ever saw. It was made of wooden strips 3 or 4in. wide and 12ft. long; the ends dovetailed together and secured by a bolt which allowed them vertical motion. On these strips were the distance marks. When we consider that our cotton lines would shrink when wet, and that the wood only shrinks or swells across the grain, to any appreciable extent, we get the value of this measuring line and of its record in tournaments.

Some seven years ago Dr. Nash organized "The Fresh Air Club," of a dozen or more members, and they would go by rail to some place twenty or thirty miles away and then start for the city on foot and across lots, over hill and through meadow on a straight line, and each season they visited me on Long Island, shook hands and were off, with the motto: "The hind wagon pays the toll." This, and an annual vacation of three months in the Adirondacks, where he is at the present writing, keeps the Doctor in rugged health and strength, and he is naturally a strong man.

As we sat in the boat on Lake Giles, trying to induce the bass to take flies and various baits without getting

them to notice our lures, he said: "I took my first fishing lesson from Reub Wood, when a boy in Syracuse, N. Y., but even Reub couldn't catch a bass in Lake Giles, and those boyhood days with 'Uncle Reub' are so long ago that I begin to think I'm as old as the hills or as the valleys between them, for I think they are twins; but, anyhow, I'm getting old."

"Yes, you are old—old enough to be called in. When did you fish with Uncle Reub?"

"In 1861, when I was sixteen years old, and that's a long time ago."

"Well, yes," I answered; "it's long for a boy like you to remember; but I fished with him in 1840, when I was seven years old, and that's only a short time ago. Please never speak about your getting old in my presence. Even the fish refuse to bite when you talk in that way."

The Doctor thought a moment and replied: "Old is a comparative term which changes its meaning as we advance in life. When I was thirty-eight and just a trifle gray I revisited the village of Cazenovia, where I lived between the age of eight and sixteen, and chanced to see two boys fishing at a spot where I fished when about their ages and caught the grandest suckers and bullheads that ever made a little boy's heart glad. I mentioned the fact to the boys that I used to fish at that spot when a boy and passed on, but before I was out of hearing I heard the question: 'Say, Johnnie, who is that old duffer?' I did not get the reply, but never regretted it. If I was an old duffer five years ago I must be an older one now."

Thinking this over after writing it, I can only hope that if I organize a party to go to the gold fields of Alaska and the Klondike next spring, one of the party will be Dr. Nash. Not that I fear a need of his

professional services, for my wisdom teeth have not only been cut, but shed some weeks ago, but for the sake of his genial companionship, his knowledge of camp life, and his unfailing good nature in the presence of misfortune or incident. Our acquaintance began in storm, ripened into a warm friendship in later years, and at the rare intervals when we meet we are boys again.

BASHFORD DEAN.

THERE are charming lakes on that terminal moraine which is called Long Island, but they have never been written up to any extent outside of the dry reports of the Fish Commission, although they abound with a variety of fishes to entice the angler. The trout fishing in historic Massapequa is about gone since the city of Brooklyn included it in its water supply, and now permits are issued to more men to take trout in its waters than there are fish in the lake. Those of us who fished in it when it was the private property of the Floyd-Jones family will do so no more.

I had been running the State hatchery on the island for a little over three years when a young man about nineteen years old presented his card and an order from Commissioner Blackford to me to give him every possible facility for his work. He was Professor Bashford Dean, instructor in biology in Columbia College. He distilled the salt water of Cold Spring Harbor and worked up the deposit, weighed and treated it to all manner of things which had never been done to it before; made micro-photographs of the food of the oyster and pried open their shells and into their internal economy regardless of their feelings, and actually made enlarged drawings of their gills, hearts, livers and other organs to publish to a world whose main interest in an oyster is to first know if it is in season, and then to dispute whether lemon is superior to vinegar on Rockaways, Blue Points, East Rivers and Shrewsburys.

I hold a decided opinion on this last question, and waited long for the young professor to intimate a preference for lemon, or for black pepper over red, when I would arise and kindly suggest that when his palate was a few years older and had reached a proper age to discriminate he would not adhere to such heresies. But he never referred to these subjects, and stuck to his photographs and microscope. He showed me that the mouth of an oyster is back at the hinge of the shells; how its four rows of gills lay under the mantle, and how the beating of its heart could be seen just above the adductor muscle, which closes the shells. Also how the motion of the gills and hair-like appendages sent currents of water and food back to the mouth, and then traced out the digestive organs, as if an elephant had been under the scalpel. These things are interesting to know, and evidently this unassuming young man knew a lot about the anatomy of the oyster, but I soon found that an oyster to him was like the noted primrose on the river bank—only this and nothing more—and he couldn't distinguish a Shrewsbury from a mill pond or a Blue Point. I could do it, and this illustrates the fact that we each have a little bit of knowledge that all the world has not.

His investigations were continued during 1886 and 1887, at the hatchery, when a broader field was opened for him. Mr. John D. Jones, who gave the State the ground for the hatchery, erected a laboratory at the harbor for biological study, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, of which Mr. Blackford was treasurer, and Professor Dean took charge of it for the first year, and it was a surprising treat to me to see him draw on the blackboard any symmetrical animal like one of the crabs, with chalk in each hand

while he talked of its nervous and digestive apparatus.

He had to give this work up and go to Europe to study the methods of oyster culture there for the United States Fish Commission, and his reports were published.

In July, 1889, Mr. Blackford wanted an examination made of the two principal lakes of Long Island. It was to be a complete examination into the flora, fauna, depth, temperatures and areas, with a report on the needs of each lake in the way of vegetation and animal life. Professor Dean, now an A. M., volunteered to work the botany and invertebrates, while I did the fishes, and we both took a whack at the depth, temperatures and areas.

The work was most congenial; several weeks' outing, with something to be learned and perhaps added to human knowledge. Not only this, but I rejoiced to know that while my companion in the investigation was to be a man high up in his specialties he was one who was really companionable, for I once spent a fortnight in the wilderness with a man who was entirely destitute of humor and insisted on talking on dry subjects in which he alone took interest. I knew that outside his studies Dr. Dean never alluded to them, never "talked shop," and that he had a keen sense of humor, without which no man is companionable to me, and the prospect was pleasing.

We were not to camp, but, what was nearly the same, we were to stop in hotels among strangers, and spend our evenings together, and a life spent in angling and fish culture, with its necessary reports on the latter, has put all fish talk in the category of "shop," and in camp I love the song, the joke, and anything except a discussion on fish. Dr. Dean was my ideal man, for I never talk about fish if I can help it. Outside his classes he never referred to the vermiform appendix of the oyster,

nor the alimentary canal of the lobster; he shut up on these subjects when he put up his scalpels, thus following that most excellent advice, "put up or shut up."

If a man happens to be engaged in an occupation in which other people are interested they are apt to think that he knows nothing else, and they think they do him a favor by talking to him on the subject. As a fish culturist of several years' experience, I will candidly say that there are about six men in America with whom I can profitably talk on fish culture; that is all. In camp I want to leave business behind and enjoy life untrammeled by it, and I don't want a companion whose talk is of politics, religion, science or fish.

There was Lake Ronkonkoma, an Indian name said to mean white sand, situated in the middle of Long Island, something over fifty miles from either end, and on the top of an extended gravelly ridge which projects eastward from the high land on the north side of the island. The lake is oblong, its greatest length being north and south, and it covers more than a square mile. It is fed by bottom springs, and has something like an inlet in the shape of a broad, irregular arm, which projects to the northwest. There is no outlet, evaporation and filtration taking all the water. Perhaps it may feed some of the numerous trout streams on the south side of the island.

The lake is in the wild, unsettled part of the island, where the deer still range, and no portion of "the island of shells"—Seewanhacka, as the aborigines called it—contains more fables and traditions than Lake Ronkonkoma. There was no bottom to this lake, and a tide rose and fell once in seven years. I had picked up this information from various sources, and on the way down imparted it to my companion.

"That's very curious," said he, "for one would hardly expect deep ponds on the island, because in all glacial drifts small ponds hollowed out in the soft clays and gravels are not apt to be deep, for no matter how powerful may have been the eroding force of the waters, the shifting nature of the drift gravels would in time fill up any deep pockets that might have been formed. Surely would this be the case on Long Island, where the gravels, boulders and clays which were deposited by the melting ice mountains from the north were not merely reground, washed out and sifted by the glacial torrents, but were continually smoothed over by the pounding sweep of the ocean."

"Your reasoning seems correct," I replied, "but Long Island is singular in one thing—ten times more waters flows from it than falls on it; and the query is, where does it come from?"

"Are you certain about this statement?"

"Positive. I've been all around the island and tested the temperature of every stream of importance that flows from it. It has an area of 1,682 square miles, and the average rainfall is from 40 to 55in. Take a medium of 47in., figure it into gallons, and the Nissequoge on the north, and the Conetquot on the south will more than carry it all. Then on the south side there are about three good trout streams to the mile from Valley Stream to Patchogue, a distance of over thirty miles, not to mention the minor streams. I don't know of an equal area in America which contains more large trout streams than Long Island. Mark me, I don't mean trout waters, for in the Adirondacks and in other parts of the country there are more trout waters within the area named, but they are lakes, and I only mean flowing brooks and rivers. I am prepared to assert that there is at least

ten times the amount of water flowing from the island than can be accounted for by the annual rainfall."

"Then it must come from the north and pass under the Sound in crevices of the rock."

"No doubt of it, for there are fresh-water springs in Long Island Sound," and so we argued the time away until the railroad dumped us at a station called Ronkonkoma, and a stage took us through the sand and scrub oaks to The Towers, a hotel on the lake which has since been burned.

Our first work was to find the depth of this lake which "had no bottom." I had known of such lakes in Vermont and New Hampshire, where the hills are higher and the lakes are proportionately deep; but I also knew that when prying Fish Commissioners carefully sounded them they seldom found over 100ft. of water. I had 200ft. of thin linen codfish line, thin so as to better resist currents and the drift of the boat, and this was carefully marked with white cord at every fathom and blue at every five fathoms for ready reckoning. In the morning a few ignorant natives winked and grinned at the idea of two duffers coming to their lake to find out what they had never been able to find, but some more sensible ones saw us off and were willing to withhold their verdict. The water at this time was up to the shrubbery on the shores, although my men, who had planted fish in the lake a few months before, reported the existence of a sandy beach of some 20 to 30ft. all around the lake. It was now near the last week in July, and Dr. Dean remarked: "The seven years' tide seems to have come in a few weeks this year."

"Yes, but we must reserve that question until after we sound the lake. These people here don't see how two strangers propose to find out more about this water in a

week than they have learned in a lifetime, and they half resent our intrusion of their domain. They don't realize that they have been satisfied to catch fish in the depths and shallows, and where their fish lines found no bottom they were content with the tradition that there was no bottom. I have no faith in the tide theory, but we must not jump on them with both feet. If we don't find bottom at 200ft. we'll get more line."

The Doctor—I call him Doctor here because that is one of his titles—never mind what I call him on the lakes, but I have seen him in print as "Dr. Bashford, Dean of Columbia College;" that's the penalty of bearing a surname which is also a title. Said he: "This is glorious!—to get down among these musty old myths and traditions and bust 'em."

"Will you please give me the correct orthography of 'bust,' and also please parse 'bust 'em'?"

"With pleasure. The orthography and parts of speech are closely allied to the phrase which you used a moment ago, when you wanted the oars, and said: 'Gi' me um.' You will see that the boomerang can be used for other purposes than to kill a rabbit behind a bush."

On a similar occasion Falstaff said: "No more of that, Hal, an' thou lovest me." We were not even, for there was a balance against me.

We went around the lake and put flags at every 100ft., in order to sound at the intersecting lines. This took a whole day, and at night our troubles began. Time and again we explained that we had made no soundings, and as often we saw significant glances exchanged. The duffers had toiled all day and done nothing. That was very satisfactory to a few, but among those interested, who lived on the lake, were Mr. W. H. Warner, a maker of metal tubes for scientific instruments, and Hon. James

R. Ferguson, a lawyer. To these gentlemen we explained our day's work.

The next day we began by guessing our distance at 100ft. from the shore and sounding around the lake, and then, getting our ranges from north and east, sounded the lake at the intersection of all the lines until we came to a deep hole, which we worked out two days later. Two pounds of lead and a registering thermometer weighing almost as much told us that the lake then had a depth averaging 15ft. all over, with the exception of a deep hole in the southwestern part. This is about 500ft. from the shore, opposite the residence of Mr. H. B. Kirk, and the sides are shelving. This hole was probably 200ft. long by 50ft. wide. I say probably because our boat was not anchored, but drifted with the wind. The bottom was of clay, and was not deeper than 65ft., and the bottom temperature was 38 degrees Fahrenheit. The surface water was 88, the air nearly the same, while at the bottom of the sandy plain which formed the main body of the lake the thermometer registered 78.

The next day we were to fish and to look up the other animal life before going into a hunt for aquatic vegetation and the water-breeding insects, but just as we were about to put off for our work Judge Ferguson and some friends stopped us. Said the Judge: "Would you object to our using your sounding line in the deep hole while you are fishing?"

"Glad to have you do it, Judge. We are only after facts and have no theories to sustain. We will be glad to have you use our sounding line, and when you get the deepest water just buoy the line and note the depth. We are satisfied with our soundings."

There was a crowd at the landing when we came in before sundown. They looked the line over and talked,

while we went up to the hotel. Then came Ferguson and others. The Judge said: "I don't doubt your measures, but the boys here can't believe 'em. They say they've put out over 300ft. of line and never touched bottom, and as I sounded with your line and took your measured fathoms as a standard, I wish to ask if there is any objection to letting our boys measure your line?"

Dean said: "We will only be too glad to have you do it. It will help us much. We have no other object than to get at the truth. You have the number of fathoms marked on our line, but I would prefer that you measure them with your own tape."

We sat in the hotel when the party came back. "Your measure is all right," said Ferguson; "65ft. is the deepest water we could find."

And then arose the bartender. I had not seen him before. Said he: "This lake is over 500ft. deep, an' I know it. What's the use of you two fellers comin' down here for a few days an' tellin' us how deep it is? I guess we know our country better'n you do. Why, I killed three deer here last fall, an' if I hadn't been busy all summer I'd 'a' caught more fish than all of these fancy fishermen that come down here. But about that deep water—65ft. ain't half the depth of that hole, and I'll bet $10 it ain't."

We had mapped out the hole and sounded every square yard of it; obtained specimens of the clay from it, and recorded the temperature, and these things may be found in the Eighteenth Report of the New York Fish Commission for the year ending Sept. 30, 1889. I replied: "I don't care to bet, but if there is deeper water than we have found we want to know it, and I will give you $10 per foot for each foot you can show me above 70."

"Golly, but I'll make about $50 offen you to-morrow,"

he said; but he never demanded any money. The fact was that they had used ½oz. sinkers and paid out line as the boat drifted, and there was "no bottom." The next thing to investigate was the mysterious seven-year tide. Our soundings had caused a commotion, and the billiard room was visited nightly to hear the news. We brought up the subject, and the argument ran along after this fashion:

No. 1—"You see it's this way: the tide rises for seven years, and then it takes just as long to fall; you see——"

No. 2—"No; you ain't got it right. I've allers heard that it took seven years to rise and fall, while in your way it 'ud be fourteen years. It's just seven years since I rented my farm, an' the water was high then an' it's high now."

No. 3—"That's so, Jo. I remember we went a-fishin' that year, an' you reached over to haul in a big bass an' plumped overboard, an' had to swim where we can wade at low water."

To help along I remarked: "Last spring my men reported low water here, and they had to wade out to get into the boat."

"You're right," said the bartender; "I helped 'em carry the cans." And then they waxed warm over it. No one had kept a record, but they resented my friend's suggestion that the annual rainfall could influence the "tide" in any way, and they did not relish our doubts about the ancient tradition any more than they did our finding less than 70ft. of water in a bottomless lake.

We heard it night after night, and listened respectfully, leaving them to fight it out, which they may be doing yet. We fished with flies, bait, trolling spoon and gill nets, and recorded the following species: Sunfish, both species of black bass, the small pike-perch, for which we

have no popular name unless it is sauger, which I have read, but never heard spoken, it is *S. canadense;* bullheads, rock bass, yellow perch and mumichogs, or killies. Not a pike, pickerel nor a shiner. The latter would be a good fish for the others to feed upon. Our dredge brought us many mollusks, crustaceans and insects, which the Doctor recorded. These and the water plants amused those of the natives who had been annoyed at our discoveries, and they "didn't see the use o' huntin' up little no-'count things like them." But we had a record of every bit of animal or vegetable life in the lake which was large enough to be held by the bolting cloth with which the miller sifts flour.

Then we went to Riverhead to look into Great Pond. This is some miles from the village, but Mr. J. H. Perkins not only put a boat on it for us, but loaned us a horse and buggy each day. If they will stock this lake with black bass it will be a better lake for an angler than Ronkonkoma. It is much deeper and colder, the bottom springs being sufficient to sustain brook trout.*

Here we found the fresh-water mussel (*Unio*), the usual Long Island crustaceans and insects. Of plants there were a variety, some not found in Ronkonkoma—the most interesting to me being the wild celery and water soldier, both in bloom on the last days of July. Of fishes we took pickerel, sunfish, golden shiner, yellow perch, bullheads, suckers, eels and "mummies." If the two lakes could exchange black bass for golden shiners (*Notemigonus*) it would be of mutual benefit.

As scientists in search for information we used dredges of bolting cloth for top and bottom, gill nets and angling

* For all these data those who are interested may consult the report mentioned.

appliances. The pond has no houses near it. There is a shed and picnic ground labeled "Hunter's Camp," but no one fished the lake while we were there, and we had the only boat on it. Our gill nets were drying on the bushes one morning as we got out of the buggy, and I saw a man dodge in the brush. He evidently knew Mr. Perkins's rig, and when we returned at night he was at the hotel and took me on one side.

"What luck on the pond to-day?"

"About thirty suckers, all of one kind, though. I don't think there's but one species in the pond—some sunfish, perch and five pickerel. We kept one pickerel for our breakfast and sent the other edible fish down to Mr. Nat Foster and Mr. Perkins. We were quite successful in capturing insect larvæ and crustaceans."

"What's them?"

"The worms which turn into water beetles; crawlers that grow to be devil's darning needles, and other little things."

"I see; that's a nice song and dance you're givin' me, but I seen a gill net on the bushes and another in the water. I'm a town constable, and mistrusted that them bags o' your'n had nets in 'em when they was throw'd outen the baggage car, an' I've had an eye on you to see that you didn't get away afore I got evidence ag'in ye, an' I got it to-day, an' can put ye in the lock-up to-night an' get yer nets in the morning. Oh, I've got ye an' ye can't squirm out of it. Now you come along o' me peaceably an' then I'll come back an' get the other feller, who's sick up stairs. Somehow you got to windward of John H. Perkins, but you can't fool me."

This was charming; it was an adventure, and I was a criminal. Dean had returned with some trifling ailment and retired. Supper would not be called for an hour.

I was in the custody of a man whom I admired for doing his duty, but it was plain that explanations to him would be useless. Mr. Perkins was the treasurer of Suffolk county, and there was fun ahead. He had gone home to supper, and after making the constable think that I was trying to bribe him with all sorts of entertainments, including supper, he relented so far as to take me to see Mr. Perkins before locking me up for the night. I did not sleep in the jail, and that vigilant constable, whose name is unfortunately forgotten, never troubled us more. I hope his zeal led him to protect his district against all violators of the game laws as it did when he arrested me. The only question is: Would he take the same course with his neighbor or friend?

Around the lake the huckleberries grew in profusion. We were approaching the Hunter's Camp and picking a few when the Doctor saw a boy eating berries near the landing. The boy said: "These berries ain't got no taste."

One glance and my scientific friend called out: "Don't eat any more of those berries; they're not huckleberries, they're poison."

The boy stopped eating and the Doctor added: "These are what they call 'kill calf' berries, and may be known by——" and here I fail to get the essence of his botanical lecture on the differences of leaf and stem, but the boy was dangerously sick for three days and recovered. Dr. Dean missed three fishing days while watching him, but I rowed my own boat, trolled a spoon and took several pickerel of fair size and gave my new friend, the constable, six fish which aggregated nearly 19lbs. He no longer looked at such gifts as an attempt to bribe him, and did not offer to arrest my partner.

We were just in time for the annual darky camp meet-

ing, some miles from Riverhead, and we got there. To tell of the fun that we outsiders had on one night would fill a book. Religion is not a thing to be ridiculed, but there are people who do things in its name that "make the judicious grieve." Just why we enjoyed this darky camp meeting may be questioned by others. To the two "duffers" who were exploring the inland waters of Long Island it laid over any of the "coon" songs of May Irwin.

White visitors chipped in the most of the money collected, and it was worth our dollar to hear them sing:

"Go tell you' mother an' all her kin,
They'll never cross Jordan with all their sin;
Sing, sweet Christian, an' let me in.

"You can dig my grave with a silver spade,
But I'll rise in the coming day;
You can fasten my coffin with chains of gold,
But I'll rise in the coming day.

"For hell is deep an' hell is wide,
It ain't got no bottom an' ain't got no side,
An' none can shun it but the sanctified,
But I'll rise in the coming day."

Dr. Dean came on earth in 1867, and was educated at the New York City College, Columbia College and in Munich, graduating in 1886, second youngest in fifty, and in 1891 was instructor in biology in Columbia, and professor of biology six years later. He has visited every country in Europe, except some of the smaller principalities, and while he was investigating oyster culture in Europe for the United States Fish Commission he wrote me the most genial letters, filled with humorous descriptions of men and things, often illustrated with his pen. He probably could tell more stories of men he has fished with than I can; for it would include Arabs, Turks,

Portuguese, Italians, Swedes, Frisians, Russians, Chinese, and a lot of other men with salient points of character. Just how he found time to write me so much while he was studying at the same time and writing a book on "Fishes, Living and Fossil," delving into the embryology of *Amia* and *Chimera*, which he was the first to describe, I can only guess. Perhaps it was a relief for him to think in a different direction.

While we were fishing in Ronkonkoma I made some trifling remark about a catfish having nine lives, when the Doctor said: "You can kill them easily if you know how. In the brain of all the vertebrates there is a structure of unknown utility known as the pineal gland. In the fishes and other so-called lower forms it is connected with a cavity between the parietal bones, and in the sturgeon and catfish it is easily found under the skin. A pin or a splint inserted there will kill the fish instantly. Herbert Spencer demonstrated that it is the vestige of a third eye, and he found in some lizards a lens, pigment and traces of a nerve in this pineal gland."

Some time ago Mr. Hough referred to killing a catfish in this way with a broom straw, but did not enter into the anatomical reasons for the hole, which probably exists in all fishes, and no doubt an eel could be killed in this manner.

We had talked of eating a Chinese dinner for several years, and one December day I piloted the Professor through Chinatown and up stairs in a Pell street restaraunt, within rifle shot of *Forest and Stream* office. There we partook of bird's nest soup, chicken with lychees, shop-suy, yung to (canned fruit), canned lychees (something like muskmelon), guck yin (I don't know what that is) and souchong tea. There was enough for a dozen laboring men, and the bill was proportionately large.

The "shop-suy" was a delicious stew, and the tea was fine.

Before the dinner the Professor said, in his purest Chinese, "John, you catchee cocktail?"

"No gottee cocktail."

"Well, you catchee Chinese wines, some sid-lee or some mow-jen?"

John was suspicious; we were strangers, and he had no license. He said: "No gottee wine." But after the bill was paid, with a little trinkgeld, backsheesh, pour boire, or whatever it is in Chinese, he said: "Good-by, when you come again I catchee Chinese wine and cocktail." And then the curtain fell to slow music.

JAMES L. VALLOTTON.

ONE winter day I met Mr. Vallotton on the street in New York, and as he spoke kindly of my sketches I ventured to say: "I've been thinking of writing up our trip to Pasque Island, and will do it unless you make a serious objection. I will take pleasure in recalling those days, as I did in the days themselves. Now, don't say no, because I want to do it."

"My dear boy," said he—he was ten years my senior and therefore had a right to call me a boy—"my dear boy, I would have no objection to your writing up that trip only there's nothing to write about; not the slightest thing of interest occurred that I remember, and I fear the story will be flat. However, that's your affair; so go ahead if you can make a yarn of it."

With this in mind I wrote him one Aug. 28 at the Union League Club, where he had made his home since 1888, asking for the date of our fishing trip. The letter was returned in an envelope of the club with a note, saying: "Mr. Vallotton was taken to St. Luke's Hospital three weeks ago and died on Monday last, Aug. 30; his funeral will be held at the hospital on Thursday." The letter reached me on Friday evening.

I made the acquaintance of Mr. Vallotton at the angling tournaments in Central Park, in which he took great interest, especially in the contests in "heavy bass casting," usually acting as judge or referee. He was the treasurer of the National Rod and Reel Association and I the secretary, therefore we were often brought

into contact after the tournaments. One day, about a dozen years ago, he asked me to fish for striped bass with him at the Pasque Island Club, of which he was a member, and for some years had been its president. Here was a chance to see and take part in the capture of big bass of 10 to 50lbs. in the waters of Martha's Vineyard. Naushon, Nashawana, Pasque, Cuttyhunk and Penikese were all familiar names of the Elizabeth Islands, which separate Buzzards Bay from Vineyard Sound, and I had read much of the fishing there. I did not decline the invitation, and joined my host at the comfortable club house.

It was Monday night, and before retiring the members present drew for stands for the next day. There were about fifteen stands around the island, and these were drawn for each night, the highest number taking first choice, and so on. Mr. Vallotton drew only once, as he intended to stay with the novice and be his mentor. The stands were not near together, and thus his being with me was a necessity, for while I was an adept at bobbing for eels, bottom fishing, chumming and trolling for salt water fish, skittering for pike and fly-fishing for trout and black bass, I had never used a free-running, multiplying reel to cast from in actual fishing. I had seen it done in the tournaments, and my friend Frank Endicott had given me some lessons, yet I had not attained the art, which seems to be more difficult than to cast the fly.

A stiff rod, not exceeding 9ft., is used. A 2oz. bait of lobster tail, or a slice of menhaden, is the bait. The latter is reeled up to about 2ft. of the tip, and with a sidelong sweep it is sent into the surf a hundred or more feet away. It looks so easy when done by an expert like Mr. Vallotton that the beginner is surprised at his failure.

His free-running reel has overrun, "back-lashed," and his bait is suddenly checked in its flight. The reel is on top of the rod and must be checked by the thumb of the rod hand, and in a nice difference between too much checking and not enough lies the secret of bass casting. My trials had been on land, with a 2oz. lead sinker, which gave less resistance to the air than the bait. I could not do it, and Mr. Vallotton cast for me all the first morning, while I watched the process.

The stands are built on prominent rocks, with iron stanchions firmly let into them, and on top is a semi-circular rail of iron pipe about waist high, to allow the angler to cast without fear of falling. These are often reached by plank bridges stretching from rock to rock. If the sea is rough, the angler is clad in oilskins, and looks out that he is not washed away.

We fished the rising and the falling tide faithfully and did not get a strike. We tried it for five days with the same result. From seven to eleven men fished the different stands on Pasque Island that week, and only one bass was taken, a small one of 6lbs.

On Friday night Mr. Vallotton said: "There seems to be no use in trying; the bass are not here. I regret very much that I should have selected such an unfortunate time, for I wanted to see you take a good fish."

I assured him that I had enjoyed the trip, and thanked him for it; that I was enough of a fisherman to know that no man could tell when there was going to be an off week, but that I had learned much about casting from the reel which might be of use on some future occasion.

"As to-morrow is our last day," said he, "and there have been no bass taken of any consequence at Cuttyhunk and the other clubs, with no prospect of any better fishing for some days, I can assure you some of the best

bottom fishing for tautog and sea bass on the coast. They are always with us in great numbers, and are ever hungry. Would you like it?"

"Yes; it beats no fishing all to pieces, if it is not the highest form of angling. There was a time—when I was younger and had only just learned to take a trout or bass with a fly—that I turned up my nose at all bait fishing, especially of the bottom kind, and compared it to dragging the East River for dead bodies, but that is a state of mind that often comes to young fly-fishers. You remember that Dr. Bethune, in speaking of fishing with the worm, in fresh waters, said: 'My hands have long been washed of the nasty things.' Well, I thought so at one time, but, while I like to take a fish with a fly, my philosophy says if they will not have it in any of its varied and artistic forms, then offer them what you think they want."

"That's my philosophy exactly," said my friend. "We've fished faithfully for five days for the grandest game fish in the world, not excepting the salmon, and they are either not in our waters or are not in need of menhaden or lobster tails, so I will tell the steward to order baits for bottom fishing to-morrow."

And so we went out and anchored in one of those tide-ways between the islands which are curiously called "holes" by the natives, and fished in the swift water with drop lines, heavy sinkers and clam bait. If the striped bass were absent, the sea bass, tautog or blackfish and other kinds were present in great numbers, and had appetites for clams that were surprising. There is a little fish which is always found where the tautog is, and which is soundly hated by all salt-water anglers. It can remove a bait without letting the man at the other end of the line know it, and he only finds that his bait is gone when

he has waited awhile for the bite which does not come, and then pulls up to find that he has been fishing with a bare hook. It is rare that one of these nibblers is hooked, but Mr. Vallotton brought up a large one, fully 6in. long. He fastened it to a line, with a piece of cork to float it, and for half an hour played with the gulls, snatching it away when they were about to seize it, until finally one gull got a grip on it and tore it loose.

This to me was very amusing, for it was done so seriously. Mr. Vallotton was one of the most dignified of gentlemen; stately in manner, careful and precise of speech, and always so carefully groomed that a speck of dust would avoid him if it could. He was one of those trim, elegant old gentlemen who can be seen by the score any afternoon on Fifth avenue, and who are more plentiful in New York than any other American city, and therefore I was amused to see him play with the gulls. Evidently he thought it as good sport as bottom fishing, which he stopped in order to tease the gulls. And I don't know but it was as good, or better. The fish bit so fast and were so surely hooked that it was poor sport to haul them in as fast as one could bait and throw out. It lacked that uncertainty—those mingled sensations of hope for a strike and fear of loss—which is the charm of angling.

"Can you tell me," said he, when he resumed fishing, "of what possible use these little nibblers are?"

"Certainly; they serve many useful purposes, as all living things do. They take your bait, and, as you provide enough to cover this expected loss, the clamming industry is encouraged. They enlarge the vocabulary of the market-fisher, who invents choice epithets for them, and so our language is enriched. They, in common with some other fishes, have several names which

sharpen our wits to remember—for instance, about New York, where the Dutch settled, they are known as the bergall; along the Connecticut shore the fish is a cunner; further east it bears the Indian name of chogset, until we reach Cape Ann, where the fish attains its extreme size of 10in., and appears on the table under the name of blue perch. In its turn it serves as food for larger fishes, and is of great service to an angler who tires of fishing and wishes to have sport with the gulls."

"Is that all?"

"All that I can think of at present. If more time for thought could be allowed, I might find more good in the little bait-stealer, which seldom exceeds 5in. in length about New York, and is a pest of the first water."

"Well," said he, "you've made out such a good case for the little nuisance that I'll send down some more clams for it to nibble on; we have plenty, as the steward said he had ordered 200 to be opened, and there are a great number left."

He had hardly lowered his line, when there was a violent tug on it, which drew it through his fingers so rapidly as to scorch them, for he held it loosely. He grasped it firmly, and declined all assistance, saying: "It must be a 20ft. shark, if not a whale; but it must come in." As it neared the surface, I saw that he had a big "barn door" skate, one of the largest and smoothest of our skates; and I got hold of its tail and swung it in the boat, where it flopped around until I killed it with an oar, for it was too large to go into the clam baskets, which had been brought to hold the other fish and keep them from spattering us.

"Now," said my friend, "since you gave such a good character to the little cunner, perhaps you may speak a good word for this misshapen thing."

"I can, and am glad to do it. The skates are good food; not of the first class, like salmon, striped bass, shad or others, but they are better than weakfish, and equal to many others that go to the markets; yet there is a senseless prejudice against them. They are common in the markets of Europe, and I've eaten them there, but you can't get our fishermen to try them because their grandfathers didn't eat them, and tons of good food are thrown away every day through prejudice."

The old gentleman looked the fish over and then said: "Pardon me, but are you serious in this matter? Is this sea monster really good to eat?"

"I am serious, and if you will have it cooked at the club, and will taste it, after I do, you will find that it is of real value as food. Mr. Blackford has eaten it, and it was this fish which, more than anything else, led to the founding of the Ichthyophagous Club, which was organized to overcome prejudice by sampling all living things which came from the water."

"But," said he, "there appears to be but little meat on so broad a fish. After you take off its wings there seems to be nothing left of it."

"The wings," I replied, "are really great, broad fins, which it uses like wings, and flies in the water as a bird does in the air, and these are the edible part of the fish."

The result of this talk was that we had the fins of the skate fried, and induced some ladies at the club to try them. All pronounced the skate very fair, and I've been curious to know if any of them ever tried it again, or if their curiosity was satisfied. None of the boatmen, nor the fishermen along our coast, will eat this fish. They destroy tons of it every day—and people in our large cities are looking for cheap and wholesome food. Such is the effect of blind, unreasoning prejudice, which fol-

lows a beaten track and dares not sample a skate, sea-robin or toadfish, partly because they are not handsome, but mainly because some one told them that these fishes are "not good to eat."

When we had fished to our satisfaction, and wearied of pulling in fish which seemed to be anxious to be caught, we went ashore. The half-bushel clam baskets were full of good sea bass and blackfish, which the steward would use in some way; but how many there might be we never knew.

Several times after this I dined with Mr. Vallotton at the Union League Club, and he always spoke of the time when we ate the skate. I think he regarded it as one looks back upon some daring deed from which he has escaped unharmed.

A friend who is a member of the Union League Club, and who only knew Mr. Vallotton slightly, says: "He spent much of his time in the library and was never known to have been engaged in any business. His rooms at the club were richly furnished and contained many valuable paintings. He had no very intimate friends, but was always pleasant and agreeable."

That describes him well. He was a most agreeable man to all men, but one who never seemed to unbend from his formal manner under any circumstances. He was a man whom you might know for years, but with whom you would never be intimate. Yet he was not a cold man, despite his dignified and ceremonial manner, which one soon learned to know was not assumed.

James L. Vallotton was born in Savannah, Ga., in 1823, and his mother brought him to New York after his father died, about 1840. His mother died in 1860 and then he married a daughter of Robert Sheills, who left him a comfortable income. She died in 1875, and from

that time Mr. Vallotton devoted his spare time to angling.

He was as fastidious about his fishing tackle as he was about all other personal matters. His reels must be sent to the maker to be looked over and oiled, and the rods must be tested at the beginning of each season, while all last year's lines were discarded for fear that there might be a chafe on a rock, or some weakness which might cause the loss of the very large bass which he might possibly hook.

He took many large bass, and the record of them is on the books of the Pasque Island Club, but there are so many miles between those books and my den that I can't attempt to give the weight of his biggest fish, but I do remember how his eye brightened as he told of fighting a 35lb. fish.

In rounding up this sketch of a gentleman angler, I wish to record my belief that angling for big striped bass in the ocean surf, as practiced by the anglers who compose the bassing clubs of the Elizabeth Islands, is a sport not a whit inferior to salmon fishing.

JOE.

AS a schoolboy I had, of course, read of the influence of the Gulf Stream on the temperature of the air, but I had also read of the lotus-eaters, in the land where it is always afternoon, and one seemed as real as the other. But to leave New York in February, 1877, when it was so cold that the snow crackled under foot and the steamer was well coated with ice as we passed Sandy Hook, and then to land in beautiful Bermuda three days later and see the crates of early vegetables piled on the wharf, the men in straw hats and shirt sleeves, and to feel the warm wind, was like a fairy tale where the good prince is suddenly whisked to a land of beauty to find the charming princess and escape his enemies.

It took three days to learn where to go to get the best collection of live sub-tropical fishes for the New York Aquarium, and in the meantime to learn much of the town of Hamilton, the chief city, and its institutions, for this trip was my first one beyond the domain of Uncle Sam and everything was strange, from the semi-domestic little ground doves, hardly as large as our quail, to the red-coated soldiers in forts, over which "Old Glory" did not float. I was a "greenhorn;" out West the term would be "tenderfoot;" or, as in New York newspapers some who want situations describe themselves as "lately landed." If I could choose the term to describe my mental condition in a strange land it would be the more polished one of "provincial." That lets a fellow down

easily. The "provinces" of the city of New York and of the backwoods of Wisconsin I was familiar with, from the Bowery to the Bad Axe River, but here were entirely new conditions—perhaps I should say "of environment," to be technically correct.

When I decided to cross the island and make Harrington Sound the base of operations I first gazed upon Joe. He was a colored boy, lightly colored, perhaps of one of the shades of antique oak furniture, or of light ginger-cakes, and apparently about fourteen years old, honest-faced, bare-footed, straw-hatted, with ragged brim, unbleached muslin shirt, and bed ticking trousers with two suspenders. The extravagance in suspenders was noted in contrast with the economy of our own Southern darky, who is usually content with one; but economy is not always commendable; a reserve to fall back on is often a wise investment, and Joe had it, in case of accident.

Joe had been brought up on the water and could manage a boat either with sail or oar, and for a stipulated amount of £ s. d. he enlisted in my service. He told me that the oysters of Bermuda were not good to eat. This, to a man who had heard so much about good food that was cast aside because some fellow's grandfather did not eat it, made me anxious to eat a Bermuda oyster. In the West they reviled the "mud hen," the "blue peter" of North Carolina, a very good table bird, and the fishermen of Connecticut refused sturgeon, the royal dish of England's sovereign, and I had eaten the "proteus," the "lizard" of the Great Lakes, and was unconsciously fitting myself to be a founder of the once famous Ichthyophagous Club, of New York, which proclaimed that everything that came from the water was good to eat, if you knew how to prepare it. Of course I would eat

the Bermuda oyster, and I did. In early boyhood a boy induced me to bite into an "Indian turnip," and then that boy and I fought all over a ten-acre lot, and for weeks after when we met. With mouth aflame—for it got no further—I could not fight Joe, for he had warned me, but the burning was intense—it was agony. Joe ran off and brought some leaves of oleander, which grows on the shore in the salt spray, and told me to chew them, and a partial relief came. Most of the mollusks of Bermuda are either acrid or astringent—in some cases they possess both qualities. This knowledge was obtained at first hand by what may be properly called "bitter experience." If there is an edible mollusk in the Gulf Stream I failed to find it.

If Hamilton had been a surprise to me as a city without dirt, and the white country roads, cut through the sandy formation on top of the coral reef—for I believe these islands are the only coral formations on our side of the Atlantic—were wonders, they were only a prelude to more. Carpenters sawed the sandy rock into blocks for building, and into "slates" for roofing, with common hand-saws, and then let the blocks or slabs harden. All this was strange enough, but the water surrounding the island seemed like that which one could only expect in fairyland. No rivers, creeks or even springs, to bring in soil to cloud the water, it was as clear as glass at all stages of the tide.

For a day or two Joe rowed me about into coral caves floored with brilliant sea anemones, and bright with gaudy fishes hovering above them. To him it was an every-day scene, and he took no more delight in it than a man born in the wildest mountains does in the grandest view of peaks and valleys. A man who has always drunk water from a mountain spring has no idea of the taste

of good water. Let him spend a summer in New York city, or, preferably, Brooklyn, and then send him back to his mountain spring, and he is educated as far as drinking water goes. He never tasted water until his return. My case was similar. I had fished in salt water, but not in the clear, pure water of the Gulf Stream, where a large fish could be seen at a depth of 50ft.

A few days of this, with trips to St. George's, Somerset and Ireland Islands in Joe's sloop, gave me an idea of where I wanted to make a base of operation, and no place offered better facilities for collecting than Harrington Sound. The first thing to be done was to prepare cars to keep fish alive in, and one specially designed for the keeping of an octopus, if only an octopus would come our way. Joe grinned every time I spoke of capturing a live octopus. I've been shaking my memory to bring up the name that the Bermuda fishermen have for this animal, but the name refuses to come to the surface—it's a queer name, and will probably come to mind some months hence, when I'm not thinking of octopods; that's the way memory has of playing hide-and-seek. When you seek she hides and then, when it is of no use, she pops out.

"Joe," said I, "we must get an octopus; it's worth more to me than all the fishes we can get. Tell the fishermen that I'll give $10 for a live one, and if you put me in the way of catching one you shall have the money, in addition to your pay. What do you say?"

"No fisherman ever bothers that thing, only just kills 'em. I know I do' want to trouble one, an' I 'spects you won't want to own one when you see him alive."

Joe could hardly have read Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea," where he makes a dreadful beast out of several kindred creatures; but it seemed that not only Joe

but all the Bermuda fishermen feared this harmless little crab-eating animal, whose body is but little bigger than a man's fist and whose eight arms seldom make a circle of 4ft. diameter. With this animal, the cuttlefish and the giant squid, the "kraaken" of Pontoppidan, Hugo, like a true showman, made a "devilfish." I had only seen the octopus in alcohol, but had accurate information as to its character and powers, and would try to capture one if one could be found. I knew that the suckling disks on its "arms" were soft and unprovided with those toothed rims of cartilage which the decapods, or squids, have, and when I told Joe that I would take one in my hand he showed his ivories, and said:

"I 'spect you'd jump out of the boat if one come in after you. We kills 'em by drivin' a stake through 'em, an' w'en one comes outen de water on a stake he takes charge o' that stake; he takes charge o' the boat, an' he'll take charge o' you, too!"

Some two weeks later a man brought me a live octopus on a stake, which had been driven through its body. I declined to buy it, and the man was as surprised as Joe was that I should expect to get one by any other method. "No, sir," said he, "that thing would wind about a man's neck and choke him to death. No man on any of these islands would try to get one if he didn't pin him first." He evidently thought me foolish and ignorant, but did not volunteer an opinion on that subject. He seemed to regret that I would not buy an octopus in the only condition in which he thought it possible to capture one.

We fished with hand-lines for the smaller fishes, all beautiful—the grunts, striped with green and red; the squirrel, a bright red, and the angelfish, whose gaudy colors give it its name. Such colors I had never seen on fishes before, and the question arose as to the number

that the tanks could safely carry, and if some had to be discarded which to leave behind. I had bargained for some large groupers with the proprietor of the "Devil's Hole," and felt easy on that score. The hole, as I remember it, was about 20ft. in diameter and some 60ft. deep. The tide ebbed and flowed in it, and you could see clearly to the bottom, and it was well stocked with handsome fishes, large and small, which were fed daily. A high board fence kept out all persons who did not care to part with a shilling, currency of the realm, to pass through the gate and gaze into the "Devil's Hole."

One morning Joe said he knew where a —— had a hole. The animal is very local. It makes a home in a hole in the coral rock, or in the weeds, and lays out its tentacles to fasten on to a careless fish or crab which may chance to pass. After rowing over the ground several times, Joe found the spot, but only a person familiar with the habits of the octopus would have noticed anything unusual among the bunches of coral, sponges, brainstones and other things which covered the bottom and cast shadows here and there. I certainly would not have given the dark spot a second look, yet there, in about 10ft. of water, lay the animal, curled up in its hole, showing a bit of dark skin and part of a tentacle which was not unlike many other things on the bottom. Our movements had alarmed the mollusk and it had coiled up and was keeping still. Its burrow faced the south and the current. We anchored our boat at both ends across the current, north of the burrow, where its shadow would cause no alarm.

"Now, what are you goin' to do?" Joe asked.

"Nothing; only to keep perfectly still and see what that fellow below is going to do. I want you to keep still, don't rock the boat nor strike on the bottom."

Joe sat in one end of the boat and I in the middle, close to a can containing several live squirrel fish, about 8in. long, and nearly the color of a boiled lobster, only brighter. I had a deep landing-net with a 24in. rim on a 15ft. staff, the bag of the net being 3ft. long, with a full, round bottom. This I placed on the bottom of the sound, held there by the side of the boat and something on the bottom, the current keeping the bag wide open. Then I lit my pipe and watched what went on below. Brilliant fishes, which are never seen north of the Gulf Stream, played about; now feeding on some smaller life and now chasing each other in play. Crabs crawled about, seeming to avoid the anemones and other stinging things, although their shells may have been complete protection, and I smoked and wondered if any living thing could eat a sea anemone or a jellyfish, both of which can sting a man after the manner of the weed we call a nettle, and can paralyze some small forms of life on which they feed.

It was getting toward noon, and Joe awoke from a drowse and said he was hungry, so cautioning him to keep quiet and to throw nothing overboard, I raised the lid of the commissary department and passed him a plate containing some slices of boiled ham, three eggs, a loaf of bread and a bottle of coffee. I found that I began to feel as Joe did, only I would not refuse sardines and olives, as he had done. After Joe had obliterated a second helping, nearly as bountiful as the first, he slid into a recumbent position and settled back into the slumber which a desire for food had disturbed. I again lighted my pipe and resumed observations on the enemy, while musing on the capacity of darky boys for food and sleep.

Hours passed. The impression that I had was that the octopus, which lay some 10ft. below and half that

distance in our front, had dined, just as Joe did, and had curled up, like Joe, mentally saying: "Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day."

If I became drowsy no harm was done; there was no need at that spot to look for a changing tide—the current continued in one direction, and the fellow 10ft. below, like the fellows in the boat, would be hungry in time. He had evidently fed before our arrival. As I sat and watched for a movement on the part of this animal, which I had hope, but little prospect, of capturing, I wondered at the theory of those men who advise exercise after a meal; and I saw how an octopus, an animal closely related to an oyster, only it has no attachment to real estate and is destitute of a shell, took its siesta after dinner just as my boy Joe, the cows in the pastures, and our dogs and cats do after they have had a full feed, and saw that nature rebelled against labor on a full stomach. The man who eats a heavy dinner at mid-day and then goes to work does what a darky boy, a dog, cat, or an octopus would not do. That was the nature of my pipe dream as we lay there in the Gulf Stream with a sleepy darky boy in the boat, a sleepy octopus below, and a drowsy white man on watch.

The sun had, as usual, attended to business and gone into the west; and finally Joe aroused enough to ask: "S'pose he don't come out for a week, isn't you goin' ashore to sleep an' to get some grub?"

"Joe," said I, "sleep and grub we must have, but I must also have that octopus. I'll stay right here until I get that fellow, or until he escapes. If we get short of provisions you can swim ashore—it's only about a mile—and have them sent. You had better go now, and bring out more provisions and some blankets in another boat."

Our boat was a light, flat-bottomed scow, with high

sides, and dry enough to sleep in; but the very heavy dews of the nights rendered it unsafe to sleep out without cover of some sort, although it was warm. The moon was nearly full, and Joe could be seen almost half way to the shore by his wake in the moonlight as he swam off, the land being about half a mile away. A pair of thin bed-tick trousers and a shirt which was not buttoned at the neck was his entire costume, except a straw hat which he left behind. As the day faded the glory of the moon took its place, the breeze died out, and Harrington Sound was still and unruffled. Even by moonlight one could get an idea of the wealth of color on the bottom in the marvelously clear waters of the Gulf Stream, about an island which had no streams to carry soil into the waters about it. Yet there was that dreamy haziness which gives moonlight its peculiar charm, and involuntarily the dream of Clarence, in Richard III., came up:

"Methought I saw * * *
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalu'd jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by."

The perfect silence, the solitude and the moonlight were provocative of weird thoughts, and the time seemed long until the sound of oars told that Joe was coming with the supplies. He had not hurried, he had not been asked to hurry, and, no doubt, he had told all the fishermen who lived near him what I had resolved to do, and had listened to their comments on either my prospect

of success or my sanity. He rowed alongside, transferred his stores, tied the boat to drift in our rear, ate a supplementary supper and then we rolled up in our blankets.

An octopus has large eyes, and, while classed with the mollusks (soft bodies without skeletons) which have no shells, it has not only a power of motion far beyond that of some fishes, an intellect which prompts a movement for self-preservation equal to that of an insect, but also an eyelid, which fishes have not. As I mused over these things, which books have taught me, the question arose: Was this strange animal, which I sought to capture, a night-feeder, or had it breakfasted early in the day and not being hungry was only a little shy of the presence of our boat? The moon threw no light on the eight-footed creature that lay below. It might be feeding or it might be sleeping—human eyes could not see clearly enough to decide.

Joe slept, and perhaps I may have done the same, but at the first peep of day I was straining my eyes to learn if the octopus was looking for his breakfast. The light was not sufficient to determine this. Joe was snoring, but I took a squirrel-fish from the tank, hooked it below the dorsal fin, put a ¼oz. sinker a few inches above it, and, with rod, carefully dropped it down above the den of the "devilfish." It had not breakfasted, for an arm shot out and seized the bait with its suckers. My experience as a trout fisher with the artificial fly naturally impelled me to strike, and I struck. The consequence was that the octopus was scared, for it is not a game fish, and the bait floated away.

The toughness of some couches which lay in the boat seemed to recommend them as bait for the very tough customer which lay below. A shell was broken and a brother mollusk was hooked on deep in the toughest

part, with the idea of holding the bait and dragging the animal from its lair. One tentacle after another enveloped the new bait, and I had just now learned not to "strike." Gently the rod drew the tough bait and the hungry octopus from its refuge into open water, while my left hand raised the net that lay below. Joe was still asleep; the octopus hung to its prey while I cautiously brought it near the surface, at the same time following with the net, much as we do when crabbing. My heart beat fast. If the creature became alarmed and let go of the bait would it dodge the net and escape? It surely would not hold on if brought above the surface and be landed like an eel on a bob. I had worked the handle of the landing-net upward with the thumb and forefinger until my quarry was within a foot of the surface, and the rim of the net was the same distance below the animal. It stopped feeding, and released one tentacle. The time for action had come. The net had been made with a deep bag in order to turn the rim in a way to close the bag and hold the captive, if there should be one to hold.

Dropping the rod overboard, both hands brought up the net with a jerk; but the octopod held on to the rim and did not get to its bottom; the trap failed to work. The commotion awakened Joe, who took in enough of the situation to plunge overboard. As I brought the animal into the air, it struck out in all directions to get free, and with one tentacle on the gunwale of the boat, another on the net handle, and a third slapped on my bare arm, it resisted capture. The drawing sensation of a dozen or more suckers made a tingling like so many cupping glasses, but a grip on its neck with my right hand stopped the power of suction, and the tentacles were limp and helpless, and a live octopus was mine.

The whole affair, after the rod was dropped, could not

have occupied over half a minute, but it seemed long, and Joe saw part of the fight from the other boat, but did not venture near until the animal was confined safely in a box and the hasp fastened. He then came alongside and recovered the rod, but had no desire to look into the box. Whether an octopus would or could use its parrot-like beak in such a case I do not know. I had been told by Prof. Baird that they were harmless if choked, and faith in what he said enabled me to make this capture. Blood showed under the skin on the arm where the suckers had taken hold, and the native fishermen came from the other side of the island to verify the story by seeing the octopus, and the marks on my arm.

Joe grinned when he received the promised reward, and remarked: "A man that lives over on St. George's has got just the boat I want, an' $10'll buy it, an' he won't take any less, but if I buy the boat there's nothing left for the circus that's comin' next week, an' I dunno."

"When I pay you for your regular work in two days from now, when the steamer leaves for New York, there'll be enough to go to a good many circuses; didn't you count that in?"

"No, sir; I gives all I earn to Mammy; an' I do want that boat and to see the circus a couple of times."

He got it, and when the handsome collection was landed in New York the octopus, which, by the way, could spread about 3ft., was the prize catch, and drew as much attention as all the angelfish and the other brilliant specimens together. The only loss on the trip was one barracouta and the mangrove crabs, which live partly in the trees or on the rocks, and why they died is a mystery.

JAMES W. MILNER.

IT'S away back, almost a quarter of a century. I find that I am beginning to date things by fractions of centuries, a rather inexact but ponderous way of writing, which merely shows that I would write ponderously, if I could; but it was in 1873, or a year later, that Prof. Baird wanted me to help in the shad hatching, and I was to report to Mr. James W. Milner, at Castleton, on the Hudson River, about ten miles below Albany. At the time Mr. Milner's fame had not reached me, and all the way down from Rochester, N. Y., I was wondering what manner of man he might be. Not that it mattered much, but a man's thought would naturally meander in that direction. When I reached Albany I had him figured up. He was sure to be a tall, slim young student who had studied fish culture in some college, and would, of course, make himself as disagreeable as possible to a practical man who was so unfortunate as to be under his orders. I would keep "a stiff upper lip," however that is done, and obey orders like a soldier, and if he did not know his business it was none of my affair.

At Castleton I was told that Mr. Milner had gone to interview some shad netters, but would be back soon. "There comes his boat now," said a man, and I saw the party land and go to the hotel. I recognized Milner at once, just the man I had fancied—tall, dark, and suffering from a complication of youth and importance. I introduced myself and presented my letter. He read it, and said: "Oh, I'm not Milner; this is he." As the real

Milner arose and grasped my hand I beheld a short, pleasant-faced man of about thirty-three years, who was not in the least the man of my imagination. I was disappointed. Conscious of my own fishcultural ability, based on experience, I was prepared to serve under this man and obey his orders; only this and nothing more. I had disliked in advance without reason; but we do many things in that way. We were friends before we had known each other ten minutes, and nothing ever occurred to break that friendship.

That year all the shad hatching was done at "Camp Green," on the west bank of the Hudson, some dozen miles below Albany, and in connection with the State work, which was under the immediate charge of Mr. Monroe A. Green. I went out with shad fry in cans or stayed in camp to help take eggs and hatch, as Milner ordered, and the new work grew, for it was the first shad work of the United States Fish Commission, and all was new to Milner and others, except to me and the State men; for I had been engaged with the latter the year before. Seth Green, the State Superintendent, came down and had a dispute with his brother about hauling on certain tides, and Milner referred to me. Seth had great prestige, based mainly on newspaper fame, but his brother had more practical knowledge, and I knew that he was right in saying that we could not make four hauls on a tide, and that we could not keep male shad penned up in the nets for four hours. Our first hauls were mostly of male shad, while the last haul of the tide often brought us many ripe females, with many thousands of eggs, but not a "buck" to impregnate them with. A few nights with the netters was enough to show that we were right, and Seth went off in a huff.

The next year we operated awhile on the Hudson and

then, as the shad season opened on the Connecticut River, we shifted our quarters to South Hadley Falls, opposite Holyoke, Mass., and obtained more eggs. We were kept on the jump running young shad to Western rivers, or at work with the hatching boxes, for we only knew the floating boxes then. There were Dr. T. H. Bean, Frank N. Clark, Orrin Chase, and others, who have attained more or less fame, and we were kept on the go. It was early in June, and my assistant, Charles F. Bell, and I had returned from a long trip to Des Moines, Ia., and Milner proposed to send us out again that night. In those days we took from ten to fifteen cans, according to the length of the trip, in baggage cars, and one or both the men were busy all the time aerating the water, according to the temperature and other conditions, and when a rapid change of roads was to be made we took three cans, one between us and one in the outside hand, and rushed them, often 100yds., to the next baggage car. As the cans held ten gallons of water, which, with the can, weighed about 80lbs., this was vigorous exercise. Therefore, when I said, "Mr. Milner, I don't want to go out to-night, and I wish you would hire a man to go on a short trip with Bell, and I'll lay over until he comes back," he looked surprised.

"Please don't think that I'm kicking against being taken from the hatching work to jackass shad all over the continent, because I'm not. The jackassing of shad is part of the work of the fishculturist, and with as good an assistant as Bell, who is willing to do most of the work—and I am willing to accommodate him—we get along finely, but this time——"

"See here," said he, "I must interrupt you to object to the verb you use to describe the transportation of shad fry. Our efforts to make shad grow in waters where

none grew before entitle us to be ranked with those benefactors of the human race who make two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, and it seems that you are belittling your profession when you speak of the distribution of shad fry to distant waters as 'jackassing' them."

"Professor," said I, "from your point of view you are right; but if you will go out with me once and help grab three cans and run 500ft. with them at Albany, some more feet at Niagara Falls, a dozen rods at Detroit, and several more rods, perches and poles at the different stations where changes are made, you will begin to feel that you are really 'jackassing' shad, especially if you have lost a coat in one car, a hat in another, not to mention luncheons which went away on trains before you could get back to rescue them."

"That may be so," replied Mr. Milner; "yet I would not like to have your name for transporting shad become popular with the men." I had partly forgotten this incident until I visited the New York Aquarium a few weeks ago, and Dr. Bean recalled it, for the men got it.

I owe much to Prof. Milner for starting me right when I tried to get a knowledge of the first principles of ichthyology. When I bought a farm to raise trout on, I was an angler of more or less knowledge, and knew some fishes by sight just as the ordinary angler does—*i. e.*, I could distinguish a shad from a herring if adult, or a trout from a salmon, but could not tell another person how to do it; and I was staggered when Dr. Theodore Gill, the ichthyologist of the Smithsonian Institution, and of the United States Fish Commission, which were then under one head, said to me: "Mr. Mather, have you ever noticed any variation in the teeth on the vomer of trout?"

Just what a vomer might be I had not the slightest knowledge, for I met the name then for the first time, and I could, with the utmost confidence, assure Dr. Gill that I had never noticed any such variation as he had named. He then went on talking about the number of rays in the anal fins of the Pacific and Atlantic salmons, and I was in a mental fog as thick as ever gathered on the banks of Newfoundland. A dictionary told me that a "vomer" was Latin for a plowshare, and that in anatomy there is a bone in the roof of the mouth which separates the nostrils, and is so called because it resembles that agricultural implement. I put my tongue in the roof of my mouth and felt the bone, opened the mouth of a trout and saw the teeth on that bone, not only on the vomer, but on the "crest," which crosses it in front. And thus ended my first lesson in the anatomy of fishes. I had learned enough to prove that I was densely ignorant. I would study. I would buy books, and I bought Frank Forester's "Fish and Fishing," and started in to learn all about the different black basses. There were half a dozen species described, and I fished and compared my fish with the descriptions until I was sure that I had not the mental capacity to understand and to identify them.

After Milner and I reached the confidential stage of friendliness, I related all this, and he lifted a load from a befogged mind and restored confidence in its workings when he said: "Frank Forester was an Englishman of great literary ability, who was an up-to-date man in all that related to dogs and shooting. He may have known much of English fishes, but his American book on fishing was a mere literary rehash of English fishing books. He was a sportsman, pure and simple; but, after the fashion of his day, he thought it necessary to inject some

fish lore in his book, and he took De Kay's "Fishes of New York," which was printed by the State in 1842, and followed it. De Kay's work was a grand one in its day, when little attention was paid to the study of fishes and reptiles by people who were not enthusiastic naturalists, and in your case the blind has been led by the blind. Get Gill's monograph on the black basses, where he reduces all the species to two, and you will have no trouble in identifying any black bass which comes to your hook." I did so, and all was clear; there was no more trying to decide which one of six was caught; it was only one of two plainly marked and easily defined species. Then it was plain that the lack of capacity was not in the scholar, but wholly in the teacher. Gill showed me my ignorance, and Milner put me in the way of learning.

Once Milner said to me: "You are beginning at the wrong end to study. Drop all books on fishes, and buy Owen's 'Anatomy of Vertebrates,' Huxley's 'Anatomy of Vertebrated Animals,' and get a smattering of the principles of which all vertebrates are constructed and how the different classes have their skeletons modified to suit their environment."

"Are they all built on one general plan?"

"Yes; the skeleton of a frog differs little from yours, but there are so-called higher animals—mammals, like the whale, porpoise and seal—which differ much more. They have the same single bone in the upper arm, the two in the lower arm, the wrist and finger bones modified into fins, or in the sea turtle into flippers."

Thus was my study of fishes begun when I was forty years old—too old to ever more than catch up with the rear guard; but it was worth the study to know what the skirmishers were firing at, and a new world with new pleasures was opened.

Once a young reporter came to our shad-hatching camp. Mr. Milner was absent, and he interviewed me. A week passed and I had forgotten the incident, when Mr. Milner produced a newspaper, and said: "That is evidently your work, but while I appreciate the fun in it I don't think it reflects credit on the Fish Commission, and I wish you would not do it again.

I had only to read one paragraph to see that the editor had not viséd the young man's notes. It said: "Shad fry are to be sent from the Connecticut to Brazil to stock the waters there. Gen. Cantharides, who made the Spanish fly from Brazil, came on the Peruvian bark Calisaya to take a shipment of fry on the return voyage. The bark had a deckload of oil in bulk, which shifted in a heavy sea and bent the hawse-pipes, and the vessel was disabled. Com. Belay, of the Swiss man-of-war Alpenstock, is to sail for Rio de Janeiro to-morrow, and has kindly offered to take the fish in order to help on the good work. The commodore's interest in the transportation of these young fish is so great that he has ordered fifty tons of ballast taken out lest the vessel should be top heavy. A Holyoke firm will also send the first consignment of artesian wells to Brazil by the Alpenstock, and no doubt further orders will follow."

"Now, I ask you in all seriousness if you think it proper to stuff a reporter like that?"

"My dear Mr. Milner," said I, "there was no stuffing about it. He took it as he would have taken in a strawberry short-cake. His innocence invited it and put temptation in my way. I'm not going through this world to keep up a struggle against temptation when it is so much easier to yield to it. That young man was a tempter—as much so as the original serpent was—and he led me astray."

Once I returned to Holyoke after a long trip to Des Moines, which I started to tell about and then ran off the track. "What do you want to stop over here for?" asked Mr. Milner.

"I'll answer by asking you a question. You've seen 'em taking shad with a fly every night from boats, and even from the bridge, haven't you?"

"Yes; and you want to stop over to try and take a shad on a fly.?"

"Not hard to guess, but that's the case. I've watched when I've been at work taking eggs, and although stories of fly-fishing for shad floated around our camp on the Hudson, they were disbelieved. Here we see it done every evening, and I want to try it." He wanted to do the same, and we sent out Bell in my place, with a green assistant.

There were shad in the Connecticut in those days, and they ascended the river in great numbers as far as the great dam of the Holyoke Water Power Co. Massachusetts and Connecticut quarreled about the taking of all the fish by the fishermen near the mouth of the river; the hatching was stopped, and the once famed Connecticut River shad have almost reached the point of scarcity accorded to angels' visits and hens' teeth. But that's another story.

Thomas Chalmers lived at South Hadley Falls, and was not only an expert shad angler but devised and made flies for the express purpose of alluring the succulent shad from the clear water of the river to the clear coal fire beneath the grill, where it was afterward made acquainted with creamery butter and the juice of the lemon. I had talked with Chalmers, at odd times, and had intimated that one shad taken by hand would be worth hundreds from the net. I could stop over and so

dispatched a boy with a note to Chalmers; and, to insure a prompt reply, showed him a half dollar which might become a portion of his assets if he returned with an answer within an hour. He won the coin, and Mr. Chalmers would have boat, rods, reels, flies, landing-net and all complete to entice the shad from its fluvial haunts.

From our place of observation, on a low point something like 200yds. below the bridge, we could see the shad angling going on while the fishermen were hauling the seine for us to get spawning fish. While they were hauling we were busy in getting the hatching boxes in place, washing spawning pans, etc., and there was not much to be seen. But when we were "on the road" we could watch the fishing while the shad fry were put up in cans for us and we had nothing to do until the wagons delivered the cans at the railroad, after 10 P. M. At such times we would watch the men and boys who fished from the bridge. As I remember it the bridge was about 30ft. high. Long hand-lines would be let down the river, and when a fish was hooked it would be landed on the débris at the foot of a pier and left to flop until dead, and then it was cautiously hauled up, for the dead fish was not apt to tear loose. It was interesting, but was not just the thing for us who were not suffering for shad on the table, but did hope to fight one on rod and reel. Just what the men in the boats were doing we could not see, but I have seen as high as fifty shad taken on the artificial fly in one evening from the bridge between Holyoke and South Hadley Falls. This statement is deliberately made because there has been so much skepticism about taking shad with the fly. Why it can't be done at other places is a question.

As we settled ourselves in the boat Milner said: "Mr. Chalmers, what is your theory about shad taking the fly

here in such numbers, when they not only refuse it but decline all lures in other places? We know that they sometimes take a bait in other rivers, but it seems to be accidental. Many have been taken with worm bait from the Long Bridge across the Potomac, at Washington, but not enough to induce men to angle for them as they do here."

"Well," said Chalmers, "I don't know. There are men who think that the shad try to surmount the dam until they get discouraged and then drop back below the rapids, where they gather in such numbers that in the act of breathing they take in the fly and are hooked."

"That theory is plausible," I remarked, "for the shad, like the salmon and other anadromous fishes, takes no food in fresh water, and we usually find their stomachs empty. Mr. Milner will remember that I called him from his tent very early one morning to examine the stomach of a shad which the men were cleaning for breakfast, and which was stuffed full. He put the contents of that stomach under the microscope in a hundred or more small lots and found nothing but rotten wood, and his theory was that this gravid fish—for it was a female—had an abnormal appetite, and had filled up on what was most convenient."

"Tell me how you came to fish for shad with a fly," said Mr. Milner.

"I opened a lot of stomachs of shad," said Chalmers, "and found in them a kind of miller which is only seen here about sundown, and I made a fly after it, and in 1871 I took over 1,000 shad with it. Of course, the marketing of so many shad by a man who had not nets attracted attention and they soon found me out, and that's the whole story."

"Chalmers," said I, "this fly-fishing for shad is unique.

See the duffers on the bridge using hand-lines 200ft. long, with a fly on the end of it. It beats all my goin' a-fishin', and knocks out all my notions of fly-fishing. I've been used to casting a fly and watching it drop on the water somewhere in the vicinity of a trout's residence; but to lower a hand-line from a bridge and let a fly drift down among the fish—the seine seems to offer as much sport."

"That's all right," he replied, "but wait until you get a shad on a rod, maybe you'll find the difference."

There was no use in casting the fly, so we let it drift down and waited. Chalmers got a strike, and the fish went away gently as compared to the rush of a trout, and it was as gently checked, but the fight seemed tame as he reeled in and landed a 4lb. fish. Chalmers said, "They fight harder than you think they do." Then I had a strike, and with trouting instinct I struck and tore the hook loose. As I reeled in to see if the fly was still there, Chalmers said: "Fred tore the hook out of that shad's mouth. If you get a strike, Professor, just——" and Milner's rod bent and his reel sang as the morning stars may have done, although I don't remember hearing them. He checked the fish easily, reeled it in carefully, and landed it. "There," said he, "that's the way to do it."

I was moved to ask: "Did either of you gentlemen ever use a fly for trout?"

"Never," said Milner. "I've used all kinds of bait for fresh-water fishes, but this is the first time that I ever fished with a fly or with a reel."

"I've taken trout with a fly," said Chalmers, who was a Scotchman, "but I had to learn not to strike when I found out that the shad, with its tender mouth, could be taken with the fly."

Soon I felt something like a nibble, such as bait-fishers get from minnows and other small fish; if, thought I, a fish will nibble and taste twice of a compound of hook, feathers and wool, all right. Then came a rush which made the reel sing, and I followed precedent and checked the fish slowly until it was safe to reel in, and by careful attention to its rushes and by yielding to them, I boated a 6lb. shad. We took several shad that night, and it was an experience that is not likely to be repeated by anglers of to-day. We were too busy in hatching and rushing out shad fry to repeat the fishing. A few shad were taken by men in the daytime, but about sundown seemed to be the favorite time.

Prof. Milner was born in Kingston, Ont., in January, 1841, and his parents moved to Chicago five years later. At the breaking out of the war he was in the university at Evanston, and enlisted as a private in Battery A, First Illinois Light Artillery, and was never absent from his company during his three years of service. While a boy his intense study brought on nervous spasms, and these returned when he again began to study and work in the Chicago Postoffice, and his father bought a farm near Waukegan, Ill., on his account. His work in natural history attracted the attention of Prof. Baird, who called him to Washington to help in the work of fish culture. He mapped the currents of Lake Michigan and studied the food and habits of the whitefish. Exposure to wet and cold in his enthusiasm sapped his vitality, and in 1879 he sought Colorado; but too late. In October he was taken back to Waukegan, where he died on Jan. 6, 1880, leaving a wife and two children.

Last March I wrote sketches of Mr. Almy and Pete, down on the Tangipahoa River, in Louisiana, where I was collecting the fishes of that region for Prof. Baird.

There were two ten-gallon kegs and a box of them, and Mr. Milner was anxious to see the fish; so we went down into the basement of the Smithsonian Institution to give them a preliminary sorting, picking out those which we could readily classify and separating them. The South has many members of the sunfish tribe, and the half-grown ones are often hard to place. He held a fish in his left hand and was talking about it, when one of the workmen said: "Mr. Milner, there's a snake for you in that box."

"Is there? What kind of a snake is it?" and he pushed the cover from the box and took hold of the snake, all the time looking at the fish and saying: "I think we'll have to lay this one aside for closer examination."

My heart was in my throat, for I saw what was in his other hand and I dared not speak. The snake coiled about his warm, bare arm, and seemed to like it. Finally, it seemed a very long time, he laid the fish down, and turned to look at his other prize. His eyes opened wide, he moved his hand slowly into the box, and as slowly let go the snake, removed his hand and replaced the cover. "Phew! Copperhead!" he said; "but what's the matter? You are as pale as a ghost."

"Yes, and I was pale long before you saw what you had in your hand. I held my breath until I was faint. I knew that if I alarmed you there was danger. I've often heard that no one ever recovered from the bite of a copperhead, or cottonmouth, as they call them down South."

"Yes, they have, but they are the most dangerous of our snakes because they give no warning, and it doesn't do to fool with them; but I did not alarm the fellow, and it liked my warm arm. A sudden move would have invited attack."

"Well," said I, "it's more than doubtful if I could have been so cool under the same circumstances."

"Oh, yes, you would; that's nothing."

"Just like him," said a man of his battery, to whom I told the story some years ago. "He was as nervy a little man as you ever saw. Before Atlanta he stood at his post until there were hardly enough men in his battery to work a single gun. After the disastrous charge of the forlorn hope at Vicksburg, he was one of the volunteers to undertake the rescue of the wounded, a work of great fatigue and peril. He was offered a commission several times, but declined it, saying he could serve just as well as a private. Oh, I tell you, it would take more than one snake to scare James W. Milner." And I believe he was right.

LEONARD JEWELL.

THE name has an unfamiliar look as I write it, for no one called him anything but Len, or Old Len. When I first met him, in 1874, he was nearly sixty years of age—tall, broad-shouldered, active and powerful, without an ounce of superfluous flesh. As told in another chapter, he was the favorite guide of Mr. D. H. Fitzhugh, of Bay City, Mich. Their relations were much closer, however, for there existed a friendship between them only broken by death, if then, for Plato says: "True friendship between man and man is infinite and immortal." And this was a case of the truest friendship, and between men mentally and physically as unlike as possible. One light-hearted and jolly, fond of good living and companions; the other a taciturn man of the woods, satisfied with the simplest camp fare, if there was plenty of it.

The grayling were not rising well. "I'll tell you what to do," said Len; "I'll pole over to the weeds and get some caddis. Put one o' them on the hook, let it sink, and you'll get 'em ev'ry time."

"I'll do no such thing. We came out to take them with the fly, and as they don't seem to care for the oak fly to-day, nor the black-prince with a tinsel body, I'll keep on changing until I've tried every fly in the book; but I decline to use bait."

"It's cur'us; that's just the way Dan talks; but when I go a-fishin' I want to catch fish; if they prefer bait to flies, I give 'em their choice."

"How about net and spear, Len?—they are the next steps down. If these grayling refused fly and bait, would you net 'em, or spear 'em, in an any-way-to-get-'em fashion?"

"Years ago I would, but not now. I've been with Dan so many years, and he's showed me how to fly-fish, an' I've seen so much of skinning streams for market that I'm dead sot ag'in it; but in square hook an' line fishin', what's the difference?"

"I see that your education has gone on well under Dan, but you haven't learned that one fish taken with a fly is more satisfactory than a dozen taken with bait; the bait-fisher is only a fellow craftsman, while a fly-fisher is a master of the art."

He evidently understood the allusion, and after a moment's thought, asked: "Ain't your flies bait? What does a fish think they are unless they're something good to eat?"

This philosopher of the woods had asked a question the answer to which was perfectly clear to me, but would not be to him. A grayling rose at my royal-coachman and was hooked. I thanked the fish, mentally, for it relieved me from an immediate answer; and as it was reeled in and boated I called attention to that particular fly and thought it might be successful again. But Len was not to be put off. He repeated the question, and my only refuge was:

"Oh, bait-fishing for trout or grayling is dunghill fishing!"

"That's just what Dan says, an' I've talked with him often on the subject. But as long as you use light tackle and feel the fish fight as you reel it in, there seems little difference whether you deceive it by a hook concealed in a worm or in a bunch of feathers."

The mists of the morning had rolled up from the river, light clouds were reflected in the water, and the grayling began rising, but would not notice the royal-coachman, and I changed back to the yellow and brown oak fly with success. "Len," said I, "when Dan and you go out after snipe and woodcock and you happen to see the bird that the dog points, you would not shoot it on the ground, would you? You would put the bird up and kill it in the air, if you could, and be proud of your skill. Isn't that so?"

"That's so, sure; but I never thought of comparing that with catching fish. Perhaps the two are something alike, after all. I wouldn't shoot a woodcock on the ground, and outside of seeing the dogs work, finding the birds and knocking them down, I don't see why men talk so much about woodcock. Dan has 'em cooked and asks me to eat 'em, but I'd ruther have ham an' eggs. They're very good, but too small to pick and bother with."

"That's a thing that every man decides for himself; but if we were in camp and there were just ham and eggs enough for one and an equal amount of woodcock, Len, we would never quarrel over the division. Pole me over to that sandbar, quick!"

Fitzhugh's boats had wells in them for keeping fish alive. The cover formed a seat and had two holes in it, one to drop fish through and the other to run an anchoring pole through the bottom of the boat into the river bottom when required. Len did not know what I wanted, but we were under way in an instant, he following the motion of my hand. I had seen a long, snaky-looking thing swimming rather laboriously toward the shallow and naturally wanted to know what it might be. As I dipped it up in the landing-net it proved to be a *Necturus*,

"mud-puppy" or "water-dog," called by Len and the lake fishermen a "lizard." It was a good-sized one, about 16in. long, and its bright outside gills were perfect. This is the animal found every year and described as "a four-legged fish, the like of which was never before seen." They are plenty in the Great Lakes, but not so common in the rivers.

"Kill it, and throw it ashore for the minks or the meat-hawks," said Len.

"I'll do nothing of the kind," said I, dropping it in the well. "I intend to eat it."

Woodsman-like, Len made no reply to this. I had no idea that he believed me; he probably thought it some of my nonsense, but when I showed my capture to Dan and told him that I intended to eat it, he asked if they were good to eat.

"Don't know, I never ate one nor heard of them being eaten; they're clean feeders, that's all I know. The thing isn't handsome; neither is a catfish nor a lobster, yet some man had the courage to eat the first one, and I'm going to eat this one."

With an incredulous look Len said: "I'll skin it and dress it if you'll eat it, but I'd be hungrier 'n I ever have been afore I'd eat one."

The flesh looked white, and when dressed the animal somewhat resembled a squirrel, except for the long, flat swimming tail.

"I'll fry that thing after I fry the grayling," said Len, who now began to believe that the "thing" was really to be eaten, "an' then I'll scour out the frying-pan so's it'll be fit to cook in again."

"Don't fear for your frying-pan, Len," said I; "this game is going to be roasted. Get me some wire and an ounce of salt pork and leave the rest to me." I cut the

pork in strips and then into pieces 1in. long and larded the animal by cutting the flesh and poking in the pork, then by means of the wires roasted it before the fire, while Len fried the grayling. It was good. Dan looked at me curiously as I tasted it, but Len was disgusted. I assured Dan that it was good; he ate some, to the increased disgust of Len. Dan also called it good, and between us we put a polish on the bones and then wound up on grayling. The oft-quoted "woods appetite" is no creation of fancy. Often I think of it as I come to the table in the morning and try to eat, as a matter of duty—for in the city I never want breakfast, and wonder how it was possible to be hungry three times a day in the woods, and such hunger that never brought the least criticism on the cook, further than to let us have it now, and plenty of it. Pompey says of Marc Antony, "Epicurean cooks sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite," but there's something in the woods that renders epicurean cooks and cloyless sauces superfluous.

Dan Fitzhugh's love for Len Jewell is beyond my power to tell. If he said it once he did a hundred times, as he gazed on Len's powerful form: "Look at him! He has the face and form of a field marshal of France! Napoleon selected his marshals from just such men." A few years later he wrote me: "Come up and fish with us again. Old Len has forgiven you for eating a lizard and wants to hear some more of your yarns; he likes 'em, for you know he's not much of a liar himself, and often asks when you are coming up. The dear old fellow! he looks more like a field marshal every day. How I would like to dress him up as one and have his picture!"

In this connection I will say: The photo here presented was hunted up for this occasion by Mr. E. A. Cooley, of Bay City, Mich., a warm friend and companion

of Dan and Len, who inclosed the photo in a letter last fall, and said: "It's old Len plainly enough, but a little more sleek and well-groomed than we usually saw him; still it is a good picture. I would have preferred one as we usually saw him in camp, but I think this is the only one now in existence." As I look on this picture, and on that of Alvah Dunning, there seems to be a family resemblance. Is there a type of man who by nature is forced to live as a woodsman, or does the life of a woodsman form the type?

Len was a single man. If he had ever been married no one knew it, for he would never talk of himself. He had traveled over the pine lands for lumbermen and the hardwood lands for prospective settlers, and knew all about what every square mile of Northern Michigan was worth, for either lumbering or farming—the pine lands being worthless after the timber was cut, because the soil was too sandy for cultivation, and it never grew a new crop of white pine. This was Len's business as a land-looker, and with his axe and a load of provisions on his back he remained in the forests for many weeks, adding to his commissary by his gun or his fish lines. Self-reliant, he lived in the woods for months without a base of supplies or a place of abode. An approaching storm was noted in time to find a hollow tree, and the brooks furnished fish at all times. His knowledge gained in such a summer campaign was his capital, but in his old age he preferred the lighter service that Dan Fitzhugh desired, and so it came about that the giant woodsman and the sportsman entered into a partnership where there was no balancing of books.

If Len Jewell ever drank anything stronger than coffee I never knew it, and cannot, at this late day, remember that he ever smoked; but no man is free from "habits"

of some kind, and Len, so Dan told me, blew in a good part of his earnings in a game that is called "poker," where they say three or four jacks can overpower two or three kings or queens. It must be an anarchist sort of game that wouldn't work in Europe, but perhaps Len was working for the restoration of the empire and the realization of Dan's dream that he should be a field marshal.

A letter from Mr. Fitzhugh in 1877, says: "Come up next year and try the Manistee. Frank, Babbit and Len were in my office yesterday, and other friends dropped in. They all want you to come up again. All spoke well of you except Len, who holds a grudge against you for eating that 'lizard.' He said: 'A man that'll eat a thing like that when there's good, Christian grub in camp, and plenty of it, is wrong in his mind, and liable to do something that you don't expect.' If you ate that thing, as I did, to horrify Len, you succeeded; but he doesn't blame me in the least. I read him your kind letter and he sends his love. He is very well, and looks more like a French field marshal every day. In full uniform he would shine as a handsome man, but perhaps my love for him makes me partial."

When we went on our third trip the object was pure sport, untempered by fish culture, as it was late in September; and then I saw my error in saying that a grayling never leaped from the water; but the statement is on record against me in the book, "Fishing with the Fly," and may be quoted by others. Len shook hands cordially, and his honest face lighted up in a manner that showed that my ichthyophagic idiosyncrasies had subsided into innocuous desuetude, only Len would have reduced this proposition to its lowest terms and it would

have come out with the same meaning. For the third time Dan put Len in charge of my fortunes, while Archie Babbit, of Grayling, looked after him. Dan was not well; his old enemy, gout, had assailed him, but seemed to be withdrawing its forces, and he thought he could stand the trip. On the way down the Au Sable, which, by the way, is always given the French pronunciation of "Aw Sawble," with accent on the "Saw," I asked Len about his carrying Dan on his back for twenty miles through the woods once when gout had attacked him on the river, and he said:

"Yes, Dan took sick and I had to get him out of the woods; the river was high and I couldn't pole him up less'n two days, so I took him on my back to the railroad and went down to Bay City with him, and then came back and brought the boats and came up to Grayling. What else could I do?"

The giant woodsman spoke of it as one would speak of a day's work that was a trifle harder than usual—but just give it a thought. Dan Fitzhugh was a well-fed man of perhaps 160lbs.—I am guessing at this and may be 30lbs. short—but Len Jewell took him on his back through a wilderness where there was no trail, over logs and under fallen trees, until he laid him down in Hartwick's Hotel, at Grayling. The daily pay of a guide does not include such service, and it was a feat that not one guide in one thousand could perform, if he were inclined to try it. If I have sketched Dan Fitzhugh correctly in another chapter, you know why his relations with his guide were not at all mercenary, and if the sketch of Len Jewell is complete I'll leave you to think it out; it's beyond my pencil to explain.

We took many grayling, but a fishing story is not intended further than to say that in the fall the yellow-

bodied flies, like the oak fly, did not seem to be such favorites, but the grayling seemed to prefer the brown ant, red-spinner and cowdung, while I took several on that fly so much abused by those who contend that a fly should represent some living thing—a red-ibis. Frank Endicott, Dan Fitzhugh, Wakeman Holberton, Charles Hallock and other anglers have reviled this fly because it has no living representative, and have more or less gently deprecated its use. The fly will take trout, at times, and on that account I use it. Gentlemen, what more do you require of an artificial fly?

The patches of scrub oak which had sprung up where the pines had been cut, or where fire had killed them, were turning red and yellow; and some distance back from the river was a tract of hardwoods which Len directed me to as I went forth with a gun for ruffed grouse, or "partridge," as Len called them. I brought in four and saw three deer, and was tempted to take the rifle next day and get some venison for camp, a meat that was always a favorite, and is to-day.

Len was a rheumatic, Dan was gouty, and they were content to fish. I had not killed a deer since my trapping days with Antoine Gardapee in the early '50's, and after a few sighting shots sallied forth to renew an acquaintance with deer stalking, which I once thought to be a grand sport; but also with the idea of varying the camp menu, which was good enough as it was, but no matter how good any fodder is a change is always welcome. The grouse was a treat, although we had a change of food every day; and a prospect of venison was also a treat, even if none was to be had. The day was young. The sun was at my back, and for an hour I kept my shadow in front, making for the spot where the deer had been seen. The country was rolling, but so wooded

that no prominent land-marks could be seen, and in the absence of a compass my shadow was the only thing to rely on for direction. No fresh deer tracks were seen. Noon came, and by a little spring I ate the whole of a roast partridge, half a loaf of bread, some corned beef and baked beans—rations for an entire day at one feed.

Several grouse, a raccoon and some fox-squirrels offered shots in a tempting way, but I let them pass. I could not find a deer, nor a track fresh enough to follow. I was tired, and a dry pine log offered a seat, and it was accepted. The day was quite warm and I may have dozed, but after awhile something awakened the dozer from his semi-hypnotic state, and there was a deer leisurely walking along, not 50yds. away to the windward. As the rifle spoke the deer dropped, and the mighty hunter whose game found him rushed in, reloading as he went. It was a doe, and both fore-shoulders were broken, and she looked at me. That look haunts me to-day. Two great, pleading eyes, with tears in them. Yes, tears; I'll swear to them, although all the hunters and scientists in the world say that only man sheds tears. If it is impossible for a deer to shed tears, then the ghost of that doe shed them for years afterward. I'm telling this story, and I say that doe looked at me with tears in her eyes. Æsop's fable of the boys and the frogs came up.

I felt guilty, but in mercy there was only one thing to do. If I could have put that animal on its legs there and then, there would have been no venison in camp. The day was passing; soon my shadow would be gone; but as the sun went down a star in the south came out, and by keeping that to my right I reached the river, and an answering yell told the direction of the camp.

Said Len: "How is it that you're so hungry? I thought

you took grub enough for two days. Didn't you see a deer? I had my mouth fixed for venison?"

"Len," said I, "give me something to eat. What you put up was only a bite for a hungry hunter. Yes, I saw a deer."

After I had engulfed half a gallon of bean soup and destroyed half of a boiled ham, I said: "Now that I feel like a giant refreshed with wine, Len, I don't mind telling you that I killed a deer some ten miles west of the river, and I'll show you where it is in the morning; but I feel like a murderer, and if you or Dan want any more butchering done you may do it yourselves—I am too tender-hearted to do it. I'll catch the cold-blooded fish, but I'll be blessed, I think I mean blessed, if I'll kill another deer and have it look at me in that way."

Dan lay in the tent smoking, and said nothing. Len poked the fire, and after a while said: "Dan tells me you have been a soldier. Did you ever feel as soft as that when there was fightin' goin' on?"

"Not by a mill-site, Len; the case is different. In one case your own life is at stake, and in the other you are safe. Without giving a lecture to you, let me say: In our civilization it is necessary that some men shall be butchers and others shall be undertakers. I have no taste for those respectable occupations, and can say, with Iago:

> " 'Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
> Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
> To do no contriv'd murder.' "

Dan raised up on his elbow and said: "Len was a soldier also, and if he had been with Napoleon would have been a field marshal, for the Little Corporal said

that every soldier carried the baton of a field marshal in his knapsack. But just what you and Len are quarreling about I don't know; you seem to have got into a sentimental strain. You go out one day and kill a lot of grouse and then you come into camp in a maudlin condition over a deer that you have killed. Really, I fail to understand the case."

"Dan," I answered, "the case is not to be understood by explanation. No argument will reach it. When I was a boy I killed every living thing except mankind, and thought it sport. I valued my own life lightly. To-day I decline to kill a quail because my dog may bring a wounded bird for me to finish. I can shoot grouse or ducks which come to my hand dead, and I prefer to have a deer come and lick my hand in the Zoölogical Gardens to killing it. As we get older we think more of such things, and that's all I've got to say about it. The deer is there; I'll show Len and Babbit where it is in the morning, and if you want any more venison for camp you can't get me to kill it."

Len had listened to this talk, but the sentiment—for it was sentiment—was lost on him. After considering it awhile he said: "I s'pose you wouldn't eat any of that venison after what you have said about it."

"Yes, I will."

"Well, I can't understand you at all. You can kill some things for sport and food and can kill and eat a beastly lizard that was never meant to be eaten. What's the matter with killing a deer? Wasn't they made to eat?"

"Let that go, Len; it's a notion of mine, and I'll never kill another deer. But I will not promise about lizards."

That was my last deer—some fourteen years ago—and the look it gave me lingers yet. My desire to kill lessens

year by year, and a desire to breed and preserve game birds and animals takes its place. For many years my flock of semi-domesticated wood-ducks and other wild-fowl was a delight as I watched them hatch and rear their young, but an enforced removal to the city ended that pleasure. There are women who kill deer. That is something that concerns them and which I have no right nor inclination to criticise. There is a little woman who is very dear to me who has taken the life of a mosquito after provocation, but I doubt if she could kill anything else.

Talking in this strain to Dan Fitzhugh after the deer had been brought in and dressed, and we had ordered the rib-chops for our dinner and all the remaining chops saved for us—for Len, like all woodsmen, preferred the hind-quarters—Dan said: "As I get older I begin to feel as you do about taking life, especially of the more intelligent animals, like deer, but to Len and all woodsmen a deer represents a certain amount of meat. They can't understand why you should enjoy spring lamb and mint sauce and yet object to killing the lamb any more than you should decline to pluck the mint. There is good, sound reason for their views, for our ancestors, who, in the pre-historic times, fought the cave bear for tenement rights, had no such scruples as we have now. All this is the effect of education which tends to make us consider the rights and feelings of others, a perfectly unnatural state of affairs. Self-interest is the only natural thought of natural man or other animals."

"My dear Dan," said I, "you are right. It has been a purely selfish thing on your part that has made you pay all the expenses of three trips for me to fish and shoot in northern Michigan with you. If we only do things for our own selfish benefit, as you say a man

should, how can you justify yourself for such expenditures as you have made for me, Seth Green, George Dawson, Charles Hallock, Prof. Milner, Thad Norris, and others?"

"My dear boy, the companionship, the communion with kindred spirits and other things can't be reckoned in cold cash. Look at Len standing there like a statute. He is in my employ, but no money could pay the grand old man for his untiring devotion to me. If he outlives me he will be made comfortable in his old age."

At this time, in 1883, the actors in this comedy were men past the middle age—Len Jewell was sixty-nine, Dan Fitzhugh was sixty—and the writer was a mere boy of fifty. Therefore, there was a difference in pressing opinions on subjects connected with the killing of game; but Len had no sentimental objections about such things.

Len was in the Union army over three years, but on this, as on all other things, he would turn the conversation from himself.

Leonard Jewell died Jan. 20, 1886. Mr. E. A. Cooley writes: "The old man had no relatives, and few, if any, intimate friends. The last thirty years of his life were devoted almost exclusively to the service and companionship of Uncle Dan. Dan and I were with him when he died. When Dan and Len and I were on the Nipigon together in 1884, about half way between Camp Alexander and Cameron's Pool, we found (alongside the trail) a little spring of the clearest, coldest, sweetest water I have ever tasted. About half an hour before old Len died he indicated that he wished a drink of water. I poured out a cupful of lithia water from the bottle standing by the bedside, raised his head, and he took a sip of it. As I laid his head back on the pillow, in a voice

so faint that I could scarcely hear him, the old man whispered, 'It don't taste much like our spring on the Nipigon.' And I have no doubt that the old man's last thoughts on earth, as probably his first ones in the next world, were of some fishing excursions which he had had with Uncle Dan."

Later Mr. Cooley sent me Len's military record. He enlisted as a private Dec. 18, 1861, in Company A, Fourteenth Michigan Infantry, and was honorably discharged April 6, 1865. Mr. Cooley says:

"Len was always a very reticent and reserved man, who never spoke of himself or his own affairs even to those who knew him best. I presume that, next to Mr. Fitzhugh, I have been with the old man more than almost any other person here, and I never heard him speak in any way of himself, his previous history, family connections, or anything of the kind. I do not even know whether he was ever married, nor where he came from, nor what his ancestry might have been. He had evidently spent the greater portion of his life on the outer edges of civilization; had had extensive intercourse with the Indians; must have been a hunter and trapper for a good many years; and from some things which I have observed, I should infer that at some period he must have been employed in a trading post trading with the Indians. He must have been a sailor, too, at some period, as he was a past grand master of the art of handling sailboats of all sizes and descriptions; and I have seen in his possession a kit such as sailors use in making or mending sails, and he was very expert with the sailmaker's needle."

Under the heading, "Len Jewell Is Dead," a Bay City paper published the following:

"The above headline will be read with sincere sorrow

by all the acquaintances of the deceased. He died at the Bay City Hospital yesterday morning after an illness of about ten days. Leonard Jewell was born in Rome, Oneida county, N. Y., Feb. 25, 1815, and was, therefore, in his seventy-first year. He came to Bay City in the fall of 1844, and had since resided here. He enlisted in the Fourteenth Michigan Infantry, Company A, at the breaking out of the war, and was mustered out of service in North Carolina. He returned to Bay City and engaged in the business of looking up pine lands, which he has followed ever since. He was authority on pine property, showing good judgment and a remarkable faculty of estimating. He was very fond of hunting, and was acknowledged as being one of the best sportsmen in the city. He was a member of U. S. Grant Post, G. A. R., under whose auspices the funeral will be held."

The G. A. R. post attended in a body and fired the usual volley over the grave of their departed comrade.

It is comforting to know that this grand, improvident man was cared for in his last days, and was respected in death as in life.

"But when the warrior dieth
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drums,
Follow his funeral car.
They show his banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute-gun."

MR. ALMY.

I HAD often heard that it was thought to be great sport to shoot fish with a bow and arrow in parts of the South, especially in Louisiana, and now the opportunity offered to take part in it. Others had confirmed what my darky boy Pete had said about Almy being an expert at this sport, and in conversation he said: "Down the river there are places wide and deep where there are big fish, worth shooting at, and it is easy enough to float down twenty miles, but it's all paddle coming back, and, while the current is not strong, it is not fun to paddle a dugout that distance up stream. Can you paddle?"

"Yes, I can paddle, and keep the paddle on one side of the boat and never take it out of the water, if necessary; I wouldn't propose to go if I couldn't paddle, for two are enough on such a trip, but I've got a better scheme. We'll go down, do our fishing and then get a wagon, take the canoe to Ponchatoula and put it on a freight train for home. How will that suit you?"

"Good! How long do you want to be gone?"

"We'll stay out two nights if the mosquitoes will permit. You get ready to start in the morning, after breakfast, and I'll send all the provisions that we want down to the boat, if you'll have something to protect them from sun and rain."

As we left Tangipahoa the morning was cool and delightful. A light rain in the night had discolored the water a little, but the river was not high. Mocking-birds

were rejoicing in the fullness of life, each trying to beat the other in some difficult run or trill. The soft cool of morning and evening was delicious here, but the noon was torrid. We protected our faces and hands with tar and oil from the clouds of punkies, gnats, mosquitoes, gallinippers and an unnamed host of hungry phlebotomizers which thirsted for the last drop of blood we had. But while our exposed surfaces were well defended, our thin clothing was easily pierced, and so we made smudges of fungi in two iron pots and made the best of it.

Almy was greatly interested in my outfit of flies, fly-rods and reel. He wanted to look the fly-book all over, handle the gut leaders and play with the reel. The rods he did not think much of, from the scant attention he paid them, but after the inspection was completed he said: "Let's see you catch a fish with them things." He watched the process of rigging up and of casting with great interest, and when a black bass took one of the flies and bent the rod he got excited and called out: "Let me get hold of the line! He'll break that little pole! Pull him in now!" and a whole lot of other advice. When I lifted a 3lb. bass in the landing net he simply said, "Golly!"

I unhooked the fish and let it go, much to Almy's surprise, for in this land of plenty he had never thought that there was need to spare what was not required for use. He agreed that it was a sin to kill an animal when its flesh or skin could not be utilized, unless the animal were injurious to man in some way. He wanted to try fly-casting for bass, and while I feared for my tackle, I had a reserve in case of disaster. He promised to keep cool if he hooked a fish, and to obey my orders. The rod was ash and lancewood, and it troubled him to cast its length of 9ft. without fouling it. I put the canoe ashore

and taught him how to get out about 20ft. of line, and we started out into the river. After a few casts he hooked a fish, and checked and gave line as I ordered. After a short fight he reeled the fish up near the boat, and as I said, "Hold still, keep him there!" and moved to put the landing net below him, Almy tried to lift the fish into the boat, pole fashion; the fish made a dive as the tip broke, the reel sang until the bass reached a tree top, where it took several turns around a limb, snapped the gut leader, and escaped. I saw the fish, and judged it to weigh about 4lbs. Almy had a lesson in handling light rods and a lecture on the use of landing nets. A spare tip replaced the broken one, and he brought a small fish to the net.

By this time the air was warm and close, as nothing stirred along our crooked and heavily wooded stream.

We went ashore to cook dinner. Wishing to see as many fish as possible in these strange waters, I put out two lines to the bottom—one baited with a big earthworm, and the other with the tail of a crayfish—and soon had two fish in the boat; the worm having taken a big black sucker, which Almy called a "black horse," and the crayfish captured a spotted catfish. "These," said Almy, "are the two best fish in the river—better than trout or buffalo." The sucker might have weighed 5lbs., and the other perhaps ½lb. We fried them, and I agreed with my friend. They had not the weedy taste of his "trout," which I preferred to call a "big-mouth black bass," nor were they as muddy as the buffalo. We had good salt pork for frying, and unless you use sweet oil you can't beat it much.

The river was so full of fish that you could catch a dinner in a few minutes, so we fished along and released the fish as we caught them, and I made a note of the species

and their local names. The dogfish of the Great Lakes was a "bowfin," the fresh-water drum was "gaspergou." The name of "bass" was replaced by "perch," and "sun-perch," "red-eye perch," etc., were common; but I was surprised not to find our common yellow perch there. Neither did I find a pike, except a little fish of 6in., much like our Northern brook pike. About 4 P. M. the river broadened to a quarter of a mile, and about a mile down we made our camp on a low point and prepared for the night. We found a dry knoll, covered our provisions in the end of the canoe, which was raised on a log to keep dry in case of rain, cooked supper, gathered fire wood and drift boards to make a shelter alongside the canoe, spread our rubber blankets under them, and lay down.

Almy was a good woodsman, was quite intelligent, and, with the exception of his belief in voodooism, as related in another chapter, there was no sign that he was "off," or, as Bell would have expressed it, "had rats in his garret." All day long I had been interested in the abundance of life. Snakes, turtles and frogs glided, slid and plunged into the water; strange birds called, sang or flitted; kingfishers rattled and dove, while bitterns, herons and other birds croaked, drove stakes or pumped thunder. The wealth of fish and reptile life brought an abundance of the solitary birds which feed upon it.

Now as an old camper and campaigner, who from 1854 to 1865 had slept more nights under the open sky than under a roof, I thought I knew a whole lot about the sounds of night; but on that point of land, surrounded by swamp and lake, near the coast of Louisiana, it seemed as if the echoes of all the night sounds I had ever heard had come back and focused right there on that June night. Owls innumerable, and apparently of all the sizes that owls are permitted to be, screeched, laughed

and hooted; night-herons "quawked," gurgled and fanned the air with their wings; shrill cries from other wading birds to the deponent unknown added their voices to the night's discord. I've tried to think of something to say of the voices of the frogs in this happy frog land, but, like that historic man who was famed for profanity and was dumb when the boys pulled the tail-board out of his wagon-load of apples when going up hill, I can only say: "I can't do justice to the subject."

We found a breeze came up from the southeast about sundown, and that meant freedom from mosquitoes and other insects, for they can't stand against a light wind. "Almy," said I, "this is delightful; will it last all night and allow us to sleep in peace? I don't mind the racket, but I'm a sinner if I want to be tormented all night and get up in the morning too weak from loss of sleep and blood to enjoy the fishing."

"Yes; it is seldom that we don't get a sea breeze here. We are only about ten miles from Lake Maurepas, which empties into Lake Ponchartrain, and not over fifty miles from the Gulf of Mexico, and it's open water most of the way to the southeast; you know that New Orleans is between Ponchartrain and the Mississippi, and we could paddle there easily to-morrow."

Giving assent to his assumption of my geographical knowledge, which I had probably possessed in schoolboy days, but now relearned, I turned the talk to the racket about us by saying: "There is a frog here which makes a rattling sound like bone 'clappers.' I never heard it anywhere except in Kansas—do you know what it is?"

"No, I don't; but it is probably one of the small kinds. Do you know that there are several kinds of frogs, and that some never grow big?"

"Oh, yes; in the North we have the big bullfrog, which

may be green or brown, and the spotted meadow frog with a yellow vest, the tree frogs, which we miscall 'toads,' and rarely a small swamp frog, with long legs and a white line running back of its eye. An old friend, who shoots and traps for a living, tells me that this little frog makes a clacking noise, but I never heard it in New York."

"That may be the little fellow that does it. I've seen 'em, but never heard 'em peep. That darky boy, Pete, says you eat frogs. Is that so?"

"Sure; and I'll cook you some to-morrow."

"Me? I wouldn't eat one for a farm."

"Say, what do we want of these boards over us? It's starlight and ain't a-goin' to rain."

"Don't you remember when we was a-comin' down the river I called to you to look out when a shitepoke, as you call 'em, was flying over—we call 'em thunder pumpers from their noise—an' once you dodged an' had a close call? Well, these quawks are 'bout as bad, and you noticed how they foul the shore. They cross this point further down, as a rule, but it is well to be careful."

In the morning the boards bore evidence to Almy's wisdom when camping in Louisiana swamps. A few large cumulus clouds were floating lazily in the air, and we were now to try the new sport of shooting fish with the bow and arrow before the sun got too warm. A long bundle of canvas was untied and the implements taken out. A fine cedar bow, 6ft. long, strung with a cord of rawhide, several ashen arrows about 3ft. long, and a light iron spearhead are the whole outfit. This spearhead has a flat, sharp point, behind which is a hinged barb, which lies in a recess until an attempt is made to draw it from the body of a fish, when it spreads out like the "toggle" of a whaler's harpoon, the arrow complete weighing

about 4oz. There is a socket on the spearhead into which the wooden arrow fits so closely that it falls out and floats when a fish is struck, while a light cord which is fast to the spearhead holds the fish.

After breakfast we shoved off and paddled out into deep, open water. There was no perceptible current here in the broad water, and not breeze enough to ripple the surface and prevent seeing the fish. Slowly paddling along and watching the water over the side of the boat, I never saw so many live fish anywhere—fishes of various shapes and sizes, from minnows up to gars 5ft. long. "Shoot a gar, Almy," I said.

"No use to shoot a gar in the back, your steel will glance off his hard scales. A little later in the day they'll be floating at the surface, and then if you can get the arrow into its gill it's the only chance. Turn up by that tree top. Steady, stop!" And drawing the arrow to a head he let it go and it struck the water about 8ft. from the boat, the wooden shaft floated up, and by the running line it was evident that a fish was struck. Gradually checking it, he gently pulled in a "black horse" sucker of some 6lbs. I had shot fish in Kansas with a rifle, and speared them in Wisconsin, but this sport evidently required the same care in judging between the place the fish really occupied and its apparent position, the refraction being greater the further away the fish happened to be, and it required more skill to speed the arrow to the mark than to hurl the spear or shoot the bullet; therefore it was more sport.

The water was not very clear, and while I could see straight down in the shade of the boat, one could not see far in the water at an angle, and it was interesting to hear Almy discourse on the character of bubbles. The surface was dotted with those little bubbles that come from gases

in the mud or from minute insect life which seems to simmer on the surface, but he was watching large ones and commenting on them.

"See that string of small bubbles slowly moving toward us?" he asked. "Well, that's a turtle working in the mud, and the air comes out of the mud and the bubbles seem to hang on long before bursting, but here to the left are brighter bubbles that come up swift and in patches: they break at once. There's fish feeding there, but unless they leave the bottom we can't see 'em. Paddle over the other side, in the bend where the weeds are, and we'll try it there." We found open places among the weeds and lilypads and I watched Almy kill several fish, including a big gar which he struck in the gills, as he had explained. His marksmanship at varying distances and degrees of refraction was excellent. He wished me to try it, and I did; but my admiration for his skill increased with every shot I made. Finally I said: "Almy, there's a soft-shelled turtle crawling under the boat; shall I try him?"

"Yes, plug him when he comes out on the other side."

I shot and fastened the barb in him and he began to burrow in the mud. This gave the animal a purchase that strained the line to the danger point; the water was too deep to dislodge him with the paddle, and in my anxiety I appealed to my companion.

"Put a strain on him," he said. "Don't let him gain another inch, an' mebbe he'll get tired or mebbe the line will break. Try it that way a while."

"If the line breaks your spearhead is lost."

"Never mind that, there's two more in the bundle. I want the turtle to take home; it's all the game we can take, for fish will spoil."

I checked all progress at the other end of the line, and

waited until the muscles which were working in the mud might tire. The hope was vain. I think he would have been there hanging on until the close of the fading century if I had not become weary of inaction. My friend offered no suggestion, but was contemplating nature and perhaps revolving in his mind the mysteries of voodooism. The fact that if the line should part we might survive the shock gradually dawned, and from a passive resistance I slowly put an aggressive strain on the line, and it yielded. The enemy evidently was not "wishing for night or Blücher," but for a firmer anchorage than river mud, for there was no sign of muscular exhaustion when he came on board and made our acquaintance.

No more shots with an arrow for me. I had a record—you may call it an accidental one if you wish, but still a record—and if the laurels were thin I can console myself with the thought that they're much thinner where there isn't any.

Mr. Almy had not only opened up a new sport, but had taught me several things, especially about the character of bubbles coming from a bottom of soft mud, and in turn I could show him the relationship between aquatic larva of insects and their adult forms.

The morning was passing, the faint breeze expired and we returned to camp to sit in a smoke which just permitted us to exist, while it drove off our insect enemies. I often wonder if they suffer more than we do from a stifling smoke, or if we brace ourselves to stand it, knowing that they are suffering as much, but that if we hold out awhile the enemy will retreat and leave us in possession of the field. It's a question of pluck and endurance, especially the latter, with us; for if the smoke lets up for a moment the enemy will make a dash for your blood. With the man it is merely a question of two evils—smoke

or mosquitoes—and he chooses what he thinks to be the least. Not so with the insect. If she—here I take off my hat to say that those people whom my boy, Charley Bell, if he were alive, would call "the scientific Alecs," have recorded that it is only the female mosquito which sings and bites—if she, I say, relinquishes the field it is because she is driven from it by a force that is irresistible, there is no choice in the matter.

The metamorphosis of the dragon-fly and the mosquito were unknown to Almy, and he listened to a discourse on them with great interest, but when I brought in a lot of enormous frogs, dressed and cooked them, he looked disgusted; but after seeing the polish which I put on their bones, he sampled them, and I had the satisfaction of teaching a man who lived near the great Southern marshes to eat their greatest delicacy.

Somehow we had avoided the subject of voodooism, just as you avoid mention of politics when you know that your friend doesn't agree with you, and it seemed to me that a belief in the supernatural powers of some old colored woman was part of his religion, and recalling the fact that my own New England ancestors, two centuries ago, believed in witchcraft and preached against it made me lenient on this subject. He was a poor, unlettered man; they were educated clergymen of the Church of England, and he knew as much about it as they did.

In drawing Almy out I found that he came from Tennessee and had drifted South as railroads were built, but his desire to shoot and fish prevented his getting steady employment. As we smoked he said: "Sometimes, in the fall, I hire out to the rice planters to shoot rice birds and go away for a month or two. These 'ere birds come down from the North in great flocks and destroy the rice crop. I take a dozen or more darkies out and try to pro-

tect the crop of some planter while the rice is in the milk state. We shoot into the cloud of birds, but it don't seem to stop 'em from coming on. If the flocks come down on a rice field when it is in the milk stage, and they are allowed to feed for ten minutes, there's no use to try to harvest that crop; it's been gathered. Of course we pick up some birds and send them to market, and they are fat and fine. You mightn't believe it, but they get so fat that they can hardly fly, and in some places the darkies hunt them with torches and clubs at night, and send thousands of dozens to market. The light blinds them and they flutter down, too fat to fly, and are picked up by hand or killed with a switch. In the winter the birds thin out, the rice fields give no food and they scatter."

Ah, me! And this was one of my favorite song birds—the bobolink! In the North the male is handsome in its summer plumage, and its hilarious song has been likened to "striking the upper notes of a piano at random." In boyhood days I have shot them, and I hope to be forgiven. In New York markets they are called "reed birds," and I wish to say that I never bought one, but have, on several occasions, sent the birds back untouched —on principle—when they were served at formal dinners. If the Southern rice planter finds it necessary to kill the bobolink as an enemy to his crops, no man can object; he has a right to do it; and then you will please remember that the male bird is in sober gray feather, and has no song to cheer the rice planter when he devastates his acres. That shows the reverse of the picture.

The Hallock game code, recently published, puts these elegant song birds among those which should not be protected, and I protest! A short time ago a Southern clergyman, resident in New York City, was fined for

shooting robins, and in defense said he "did not know that they were song birds." He was right; no birds are song birds after the mating and breeding season has passed; then the males change plumage and only use call notes.

For the benefit of my Southern friends, I wish that they could know the "villainous rice bird" as we know it—sailing over the meadows with its wings in a tremble of nuptial joy and pouring forth its soul in a song that the mocking-bird could not imitate. Some poet has written a song beginning:

"Tinkle, tinkle, Mr. Nincomb,
I am merry Bob o' Lincom."

But that was a merry song, and not at all to my purpose. There was another one which treated of the bird and gave words to its song, among which were "winter seeble," and went on to relate its death by a gunner. I would surely inflict the quotation on you if it were on memory's shelf, and therefore you may rejoice. Bryant has given the bird fame in his "Robert of Lincoln," and there we rest the case of this particular bird and go back to the swamps of Louisiana.

We got some frogs to take home, some new minnows to put in alcohol, and then a darky with his mules took our dugout to the railway, and so on "home" to Tangipahoa. Bell and Pete met me at the station, and the darky opened his eyes when he saw the frogs, and as he preceded us to the hotel he sang:

"Sittin' awn de po'ch in de light ob de moon,
I took de banja down fo' to play a little tune;
De grasshoppas sing an' de crickets all dance,
De frogs try to jine 'em, but dey didn't get a chance.
Den get along, gals, doan yo' see me comin'," etc.

CHARLES F. BELL.

CHARLES was almost like a son to me. One of the dreams or desires of early life was that I might have a son of my own, but it never came to pass. In imagination I would show him the secrets of angling, and be sure not to spoil him by sparing the rod, whether of ash or lancewood or split bamboo; yet a real son might not have cared for these things as the dream son did. My fondness for a boy naturally led to the companionship of the sons of other men, and Charley Bell was with me constantly for some eleven years, from childhood to man's estate. He grew up under my care and we were great friends. It all happened in this way:

Robert H. Bell was a wood carver in Albany, and was also foreman of one of the old volunteer fire companies. I made his acquaintance in 1862, when he was a captain in the regiment in which I served. He was then a man nearly fifty years old, and while we were in the forts about Washington he brought his family there, a wife and two sons. The eldest, and subject of this sketch, was then nearly ten years old. When we were sent to the front, in May, 1864, Capt. Bell was wounded, and died a month later. It was in July of the next year that we took Charles on that piratical cruise with Shaw, and although only twelve years old, he could sing very fair bass—a very strange voice for that age. Then he wanted to go fishing with me down the old Popskinny, and I longed once again to forget all about spearing and shooting fish, as learned in the West, and even to drop all ideas

about fly-casting, which I had learned from Charles Hallock, and sit on the bank and pull 'em in hand under hand, in good old boy fashion. In another one of these sketches it is related how John Atwood sneered at fishing with a pole by saying: "There ain't no fun in it, for you h'ist 'em out too quick with a pole. Throw that away and take off your float; rig yer sinker below the hooks, and when you get a fish haul 'em in hand over hand, and feel 'em wriggle all the way in; that's sport!"

Writing of this brings a desire to fish that way once more. Bait the hooks with good-sized worms, spit on the bait for luck, whirl the sinker three times by the right side and let it go just on the upward start to plunk in the water at the proper distance, running out the neatly coiled line at your feet, and then, taking in all slack, wait for a bite. Nibble and strike, nibble and strike; "I've got him!" And then haul in fast, with the fish sending electric thrills up the line, and all the while you are nerved up by wonder as to the kind of fish and its probable size. An eel of 2lbs. makes you think you've got the biggest perch that ever swam, and your heart beats fast until you see what it is, and then, with all your care, the beast puts knots in your line in a minute that will take you a long while to entangle, and you knock satisfaction out of him with your heel. Verily, looking back upon my life as an angler, there seems to have been no sport like this. Of course, you will say that the high-strung animal which we call a boy enjoyed things which he would not care for half a century later, when he is a man and *blasé*. So be it. Have your own way, only let me enjoy the recollections. Our pleasures are in the past or are to come. "The good old days" are gone, but the boy of to-day will look back at the closing days of the nineteenth century with regret in 1950.

Of course, no man could be about that island creek in those days without meeting with old Port Tyler. The bayou was only some six miles long, cutting in below Douw's Point, a mile or so below Greenbush, and coming out again above Castleton, and Port ranged it for fin, fur and feather most of the year. Summer was at its height. Pond lilies bloomed in bends where the current was not strong, elderberries were ripening and the milkweed pods were almost ready to burst. It was near noon; the fish were taking a rest, and Bell had wandered off after blackberries, while I lay in the shade of a willow and slept.

The early start, the generous snack, with the pleasant odor of the mud flats at low tide, had a soothing effect. If my dreams were peaceful it was because of the surroundings. If they suddenly changed to bursting shells and the cheers of charging hosts it was because Bell rushed in on me, calling out: "Get up and run; there's a wild man down there in the brush, and he's got a gun!"

"What did he do? Did he say anything to you?"

"No, he only looked at me; but I saw the gun. He's a wild man, sure, for he's got whiskers under his chin. Oh, come on, let's go."

"Did he point his gun at you, or threaten you in any way with his whiskers?"

"No; but I was picking blackberries in the brush, and when I looked up he was on the other side of the bush with his face close to mine, and I never heard him coming. His eyes were like coals of fire, and he was going to grab me, but I ran away."

The description was amusing, and while enjoying the boy's fright and lazily thinking what to say to him, the "wild man" came to the willows where I lay and Bell bolted for the open field. I told Porter how he had

scared my boy, and he laughed in that silent way usual to men who live with nature, and said: "I was comin' up the crick and stopped to pick a few blackberries, when the boy came to the same bush. I only stood still and looked at him, an' was goin' to speak, when he seed me an' away he goes like a cottontail."

After a while Bell made a reconnoissance, and found the enemy smoking the pipe of peace under the willow, and he came in with some misgivings, but with an eye on those Horace Greeley whiskers. In his short life there had been nothing like those "lace curtains," as he afterward called them, seen in either military or civil life. It was this slight frame to the human countenance which had alarmed him. He crawled up and listened to the talk, which was upon the culinary excellence of young quawks, of which Porter had three, and Bell looked them over with great curiosity. In their immature plumage they resembled the adult poke, but Porter pointed out the fact that the young night herons had no dark patch on the side of the neck, nor buff stripes on the throat, although they were spotted with brown like their day-feeding relatives.

"Now these here birds is night feeders," said the old trapper, pleased to find one who took interest in questions which to him exceeded all others, "an' in order to help 'em get fish on dark nights—fur they've got to feed no matter how dark or stormy it may be, and when you can't see yer hand afore yer face—they've got to see a fish in the water. Jess look at his long shanks with no feathers on 'em to get wet. That's so's he can wade out where he can watch fer fish, an' his long neck and bill lets him get down after 'em when he strikes. You see, he can stand up as high as a turkey, while his body ain't bigger nor a pa'tridge. His wings are big, and that

makes him fly easy; but the p'int is how he kin see a fish in the water on a pitch-dark night. These here yaller patches o' down does it; they gives out a light like a bit o' fox-fire, and many a night I've thought it was fox-fire;* but when I've put the boat in to'ards 'em a quawk allers got up. But before he got up the light went out. Now ye can see that when he stands in the water an' sort o' opens his wings—get down, here comes a shite-poke." He shot, picked up the bird, showed the difference between the species, remarked that he didn't care to eat a poke, and settled down to his pipe, after his very long lecture on biology, although he would not have known what the word meant had he heard it. After he left us the boy said: "Mr. Porter knows a whole lot about birds, doesn't he?"

"Yes, Charley, he knows a whole lot about ev'ry living thing that he sees. He would be a treasure to a closet naturalist. Tell me, what made you afraid of him when you saw him at the blackberry bush?"

"I dunno; he was so still. I was picking berries, and when I lifted my eyes there he was a-lookin' at me; and then he was so different from the men in the city. I can't tell you how it was."

In the fall it had been arranged that Porter and I should have a day with the ducks, snipe, yellow-legs, rail

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* This is the name given to wood when it is in that state of dry rot which gives a phosphorescent light. Only those who have been in the woods at night, and have found a portion of a stump which has been protected from moisture, have seen fox-fire; but the writer has seen pieces which came as near being "light enough to read by" as he ever saw moonlight. He has read of brilliant moons, but never could read by one.

and sandpipers. Charley had a hint that he was not wanted, but when Porter and I met at the old barn in the evening, and had talked ourselves out before going to sleep in the hay, the boy turned up.

"Charley," said I, "what did you come down here for? You know you should be in school to-morrow. Are you sure that you asked your mother if you could come down?"

"Yes, sir, I have permission; and as to-morrow will be Saturday there is no school. I thought I would be lonesome and I did want to see you shoot. Please let me go. I'll promise not to be in the way, and will keep back and not be a nuisance."

I was for sending him home in the morning, but Porter said: "Let the boy stay; he can take care of the boat an' set us ashore or across, an' it'll save us a walk back to the boat, if he'll on'y watch where we go an' keep well behind."

That settled it. Porter had taken a fancy to the boy because of his interest in living things and a desire to know more than to kill them. Looking back upon it, there seems no other reason for my liking him, outside the sentimental ones connected with his father's death and the fact that his open, honest way was attractive. There was a bit of water, then known as Dead Creek, which ran from the river up into the island, and we got our boat over into that and Charley pushed Porter among the rushes, where the rail congregated, while I looked for yellow-legs and other shore birds. Porter said that the boy soon understood every signal, and his bag of rail was evidence of the success of the trip.

In April, 1867, I got my first ideas of fish breeding from Port Tyler by seeing the strings of eggs of yellow perch hanging in the air on twigs when the spring fresh-

ets subsided. Porter said: "When the perch lays these eggs there ain't nothin' in 'em, but the he ones comes along an' fills 'em up an' they hatch." Bell was greatly interested when I took some strings of eggs which had not dried, and he saw the fish move in the egg. We put a lot in a box and saw the fish swimming next day. A year later we fertilized some eggs and hatched them in the State Geological Rooms in Albany.*

This very bright and good boy had become my familiar, and when, in 1868, I bought a farm in Western New York to engage in trout breeding, he went with me. He was then fifteen years old and helped me make ponds, and in his enthusiasm brought in a great number of spawning trout from the adjoining brook. He went through the public schools and wanted more. I sent him to the academy at Brockport, N. Y., where he graduated in two years, and then wanted to study medicine. In the report of the American Fish Culturists' Association, held in New York, in 1873, will be found a paper by Charles Bell on the fecundation of fish eggs, in which he denies that the spermatozoa are distinguishable as independent organisms, instead of being merely free-moving cells. He attacked some of my theories, but he was my own boy and I admired his dash and his learning.

We all remember how Lord Byron hated Lord Castlereagh, and, when the latter cut his throat, the poet quoted from the reports: "'He severed the carotid artery,' my blessings on their learning." In this spirit I read Bell's learned discourse on independent organisms and free-moving cells without giving an order to my

* An account of this will be found in the reports of the American Fisheries Society, and perhaps in the United States and the State reports. The volumes are not at hand as I write.

hatter to enlarge my hat block; but there remained that personal pride which we take in the foot ball team from our school, and which after all is only a personal pride—the team or the boy is part of our own personality, which, by the way, is the greatest thing on earth.

We lived a mile west of the village of Honeoye Falls, some sixteen miles south of Rochester, N. Y., and Charles studied with Dr. Brayton for a while and then got the notion that he would go to Albany to finish up, for, said he, "If I'm going to be a medical Johnny I've got to get where there is a chance to see the big medical Johnnies operate and hear them lecture. My studies so far are only preparatory to serious study, just the A, B, C of the business. There's nothing more to be learned here."

"At the Brockport Academy do the boys speak as disrespectfully of all the learned professions as you have now done of one which you hope to follow?"

"Yes, they've got names for all of them; you know that boys are not overburdened with reverence. What can you do to get me a job in Albany that will help pay for my schooling?"

I gave him letters and he went to the stock yards at West Albany and weighed cattle for some time, but in 1874 he learned that I was going to Germany with young shad, and he wanted to go. My assistant had been selected by Prof. James W. Milner, then in charge of the shad work of the United States Fish Commission, and I begged to have Bell substituted. The other man I had never met, but as it was careful work, for the success of which I was partly responsible, I urged that I should name my assistant. Mr. Milner was with me, but the man had thrown up his business at his request and Bell did not go to Germany. Knowing his enthusiasm and

care of all details, he was my choice. It would, however, have made no difference in the result. Mr. Anderson was as faithful and attentive as a man could be, but the young fish starved to death because they needed food which to-day we cannot supply.

Throughout the next winter the boy's letters to me showed a desire to get back on the trout farm, to go with me in the shad work and travel. There was less said about ambition to be a "medical Johnny," and reading between the lines it was plain that his ideals had changed. This is a very common thing with boys, as I have studied them, and myself. Reading Marryat's novels and Cooper's sea tales, I struggled to like plug tobacco, but failed. Robinson Crusoe seemed to live the right kind of life until "The Life of Charles XII., of Sweden," came in my way, and then the career of a soldier seemed to be the only desirable one. This in turn was knocked out by Cooper's "Leatherstocking Tales," and I can at this late day understand how a boy just entering manhood may be undecided between several ideals. The story of Whittington and his cat, or the yarn of Ben Franklin walking Philadelphia streets, did not give me any inducement to emulate them. Few boys know their minds from year to year. Why should I expect Charley to be an exception? Somehow he wanted to get back, I wanted him back, and he came.

In the spring of 1875 Prof. Baird wished me to make experiments in retarding the hatching of shad eggs, with a view to hatching them en route to Germany. Prof. Milner had met Bell, as I had taken him as an assistant to Des Moines, Iowa, with shad fry from the Hudson, and he assigned him to help me in experiments on the Delaware River,* but we did not feel satisfied with the

* See Reports U. S. Fish Commission for that year.

trials when Mr. Milner telegraphed that two other men were ready to go with their apparatus. They went and failed. They knew of our experiments and hurried to get ahead, but we agreed to stay. The result was the "Bell and Mather Hatching Cone," which was the first thing that hatched fish eggs in bulk without the use of screens for layers of eggs, and the original is now in the National Museum.

After showing the new cone to Milner, Clark, Chase and other fish culturists who were hatching shad at South Hadley Falls, Mass., Milner asked if it was or would be patented. When we told him that it would not be patented because we had a prejudice against patents, having used the product of other men's brains in almost everything we handled, he said: "Well, you've solved the problem of hatching fish eggs in bulk." Bell had gone on with me and I was anxious to push him, so I gave him all the praise and credit possible; I didn't need any.

We had taken a lot of quinnat salmon from Niles, Mich., to Austin, Texas, in baggage cars, a long and tiresome trip, but the boy liked it, and when at the close of the shad hatching season of '75 I was sent to Tickfaw, La., with a lot of fry for the Natalbany River, and to collect the fishes of that region, Bell went to assist. Later in the year he was sent to Austin, Texas, to put up troughs and hatch quinnat salmon in a tributary of the Colorado. His last letter said: "The workmen here are slow. I've been working up to my waist in water and have a severe cold." The next known of him was when he staggered into the house of Prof. Milner, at Waukegan, Ill., on November 30, delirious with typhoid fever, where he died four days later, aged twenty-two years. He lies in the Rural Cemetery at Albany, N. Y.

WILLIAM MORTON LOCKE.

ALL the old gunners and trap shooters in Western New York remember Mort Locke. No matter where or when the event was to be pulled off, nor what the demands of business might be, it was certain that Mort would turn up and enter in every shooting contest. When you know this, and also that Mort was a poor man, dependent upon a small salary as station agent, telegraph operator, baggage master and sole representative of the New York Central Railroad at Honeoye Falls, N. Y., on that branch of the road which extends from Canandaigua to Batavia, runs two trains per day each way, and is called "the peanut road" by the trainmen, you get an idea of his love of field sports and of shooting. Then, if you can imagine a short, very stout, bald, blue-eyed man, of thirty-five, you will know him as I first met him, thirty years ago, kind-hearted, genial and jolly. That's the best pen-picture I can draw of him.

Most of the summer had been spent in travel, seeking springs and brooks for the purpose of trout breeding, and some man on the train said: "Get off at the next station and ask Mort Locke; he knows every spring and stream for twenty miles around." And it chanced that I bought a farm for its spring, and came into the friendship of as genial and warm-hearted a man as we often find. He had only one limit, and that, unfortunately, was his purse, for he had the tastes of a man of wealth; here the thought comes in that if the figures of the cen-

sus gatherer should include this class there would be an appalling lot of impecunious fellows in it, and Mort Locke and I would be lost in the mass.

The Mendon Ponds, as they are called, are fine lakes in the township of that name, some ten miles south of Rochester, and there we fished for pickerel. Putting our boat on a wagon, we usually made it a two days' trip, camping and hobbling the horses. Here I learned a new form of fishing. Mort's rig was a cane pole, selected as to proper stiffness, and to this a reel and guide rings were attached. He used a spoon and cast it from the bow of the boat, while I rowed slowly. Reeling up to within 1ft. of the spoon, he would send it whirling and splashing away near the weeds and then play the glittering lure as the fly-caster does. Usually the spoon fisher trolls from the stern, over water which has been disturbed by the boat, but Mort's method was not only new to me, but was very successful.

Like many other all-round sportsmen, fishing was with him a trifle slow compared to shooting, and Mort kept a couple of foxhounds, and induced me to buy two, so that we got up a fair cry, and many a winter day have I stood in the snow, almost frozen, and listened to the hounds until they were out of hearing, and the next day would be told: "If you'd stayed there half an hour longer you'd have got a fox, for the dogs brought him back right by your stand. I went over and saw the track after the hounds passed because I didn't hear you shoot."

"But the dogs went away off toward Hemlock Lake, and sometimes they've gone that way and haven't come back for three days. I wouldn't stay there and freeze my feet for all the foxes in Monroe county. I don't want a fox very bad, anyway; you may freeze your legs off for one, if you wish, but I won't." And so we would quarrel

over my leaving the runway. As I remember it, one day out of three we would get a fox; one day out of ten we would get two, and once only we killed three. Some days it was warm work, running from hill to hill with a 10lb. 9-gauge muzzleloader, with its flask and pouch, only to find that the fox had passed and was liable to double back on the ridge just left. Feet did not freeze then.

Mort was very proud when he got a fox. If he only had a few rabbits he would strike straight for home, but if a fox was slung to his shoulder he would skirt the village and go up the main street. The day that we killed the three foxes we were off to the south, and his home was on that side of the village, but he wanted to go around and stop in the stores for provisions.

Mort was always moved by some immediate impulse, and never thought of a thing until after he had acted upon it, nor did he count the cost unless he was short of money; for he paid cash and never owed a man a cent. The following incident illustrates this point. In his office one winter morning he said: "Yesterday I saw this advertisement of a famous kennel of foxhounds in Virginia, and by this morning's mail I sent $25 for one. Oh, they're rattlers, swifter 'an chain lightning. I tell you there'll be fun when this Virginia foxhound gets here!"

"Mort," said I, "telegraph down to Virginia and countermand your order. The fox hunters there want swift dogs and ride after them, hoping to see them kill the fox and to be in at the death. That's no sport for us. We want slow dogs, which will bring the fox around where we can get a shot at it, just the same as in deer hounding, but you don't want a hound to kill a fox. Suppose he kills his game ten miles from you and you never know it? The conditions are different—Virginia gentlemen

ride to the hounds on horses, and ladies join in the hunt, but they could never follow a fox over the hills and forests of Monroe county, and besides they think it is murder to shoot a fox."

"Is that so?"

"True as gospel, Mort. Sport is an ideal thing. We are not horsemen, and see no sport in having a hound kill a fox as a terrier kills a rat. I perfectly agree with you that when a fox dies I like to pull the trigger which causes his death, and I only look to the hound as a secondary cause, just as I do to the bird dog when a woodcock drops before my gun. That swift hound is just the kind of dog that is useful in Virginia, where fox hunters consider it a crime to shoot a fox; but he is of no use here. When the hounds run a fox past me, and I can pull a trigger on him and be the immediate cause of his death, then fox hunting takes rank with the hunting of the stag. A dog which should kill either fox or stag before it reached my gun would be killed by me in return."

But the hound came, and Mort was proud of his form and kept him close for some days in order that he might get acquainted in his new home. In half a dozen hunts we only had the pleasure of hearing the hounds start the fox and run him until their voices were lost in the distance; but no fox came around to our posts, and if the Virginia hound killed a fox we never knew it. We left him at home after that and relied on our old slow dogs.

If Mort Locke was not the most enthusiastic sportsman that I had met, he created the impression that he was, and his enthusiasm was contagious. He induced me to go after woodcock in a thick and heavy swamp on July 4 because the open season began on that day.

I love woodcock and woodcock shooting, but had never indulged in it until the coming of the brown October days brought relief from the burning sun of summer; for even in my young days some degree of personal comfort seemed necessary for enjoyment of any kind. Not that long and weary tramps were dreaded, or cold feet were thought of, when prospective rabbits or foxes were in mind; but the blazing sun of July was more enjoyable on lake than in thicket, and after presenting this view of the case to Mort, and listening to his enthusiastic presentation of the case, we went.

The morning was clear and cool when Mort came to the house as an early breakfast was finished; a three-mile walk down the railroad track brought us to the swamp. Mort had borrowed a half-broken pointer from the village, and my mongrel setter was a dog which preferred chasing rabbits to working woodcock or snipe, and was handicapped by the weight of several ounces of bird shot which had been inserted in those propelling muscles in his rear for his neglect to obey a recall from a rabbit chase, when his owner thought the marking down of one woodcock to be of more value than a ton of cottontails. And so we went forth after woodcock on the first day of the season about a quarter of a century ago.

While with Mort his enthusiasm compelled one to be alert for the promised sport; the day was young, and we were with nature when her vegetation was most luxuriant. We turned into the swamp, and put out the dogs. Half an hour seemed to afford sufficient sport for me as I made for the hill, wet through with perspiration, and face burning with spider webs. There is an exquisite torture in a spider web across a perspiring face that is not to be described, and half an hour in a dense thicket in July was all the sport I wanted. There was a broad

oak at the foot of the hill, a cool spring just at its roots, and a light breeze invited repose. Mort's gun at intervals proved that his enthusiasm was not lessened by perspiration and burning spider webs, while the cool breeze fanned me to sleep.

Whether that sleep would have rivaled Rip Van Winkle's if the panting breath of a dog in my face, as a heated tongue licking my forehead brought consciousness, can never be known. Then Mort said: "Hello! where've you been? Didn't hear you shoot but once. How many birds did you get?"

"Been? Been right here having fun under this oak. I shot once and got one bird, thousand of mosquito bites, soaked with perspiration and face burned with spider webs. You've got eight birds, but I wouldn't spend an hour in that swamp to kill any amount of woodcock. I've had all the July shooting I want, and I doubt if the birds will keep until we get home."

They did keep, and we had them badly served by Dick Case, who was said to be good on oyster stews and other game. But when we brought in some October birds I did the cooking and served them à la Port Tyler, to the great delight of Mort and a few friends.

It is sad to think how much game is eaten and how small a portion of it is properly cooked. At a farmhouse in Iowa, years ago, a woman actually stuffed prairie chickens with bread, onions and other things seasoned with thyme, and said: "Ef I'd a knowed ye was a-comin' I'd a had a chicken killed, but the boys shot these an' I happened to have 'em in the house!" Some one has said that heaven sends us meats, while the monarch of the other place sends cooks.

Mort had not had chances for exercising epicurean tastes, but he had them, and once out of range of the

cook in the rural restaurant, or family, he soon recognized that each game bird or animal had a distinct flavor which should be preserved. He readily learned this very important part of sportsmanship, for a man should know how his game should be served as well as shot. The day's sport is not complete with the shooting, but to invite friends to an evening dinner at which the hard-earned game is to be the central feature and then to have it villainously cooked is enough to ruffle the best of tempers. With this remark we will leave cookery, for, although no one has arisen to publish a little book telling the loving and well-meaning housewife how to cook game which her sportsman husband brings home, I can't do it. Pretending to know when it is done correctly does not include a knowledge of all details.

For eight years Mort was my constant companion on shooting and fishing trips. He would get a leave of absence for a week or two and we would fish in many of those small lakes of central New York or would shoot ducks on Cayuga Lake. These ducking trips must be postponed untii another time, but the temptation to tell a cooking story on Mort is very strong. He knew, as all gunners know in a general way, the edible qualities of the different wild ducks, and he had thoroughly learned that a wild duck which was anywhere near the first class should have no "stuffing" of any kind, but be merely served *au naturel*. We gave a farmer some "sawbills" and sheldrakes, strong, fishy beasts, who said: "My wife kin bile them ducks with onyuns an' stuff 'em with summer savory, 'n then roast 'em, an' you can't tell 'em fum teal nur wood ducks."

Mort drew a sigh and remarked: "Yes; and she could fill a teal or wood duck with onions and 'yarbs' until you couldn't tell it from a hell-diver or a loon!"

Mort Locke was a born naturalist. The Indian mounds that he dug into filled his house with relics. He collected insects without any special knowledge of their places in zoölogy, and he was always busy at something, and that something was always the acquisition of knowledge without a thought of pecuniary reward.

If William Morton Locke had, in his early life, been thrown among men whose lives were devoted to research in the direction of animal life he would have made his mark. He was one of "those mute, inglorious Miltons" who only lacked opportunity. He was dismissed several times because he did not attend to his railroad business, but was restored because he was so faithful when the geese were not flying over.

In 1876 I tried to get up an aquarium for the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, and as Mort had been discharged for locking up the railroad office for some days and going off after the spring flight of geese to the Mendon Ponds, I engaged him to help me. When I threw the thing up Mort tried it, but soon found he was powerless, and resigned. Drifting off to Michigan in 1878, he wrote me that while fishing near Fenton he caught a big-mouth black bass which had swallowed a full-grown sora rail and yet took his minnow.

That same year he was appointed to be the agent of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad at Marshall's Ferry, Ill., on the Wabash River, a point where grain and meats were transferred from the river to go South by rail. He wrote twice a week, and I published many of his letters at the time. His letters were filled with notes on the ducks, geese and turkeys, as well as extolling the catalpa worm as a bait for black bass and the "grindle" (*Amia calva*), also known as dogfish, bowfin, etc., as the best table fish in the river except the black bass. Without

knowledge of the flavor of the water of the Wabash, in White county, Ill., it is safe to say that if Mort's judgment on the native fish was correct they are a job lot, for the "grindle" is said by many to be uneatable, and, in my estimation, the black bass is a very poor table fish. Yet how can a fellow talk about gastronomy when a most lovely woman tells him that she "dearly loves cabbage!" It is a shock from which he never wholly recovers, and as he writes this there comes that old Latin phrase to the effect that tastes are not to be disputed. So we record that a man whom I had tried to train in epicurean ways called the "grindle" a good fish, and a most charming woman, whom you would never suspect of having a gross taste, eats cabbage! Truly *de gustibus* may appear to be "disgustibus," but what are you going to do about it? Mort Locke was far from being a model business man, or a model in any way, but in "Measure for Measure," Mariana remarks:

"They say best men are moulded out of faults."

When Mort went down on the Wabash he took his son Fred M. with him. As a schoolboy Fred would beg to go on our fox hunting trips, but would be threatened with punishment in varied forms if he stayed away from school. Once, when there was doubt concerning which side of the Mendon Ponds the fox had gone, Fred appeared and decided the case, Mort killed the fox and made no reference to the school, and the boy gave me a knowing wink. Yet that boy grew up to be an inventor of electrical appliances, and is now doing business at Victor, N. Y., while two very studious boys that I had under observation in the same little village went to the bad. If there is any moral in all this—and none was

intended—it is that a boy is a quantity which may develop in a way that may surprise you. After he passes his twentieth year he is not apt to do this, but before that he is mighty "onsartin."

Marshall's Ferry, Ill., was one of those forlorn places where a man could live if he could get enough to eat, but Mort had to go to Mount Vernon, some sixty miles away, in Jefferson county, for those little things which make life endurable. Returning on a freight train, he got off at Upton to speak to the engineer while the engine was taking water, and in running to the caboose in the rear to jump on while the train was in motion he fell and his right knee was crushed under the wheels. It took time for surgeons to come from Hawthorn and Carmi; his strength was impaired by bleeding, and the shock of amputation was too great. Thus the kind and genial companion preceded us into the great unknown land.

JOHN A. FISH.

JOHN is a farmer of Honeoye Falls, N. Y., where he was born when the century was fairly young. Fishing and shooting with him was one of the pleasures of life, and I enjoyed his companionship while I lived near him. He was coeval and contemporary with Mort Locke. When the nuts began to drop we three would meet without appointment in the store of William Downey, and after a general talk, some one would say: "It's getting to be most time for ducks;" the rest would assent in a manner that seemed as though they hadn't thought of that before, and we would wait for the first hard frosts and a word from some friend of John's, on Cayuga Lake.

Then came the happy days of anticipation; discussing the amount and kind of provisions to be taken, the furnishing of the camp with cooking utensils and with blankets, all to be recorded in order that nothing should be omitted and no duplicates carried. The evenings spent in considering these important questions seem today to have been the most enjoyable part of the outing, because they covered about four weeks of anticipation, whereas the promise of sport was only a week in camp. In some cases the pleasure to come was in excess of the experience, but when we really made a start, and the train actually moved eastward with our trunk of wooden decoys and our camp equipage, four adult boys looked out of the windows to keep their delight from being projected from their eyes. The pleasures of anticipation do

not seem to have received their proper share of recognition among the pleasures of the sportsmen, as I read their accounts of fishing and shooting trips, in which the size of the bag seems to be the measure of their sport. Yet most human pleasure is in the prospect, with a considerable amount in the retrospect. Pope, who closely analyzed humanity, wrote:

> "Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
> Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest."

John's crops were secure, and the event of the year was to come. Mort Locke had his leave from the railway by paying for a substitute; Downey might get off for a few days if not crippled by rheumatism, and I looked for a rest from quarrying rock for the trout ponds which I had dug with pick and shovel. To hard-working men who could seldom get away for a full week it was truly the event of the year, and had been made to cover many weeks before, as has been told. There is no rule by which we may measure enjoyment as one might measure time or distance to the moon. We were like four boys let loose from school, only the boys experience that pleasure every day, and we had it only once a year. A man who can take a week off whenever he pleases knows little of the ecstatic feeling which we four had on that annual outing; he doesn't look forward to it and enjoy it in anticipation. Prince Hal says:

> "If all the year were playing holidays,
> To sport would be as tedious as to work."

Canoga Marsh, on the west side of Cayuga Lake, was always our camping ground; and we hired boats at the head of the lake, and did our own rowing, camping and

cooking. That is an ideal way to camp for young men who can do it. Later in life we prefer to have hired help, but there is a feeling of independence in camping that is pleasurable if—and here that little "if" looms up like a word of ten syllables—you have a party composed of the proper ingredients. Our party was so composed. Two could make fun and two could enjoy it; one could kill more ducks with his big 7-gauge gun than all the rest, but he never bragged of it; one was a good cook, and another was willing to cut and drag firewood. Each fell into his place, and it was as perfect a party of four as it seemed possible to organize.

Rowing down the lake there was a distress call from the rear boat, and Downey signaled to me to halt, for John Fish and I were the oarsmen of the two boats, and I turned back. Mort had essayed a cast when his spoon with a triple hook lay behind him in the boat, and the result was disastrous. Fortunately I had a pair of wire-cutters in my creel, and they snipped off the protruding barbs, and then the two imbedded hooks were withdrawn; but during that trip Mort preferred to stand or lie upon one side. John explained to Mort the nature and uses of fish hooks, and wrote a few verses commemorating the event.

Did you ever see a loon sink without making a ripple? We did; and no doubt others have seen it, but I have no recollection of seeing it recorded. Our blind of brush and grass was as far out on Canoga Marsh as we could get it and keep dry. The fleet of decoys bobbed at their anchors, some 30ft. outside the rushes. Downey and Mort had gone to the rear to thaw out and drink coffee, for legs would get stiff and fingers so numb that an hour in the blinds—enlivened by a jump in the boat to pick up the dead, or chase cripples—was about all the

sport we wanted on one relief. John had just said: "There go a flock of bluebills up the lake, too far out to see our decoys; mebbe they'll swing around and come down our way——" He touched my arm, and through the sedge I saw something rise from out the bosom of the lake, not clothed in white samite, nor mystic, nor wonderful, but just the head and neck of a loon, and then the back appeared among the stools. The bird did not get its body above water before its quick eye discovered that the fleet of decoys were not real ducks, and by the time John and I reached for our guns the sinking of the loon began. It takes longer to tell this than it did to act it, but that loon compressed itself and sank out of sight without making a ripple—not by a plunge and a dive, but by settling in the water before the two gunners could give him a welcome.

Pop! Out in the lake, a quarter of a mile away, he came up and swam off with a backward look, as if he said: "Wooden ducks! Yes, there's a man with a gun always near them; it's safer out here in midwater."

John said: "That's an old fellow; he's been among wooden ducks before, and may have been tickled by a few shot. He's chucklin' to himself now how he fooled us. Did you ever see anything so slick as the way he squeezed himself together and sank? Never turned until he got below the surface, for fear he'd make a ripple. There's no duck that can do that."

"I saw a red-breasted sheldrake do nearly the same thing on the Mississippi River once; it didn't come up, like that loon, but it sank just the same."

"A sheldrake may do it," said John. "I don't say it can't, but I spoke of ducks; now a sheldrake is no more of a duck than a goose is; nor a loon, for that matter; their bills——." Downey and Mort came into the blind,

and our going to the rear to thaw out deprived the scientific world of ornithological observations by John Fish on the difference between ducks, loons and sheldrakes.

On one of these trips Mort Locke was disappointed in not receiving a new breechloading gun, and left the shooting to go to Rochester for it, and so lost two days. He had never used a gun of that kind, for they were not common in the early '70's, but he had the craze on, and really felt that he must get a change of gun to shoot against John's 7-gauge, which then was the most powerful duck gun I had ever seen, and so off he went. John and I were alone, for Downey was to come back with Mort. We had some ducks hung in the shade, and John had killed a dozen muskrats at intervals when the ducks were not flying. "Ever eat a muskrat?" asked John.

"Yes; among the Indians, where the unwashed son of the forest thrust his unmanicured hand into the camp-kettle and his guest could do the same or go hungry. But I was hungry, and it tasted good if there was an absence of napkins and finger-bowls."

"Let's cook some for Downey and Mort. Put in only the hind legs, which look enough like ducks' legs to pass. What d'ye say?"

When the hired boatman landed our friends at camp near sundown, he said he would "take a bite" and go back to Cayuga. Downey sniffed around and asked: "Got anything for supper? Haven't had a thing since breakfast." Mort was hungry enough, but confined his questions to the game killed, and we sat down to feast.

"Have some of this stew of sawbills'* legs? The

* In the local parlance of central New York the hooded merganser is called the little sawbill to distinguish it from the larger sawbills or sheldrakes.

breasts are fishy," asked John, "but the legs when stewed with a root of wild celery are a delicacy."

Downey enjoyed them, and, of course, I did; for I was the cook. All went well until we were about to smoke, when Mort Locke thought it would be a pity to waste that last duck leg, and he fished it up. Alas! John had left the foot upon the leg, and it had evident claws! "Hello," said he, "what's this?"

"There!" exclaimed John, "if we didn't cook that duck leg that had a claw on it. The other leg was all right, web-footed, just like any duck's foot; but I meant to have had that bird stuffed."

"It's a durned ole muskrat, that's what it is," said Mort; "but they were good, though. I wouldn't eat it now that I know what it is."

Downey made no comment until long after our return, and then one day he asked: "What kind of a joke was John trying to play on Mort; trying to get him to eat a muskrat?"

Central and western New York have so many fine lakes that the smaller ones are unnamed upon most maps, if they appear at all. Ontario county has three—Conesus, Honeoye and Hemlock—all tributary to Honeoye Creek and the Genesee River, and a drive of some fifteen miles would bring us to any of them. It was the time when the bees were working in the apple blossoms, and we drove up south to fish in Honeoye Lake, among the hills which lend a charm to this beautiful water. The only fish in the lake which might possibly rise to a fly was the yellow perch, and so our outfit of lures comprised small frogs, metal spoons, a can of minnows, and those first principles which are dug in the garden. John was a firm believer in first principles, Mort in metal spoons, and I in minnows and frogs. The result was that John caught

the most fish, but only perch and bullheads; Mort took the greatest weight, all pickerel; while the frogs took some pickerel, and the minnows both pickerel and perch. Said John: "These perch keep biting as fast as I can take 'em off, bait again and throw out, and I don't see but I'm getting the most fun out of it, if you are getting bigger fish." And when the pickerel preferred rest to frogs, spoons or minnows, Mort and I reverted to first principles for a while and toyed with the perch.

On Cayuga Lake John knew a grand spot for lake trout. In the days that we fished the lake I knew the ranges up and down and across the lake, but have forgotten them now. Inasmuch as John still drops his line there occasionally, since Canoga Marsh has been bought by a club, and his great 7-bore no more can awake the echoes as it drops a duck at a distance that used to discourage Mort Locke and the writer, the ranges of this favorite spot would not be recorded here if remembered. We had been followed by several boats one day for hours, and John had kept off his favorite spot, but after they had rowed around us and got the ranges they left, and we then pulled out to the trout grounds. Next morning three boats were anchored near where we had first fished, and caught nothing, while we kept away from them and from the good spot. The day after this we were not watched, and when we came ashore at Union Springs we had twenty fine lakers that might have weighed 100lbs. in the aggregate.

The fish were carefully inspected by the crowd and pronounced a grand catch for two men. One fellow said: "I dunno how 'tis. I've watched John Fish many a time, an' he seems to have luck wherever he goes, but when I get the ranges and anchor on the same spot the fish don't seem to be there. I dunno how 'tis."

A young man suggested that John had some new kind of bait.

"No, he hain't," said an old man; "I've looked over his minners (minnows), and they're jess a same as we allers use; he gets 'em down at the foot of the lake, fer I seed him buy 'em once."

"John Fish," said an athletic student from Cornell University, at the head of the lake, who was training for a rowing contest, "I'll give you this $10 bill if you'll give me the ranges of the place where you always get a lot of trout."

Said John: "Gentlemen, we will gladly give you any information we possess about the fishing spots in this lake. But what little we know is not worth buying. My friend and I did not come down here to make money, so please put up your purse. We came to get a little bite of fresh air from this beautiful lake and a few bites from the fish in it. We have neither information nor fish to sell. My friend is a scientific man who has come into western New York to study the geological conditions that produced the Cardiff giant which was recently found in Onondaga county, and in following the trend of the hills around this lake he pointed out the place which should naturally be the feeding ground of the lake trout, and he was correct."

"That's all right," said the student, "and the Cardiff giant is a solid man, but what we want to get at is where this great fishing place is. You won't sell the secret and offer to give it to us and then give us a story about the Cardiff giant and the trend of the hills. I've put up my money and you refuse it. I'll double it, if that's what you want."

"My friend," said John, "please don't get angry, and please believe me that we are not after money. Like

my scientific friend, I believe that knowledge should be spread broadcast, and I had begun to tell you how we found the best fishing place in the lake, and where it is, when you interrupted me. With your permission I will proceed."

"My dear sir," said the student, "I had no intention of offending, and I beg your pardon. We are sportsmen who do not count dollars when we shoot and fish, and I think I speak for the whole party when I say that we will appreciate your kindness in giving us the ranges of the spot where you anchor and always have such great success in fishing. Pardon me if I have offended you in any way in my anxiety to acquire knowledge of the fishing spots."

"There has been no offense," said John, "because none was intended. You offered to buy what I did not care to sell. But I don't mind giving these ranges to all of you, if they are of use, as they seem to be. Row out into the lake until the white spire of the church in Cayuga is in direct line with that dead hemlock that you see on the hill away to the north of it, up above the sky-line. That's your range north and south."

"Yes; that's good."

"Then you see the flagstaff on the hotel here?"

"Sure!"

"And that great hillside across the lake where that gray horse is feeding?"

"Yes!"

"Well, after you row out and get the church steeple in line with the dead hemlock, just move your boat up and down until you're exactly in line with the flagstaff and the gray mare's tail." And so they learned the ranges of the fishing hole.